

The TITLES THAT WON IN THE MOVIE
TITLE CONTEST

Silver Screen

February

0¢



1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Mae West

The
*W*ITS OF HOLLYWOOD

Both for Beauty's Sake

PN 1993
S 57

HER COAT,

\$2500

HER TOOTH PASTE,

25¢



**All women welcome the
cleanliness and brilliance
this tooth paste affords**

SURPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven't tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

REGULAR SIZE 25¢ NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢



METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA

direct from its N. Y. Stage.

Broadcast by **LISTERINE**,
announced by *Geraldine Farrar*



Complete operas . . . 3 hours . . . Every Saturday . . . all
NBC stations . . . see your newspaper for time



The Picture of the Month

P A U L
M U N I

the fighting fury of the screen
meets his match at last in

BETTE DAVIS

—a hellcat with murder on her
conscience and Muni on her mind

And then things happen! . . . Things
that will burn themselves into your
memory of a drama which combines the
best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and
"Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.

"BORDERTOWN"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene
Pallette delivering the other standout
performances in a tremendous cast,
superbly directed by Archie Mayo.

The OPENING CHORUS



Wide World

Man and wife! Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler were married after they finished "The Good Fairy."

A LETTER FROM LIZA.

(We opened your mail—'Scuse it please!)

MY DEAR:

It's "June in January" in this neck of the Hollywoods all right, with romance smeared all over the place something terrific! Hardly had we gotten Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres tucked away in their new Beverly Hills house, when Evelyn Venable dashed off to Yuma to marry Cameraman Hal Mohr, and Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton (from Merrie England) did the same.

Then Margaret Sullavan up and also did an off to Yuma with Willie Wyler, her director. What a "takum" Hollywood did when they heard about that, for Maggie and Willie had been scrapping and yapping at each other like two spoiled brats ever since the first day of production of "The Good Fairy."

Then, on a Thursday, they went to the projection room together to see the day's "rushes." "That scene smells," announced Margaret. "That scene is perfect," retorted Willie. "You are the most contrary person I ever met. With you on the set it's as peaceful as a roller coaster. Will you have dinner with me tonight?" "Sure," said Margaret, "and let's go out to Venice and ride on the roller coasters."

So, to Venice they went like a couple of fresh kids, and when they went through the long dark tunnel on the roller coaster Willie kissed Maggie right smack on the kisser. Did she haul off and pop him one? No, she cuddled. And that, my dear, is how Love was born. . . . The next day, at the "rushes," he proposed and was accepted with a chipper "Well, why not?" and the following night, after working until nearly midnight, they flew to Yuma and were married there at eleven-thirty of a Sunday morning.

Well, so long, I've got to go now and throw myself into my work.

Liza

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

FEBRUARY 1935

VOLUME FIVE
NUMBER FOUR

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

	PAGE
SHE'S GINGER!.....PATRICIA KEATS	14
<i>The New Mrs. Lew Ayres Is Tasting Life At Its Full</i>	
MILLION DOLLAR BLUNDERS.....ED SULLIVAN	16
<i>In The Movies Mistakes And Successes Run To Big Figures</i>	
THE DAYS WHEN I "POSED".....NEIL HAMILTON	18
AN INTERVIEW WITH MAE WEST.....JIMMIE FIDLER	19
<i>The Belle Of The Naughties</i>	
"WHO'LL BUY MY PLAYERS?".....HELEN LOUISE WALKER	20
<i>The Agents Of Hollywood Do The Dickering</i>	
THEIR "HOME WORK".....JULIE LANG HUNT	22
<i>A Great Talent Requires Rehearsing</i>	
IT'S NOT ALL HOKUM.....HENRY WILLSON	24
<i>Hollywood Has A Kind And Loving Heart</i>	
STUDIO NEWS.....S. R. MOOK	25
<i>Pictures Now In The Making</i>	
THE WITS OF HOLLYWOOD.....ELIZABETH WILSON	26
<i>Wisecracks In Studio Life</i>	
FREE! AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.....	28
<i>Another Handwriting Contest</i>	
CAN YOU SOLVE THESE PUZZLES?.....	29
<i>Teasers For The Brain Trust</i>	
KITTY CARLISLE THROWS HER MASK AWAY.....LENORE SAMUELS	47
<i>No "Dead Pan" for Kitty</i>	
THE WINNING MOVIE TITLES.....	56
<i>Names Of The 111 Prize Winners</i>	

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS.....	4
REVIEWS—IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS.....	6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?".....	8
DROP CAKES FOR CHESTER MORRIS.....RUTH CORBIN	10
<i>The Wives, At Home, Keep The Screen Lovers Happy</i>	
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....	13
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN.....	48
SILVER SCREEN'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT.....	50
<i>Lili Damita's New Spring Suit</i>	
HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SMILE.....MARY LEE	51
<i>Beauty Hints</i>	
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....CHARLOTTE HERBERT	74
THE FINAL FLING.....THE EDITOR	74

ART SECTION

RONALD COLMAN AND LORETTA YOUNG.....	31
CLAUDETTE COLBERT, "THE GILDED LILY".....	32
HERBERT MARSHALL, A BUSY LOVER.....	33
WITH A LITTLE SOMETHING ON THE SIDE.....	34-35
<i>The Happiest People In The Movies</i>	
THE PICTURES THAT MAKE HISTORY.....	36-37
<i>Sir James M. Barrie's Pictures Are Milestones</i>	
IT'S TOUGH ON THE ACTRESSES.....	38-39
<i>Secrets Of Make-Up</i>	
THE WORLD IS HIS GRAPE FRUIT.....	40-41
<i>The Beautiful New Home Of James Cagney</i>	
IT MUST BE FUNNY.....	42-43
<i>There's Gold In Them Thar Giggles</i>	
HERE COME THE GIRLS!.....	44-45
<i>New Angles On S. A.</i>	
CLARK GABLE RECEIVES THE SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL.....	46
<i>The Most Popular Man In The Movies</i>	

COVER PORTRAIT OF MAE WEST

By JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago Office: 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1934.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

2 YEARS *of waiting*
and now the motion picture
that wins

SCREEN FAME!



Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier...roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page...that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!



Pronounced
"SEE-
QUO-
YAH"

SEQUOIA

**A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS
THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN**

with
JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" by Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

REVIEWS

IN A
FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

Let This Page
Be Your Guide.

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—Splendid. Another of our childhood favorites brought to life on the screen in a most commendable manner. The entire family will go for this—just as it did for "Little Women." (Anne Shirley, Tom Brown.)

BATTLE, THE—Excellent. A compelling and romantic drama, concerning an English and a Japanese naval officer, which will stir your profound interest as well as your emotions. (Merle Oberon, John Loder, Charles Boyer.)

BROADWAY BILL—Splendid. Horse racing is the basic theme of this utterly delightful comedy-drama that teams Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter.

CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE—Good. An ironic character study of a group of passengers on a pleasure cruise. There are many delightful episodes. (Jack Gilbert, Walter Connolly, Helen Vinson, Victor McLaglen.)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Fair. Two gangs of jewel thieves try to outwit one another. The idea, always good for dramatic purposes, is not worked out ingeniously in this instance. (Fay Wray, Cesar Romero, Henry Armetta.)

COLLEGE RHYTHM—Good. It will be amusing for you to watch what the modern college hero does to prosaic business when his turn comes to make a commercial touchdown. (Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie, Mary Brian.)

ENTER MADAME—Fair. Elissa Landi as a temperamental European opera star who falls in love with an everyday American, Cary Grant. The comedy situations are light and airy, and there's some good music in it.

EVELYN PRENTICE—Excellent. That grand team of Myrna Loy vs Bill Powell (of "Thin Man" fame) together again in a serious domestic drama that will certainly entertain you. Isabel Jewell is splendid in the courtroom scene.

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Fine. A fascinating character duel takes place between a philosophical priest and a charming crook (Walter Connolly-Paul Lukas). Gertrude Michael is the heiress who weaves romance into the theme.

FLIRTATION WALK—Fine. Just the sound of this title brings up thoughts of West Point—and correctly, too! Dick Powell as one of those devastating cadets, with Ruby Keeler the daughter of an officer. Get it? Of course, there's music!

FLIRTING WITH DANGER—Fair. Edgar Kennedy, William Cagney and Bob Armstrong are teamed in an amusing melodramatic-farce in which they get mixed up in everything—from cabaret broils to fake revolutions.

FUGITIVE LADY—Fair. A case of mistaken identity forces Florence Rice to pose as the wife of Neil Hamilton. Naturally this is the cause of many exciting situations. (Donald Cook, Rita Le Roy.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Good. Erich Von Stroheim, as the Commandant of an Austrian military post, whose routine existence is suddenly dramatized by the advent of a Russian girl (Wera Engels) and an American (Leslie Fenton).

GAY BRIDE, THE—Fair. Carole Lombard and Chester Morris are teamed together in a gangster story that borders on satire. During lighter moments it is really quite amusing. (Leo Carrillo, Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy.)

GAY DIVORCEE, THE—Splendid. You'll travel far to find a more romantic and joyous comedy than this, and to see more exquisite dancing. But, then, dancing is the order of the day when Fred Astaire graces a film. (Ginger Rogers, Alice Brady, Ed. Everett Horton.)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—Good. Here you have a dramatic glimpse into the lives of sev-

eral frustrated university graduates—after the fanfare of commencement day. (Franchot Tone, Margaret Lindsay, Ann Dvorak.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Fine. This sentimental Gene Stratton Porter novel has been filmed remarkably well. You will like Marian Marsh in the title rôle, also Ralph Morgan as the family friend, and you may hiss Louise Dresser for her fine playing of the cruel mother.

HOME ON THE RANGE—Only so-so. A Zane Grey story that has every conceivable type of melodramatic action mixed into its plot. The youngsters may greet it graciously, but not adults. (Joe Morrison, Jackie Coogan, Randolph Scott, Evelyn Brent.)

I AM A THIEF—Good. There's excitement and thrills galore when two bands of intelligent crooks pit their brains against each other during a trip on the Express travelling from Paris to Istanbul. (Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor.)

I'LL FIX IT—Fine. Jack Holt (our favorite he-man) cast as a politician whose soft spot is his kid brother and, eventually, the kid's schoolmarm (Mona Barrie).

IT'S A GIFT—Fine. Here's a barrel of fun for all W. C. Fields' addicts, and their name is legion. Baby LeRoy's in this, too. So what more can you ask for if you're looking for laughs and plenty of nonsense?

JEALOUSY—Fair. A prizefight yarn with a melodramatic twist that occasions a number of thrills before the surprise denouement is reached. (Nancy Carroll, George Murphy, Donald Cook.)

KARA—Just Fair. Steffi (La Curaracha) Duna in a melodrama of the South Seas. In the cast Mitchell Lewis, Raymond Hatton, Regis Toomey.

KID MILLIONS—Fine. You shouldn't miss this latest Eddie Cantor opus—it's a sure cure for the blues. It has delightful comedy, some good songs and a swell cast, including Ethel Merman and Block & Sully.

LADY BY CHOICE—Entertaining. An unusual and intriguing situation arises when Carole Lombard, an alluring fan dancer, adopts the astute May Robson as her mother. (Roger Pryor-Walter Connolly.)

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Just Fair. In the silent days this was once done as "Broken Blossoms." This version of the story will not linger in the memory as that did, however. (Geo. Raft, Jean Parker, Anna May Wong, Joe Morrison.)



Irene Dunne in "Sweet Adeline." With "Back Street," "Stingaree," "Age of Innocence" and "Sweet Adeline" to her credit, Irene has done even more than Mae West to popularize the "Gay Nineties."

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Fair. A blending of business and romance, with Gloria Stuart, Ross Alexander and Phillip Reed providing a comely triangle, and Joseph Cawthorn creating the many hearty laughs.

MUSIC IN THE AIR—Good. Fashioned from the musical comedy of the same name you must all be familiar with the gorgeous songs in this film which has Gloria Swanson, John Boles and Douglass Montgomery in the tempestuous leading rôles.

ONE IN A MILLION—Good. A sincere, nicely told little story in which the poor little shop girl (Dorothy Wilson) finds herself in the arms of the wealthy shop owner's son (Charles Starrett) at the fadeout.

OUTCAST LADY—Fair. Remember Michael Arlen's "Green Hat"—later known as "Lady of Affairs" with Greta Garbo? Well, here it is again all toned down to a dull grey by the censors, and with Connie Bennett & Herbert Marshall in the leading rôles.

PERFECT CLUE, THE—Good. A fairly entertaining society drama that becomes a ticklish murder mystery before too many reels are unwound. (Dorothy Libaire, David Manners, Skeets Gallagher.)

STRANGE WIVES—Amusing. Saddled with all his wife's Russian relatives, an American business man considers himself in a heck of a mess. But the situation rights itself in a most amazing manner. (Roger Pryor, Esther Ralston, June Clayworth, Ralph Forbes.)

ST. LOUIS KID, THE—Fine. Again Jimmy Cagney is the center of a fast and furiously exciting melodrama—with milk wars, gangland and romance generously blended together. (Patricia Ellis-Allen Jenkins.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—Good. Showing the disastrous effect the divorce of his parents (Edward Arnold and Karen Morley) has on a highly sensitive lad of ten (Frankie Thomas).

WEST OF THE PECOS—Fine. This is a grand Western—good story, beautiful photography, and smooth production throughout. Cast includes Richard Dix, Martha Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Fred Kohler.

WHITE PARADE, THE—Excellent. A fine, sensitive story woven around the life of student nurses in a large hospital. Engrossing from beginning to end. Fine performances by Loretta Young, John Boles, Sara Haden, Dorothy Wilson, and Jane Darwell.

Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels

He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrayer of warlike roles—Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

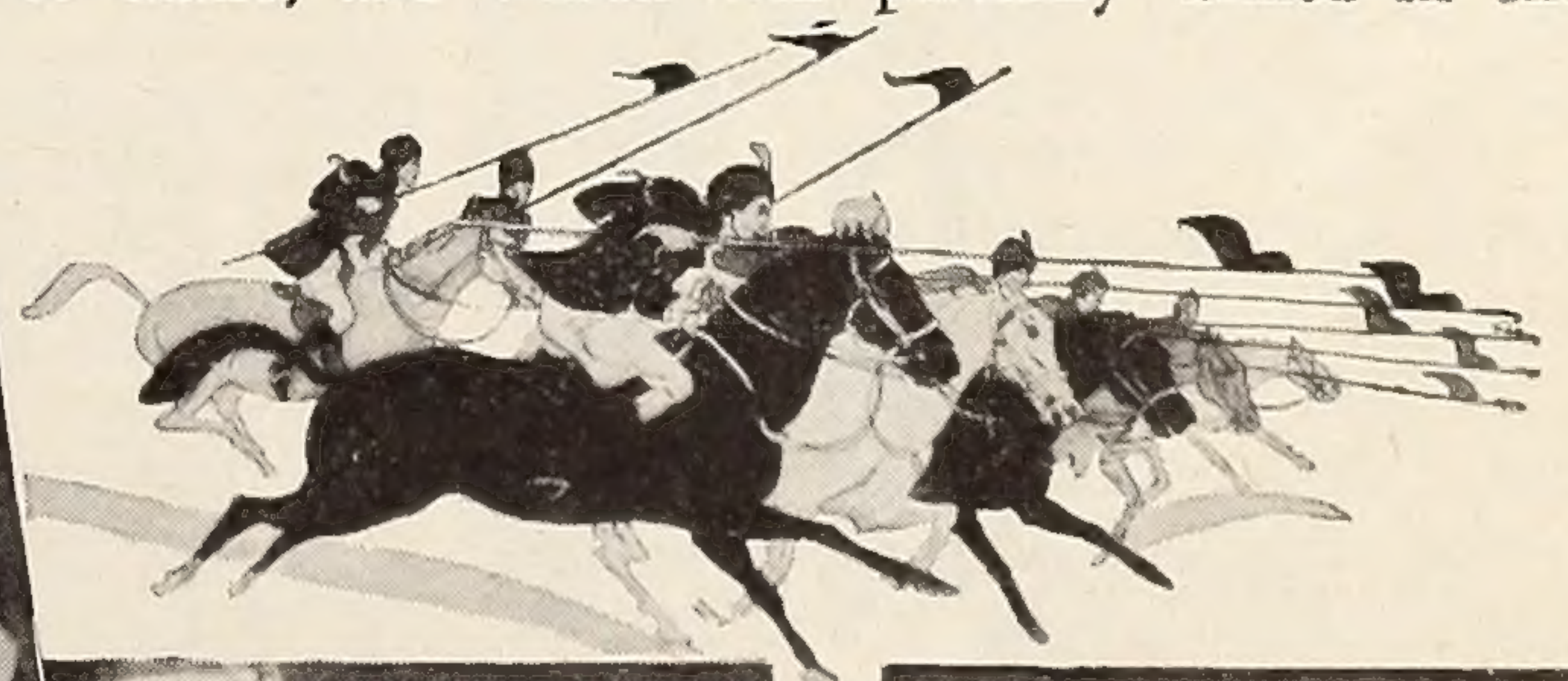
He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings."

Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American dough-boy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War; Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.





Learn to Draw at Home

New Method Makes It Amazingly Simple

Trained artists earn from \$50 to over \$250 a week. Tremendous demand right now for good art work. Magazines, newspapers, advertisers, printing houses, etc.

Become an artist through wonderful new easy method of *personalized* instruction—right at home in spare time. Learn Illustrating, Designing and Cartooning. Actual fun learning this way. Learn to draw and earn big money!

Send for FREE BOOK

Just printed—a new book which describes the latest developments and wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art, gives full details on this new easy method of learning to draw. Tells all about our students—their successes—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—and how many earned big money even while learning! Write for this Free Book and details of big Commercial Artist's Outfit GIVEN to all new students. Mail postcard or letter *now*.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Studio 172

1115 15th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

MOST INDELIBLE of all lipsticks

Here at last is a lipstick that simply *does not come off*. One application glorifies your lips with bright, alluring color that actually lasts all day.

No other lipstick is, or can be, like Permapoint. A special design applicator-case and a new-type cosmetic—soft, smooth, non-drying—make Permapoint the easiest to use and most indelible of lipsticks.

Forget what is left of your old-style lipstick. Let your lips be at their best—beginning NOW. Get Permapoint TODAY. At department stores. Or send \$1.00 for Permapoint, postpaid, Vivid, Light, Raspberry, Medium.

Quintess, Inc., Dept. D-2,
220 E. 42nd St., N. Y.

Kisses
Won't Tell



Stays
on the
Lips
All Day
Long

PERMAPOINT

The last word in lipstick indelibility

QUINTESS, INC., Dept. D-2, 220 E. 42nd St., N. Y.

I enclose \$1. Send me Permapoint in shade checked.
☐ Vivid (very bright). ☐ Light (a most attractive average shade). ☐ Raspberry (becoming to dark and light skin). ☐ Medium (for decided brunettes). Or mark with your present lipstick in margin. We will send corresponding shade.

Name.....

Address.....



U. S. Government Jobs

Start \$1260 to \$2100 Year

Railway Postal Clerks—Mail Carriers—Clerks—Clerks at Washington—Liquor Gaugers. Men, women 18 to 50. Write immediately for free list of Government positions. Many Winter examinations. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. L300, Rochester, N. Y.

"You're Telling Me?"



Merle Oberon, the sensation of "The Battle" and "The Private Life of Don Juan," is now in Hollywood.

Ben Franklin Started The War Of The Revolution By Writing Letters. What Can You Do?

The \$10 Letter

PERSONALLY I always feel uncomfortable during the kissing scenes, and have also sensed the same feeling in others in the audience," writes Lauretta Chapman of Grand View St., Los Angeles, Calif. "For one thing, people always look so silly when they kiss—their faces getting so absurdly distorted. To me one of the high points of 'The Thin Man' was the natural, un-obvious way the main characters' affection for each other was shown."

We always listen for the break away.

"I AM surprised that SILVER SCREEN doesn't have much to say about Lyle Talbot. He is versatile, plays any type of rôle, and is an all around good actor on the screen. To my way of thinking," writes Alexander C. Mackay of Maiden Ave., Hot Springs, S. D., "he should be starred by his studio. I have seen him in stock and like him equally as well on the screen."

Since "One Night of Love," Lyle is going good.

HELEN NORTHCATT of N. Church St., Grass Valley, Calif., writes "What I would like to know is why Tarzan is always so clean shaven in all his pictures, while Neil Hamilton is heavily bearded."

Supposed to be sixteen years old. Extraordinary development due to Vitamin M-G-M.

"I THINK that Evelyn Venable possesses the most beautifully shaped eyes in

pictures, and she is my favorite actress. After seeing her act in 'Death Takes A Holiday,' I believe she is deserving of better and bigger parts. To use a collegiate phrase, 'She is darling,' writes Ace Merry, Battery D, 16th C. A., Fort DeRussy, T. H.

I surrender, dear.

"EVERYONE has his own opinion of pictures," writes Brenden O'Connell of Duriey St., Norwich, Conn., "but personally I prefer pictures with a sense of humor in them rather than the mushy kind. True to form was 'The Richest Girl in the World.' With Miriam Hopkins starring in her humorous way, this picture was first rate."

That's right. Mush is always so serious.

"MELODIOUS, graceful, beautiful, thrilling and surcharged with heart interest scarcely describes the enchanting song-picture 'One Night Of Love,' featuring golden voiced, exquisite Grace Moore dominated by her masterful, operatic instructor, Tullio Carminati. It is like a beautiful dream coming true and leaving us wishing for more, especially Grace Moore," writes Ed. S. Phelps of Houston, Tex.

You mean—it's O.K.

"HAVE you ever dreamt of being sophisticated, or even wanted to be?" asks Helen Butler of Culbert St., Syracuse, N. Y. "If so, you will give up the idea when you see Jean Parker as the sweet heroine of 'Have A Heart.'"

All right, the hell with it.

EVERY LETTER PAID FOR

\$10 for the best and \$2 for every other letter printed. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

SILVER SCREEN

ELEANOR KOCH of LaMoille, Ill., writes "One night at the show, 'He Was Her Man,' someone, who sat behind us, didn't like James Cagney. She said, 'All he wants to do is kiss. He's too mushy. I like the other man better (Victor Jory). I don't, so I turned around, and perhaps if she hadn't kept still just then there would have been a fight.'"

Now there's a real Cagney fan.

"WHY does the movie heroine, who is supposed to be rolling in poverty, always wear such exquisite, enticing and expensive lingerie?" asks Margaret Hayden of Pasadena Ave., Azusa, Calif. "The latest example of the kind of underwear the poor girl wears was in Grace Moore's otherwise perfect picture, 'One Night of Love,' where the great voice teacher comes into her dressing room and makes her hold a couple of high 'C's' for him. Instead, she holds a style show of what lingerie the well dressed rich girl should wear."

We wouldn't know about that.

"THE brightest corner in our cinema Hall of Fame," writes E. D. Hall of Bowser Ave., Dallas, Tex., "has long been occupied by that petite and versatile artist, Miss Helen Hayes, whose acting is so fine and sincere that she wrings our hearts, and whose charm is truly a 'sort of a bloom on a woman.'"

We liked the first part of "What Every Woman Knows" best.

"WHAT I can't understand is, why they don't have Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable star in another picture together again. The public is almost 'wild' for another picture like 'It Happened One Night,'" writes Mary Lonaine Lyons of Mississippi St., San Diego, Calif. "Well, here is hoping that the public and I get our wish (I used the turkey's wishbone for this)."

But you have to wish on all the shooting stars and dandelions, too.

"THE screen is infinitely richer with a personality like Francis Lederer's," writes Ida Kaech of New Glarus, Wis. "He has already endeared himself to the fans with his youngness of spirit, his joy of living, his gusto and his warm friendliness."

Your graceful vocabulary indicates that your taste is a further compliment to Francis.

"IRENE DUNN is lovely," writes Alyce Noe of Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, "a person I should really love to know. But why cast her as a shady lady, or almost one? She is far too lovely to impress you as one living the part."

We are told that the pretty girls are the very ones who skid.



"The Scarlet Pimpernel" finished, Leslie Howard returns and will do a stage play in New York and maybe a picture in the East.

Reduce your WAIST THREE INCHES . . . AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost
you one cent!

... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"	"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder."	"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial..."	"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER!"
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy."	"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away."	"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds."	"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You can TEST the . . . PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE for 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 442, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

DO YOU LONG FOR AN



These little wafers have done wonders for thousands

YOU CAN MAKE your dream complexion come true. But remember this—you can't rub away a bad complexion with expensive creams and ointments. You can't cover it up with cosmetics. Get at the cause. Most muddy, pale complexions, pimply, blotchy skins, are caused by sluggishness of the bowels and lack of calcium in the system. Stuart's Calcium Wafers correct both of these troubles—quickly, easily, pleasantly. Thousands of charming women owe their clear, healthy skins—their satin-smooth, radiantly fresh complexions to these marvelous little wafers. Try them for a few days—then look in your mirror!

AT ALL DRUG STORES—10c and 60c

STUART'S Calcium Wafers

BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER



Play Piano By Ear
Play popular song hits perfectly. Hum the tune, play it by ear. No teacher—self-instruction. No tedious ding-dong daily practice—just 20 brief, entertaining lessons, easily mastered.
At Home in Your Spare Time
Send for FREE BOOK. Learn many styles of bass and syncopation—trick endings. If 10c (coin or stamps) is enclosed, you also receive wonderful booklet "How to Entertain at Piano" and many new tricks, stunts, etc.
Niagara School of Music
Dept. 4003, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Send for this Free Book

Read the future! Control Coming Events with
THE MAGIC PENDULUM

New Scientific Discovery. Used by Private Police in Europe.

Love... Business... Health... Consult it! When you see it moving by itself you won't believe your eyes... Yet it will tell you the truth! Be among the first to use it in America. Details free. Order today a complete Silver Pendulum with instructions. We pay postage. Pay Postman C.O.D. on delivery or send one dollar to the:

PENDOL CO.

Winona, Minn.

WANT TO BROADCAST?



If you have talent here's your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in spare time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." Send for your copy today. Give age. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, 2000—14th St., N. W., Dept. 5B10, Washington, D. C.



FASHION ART

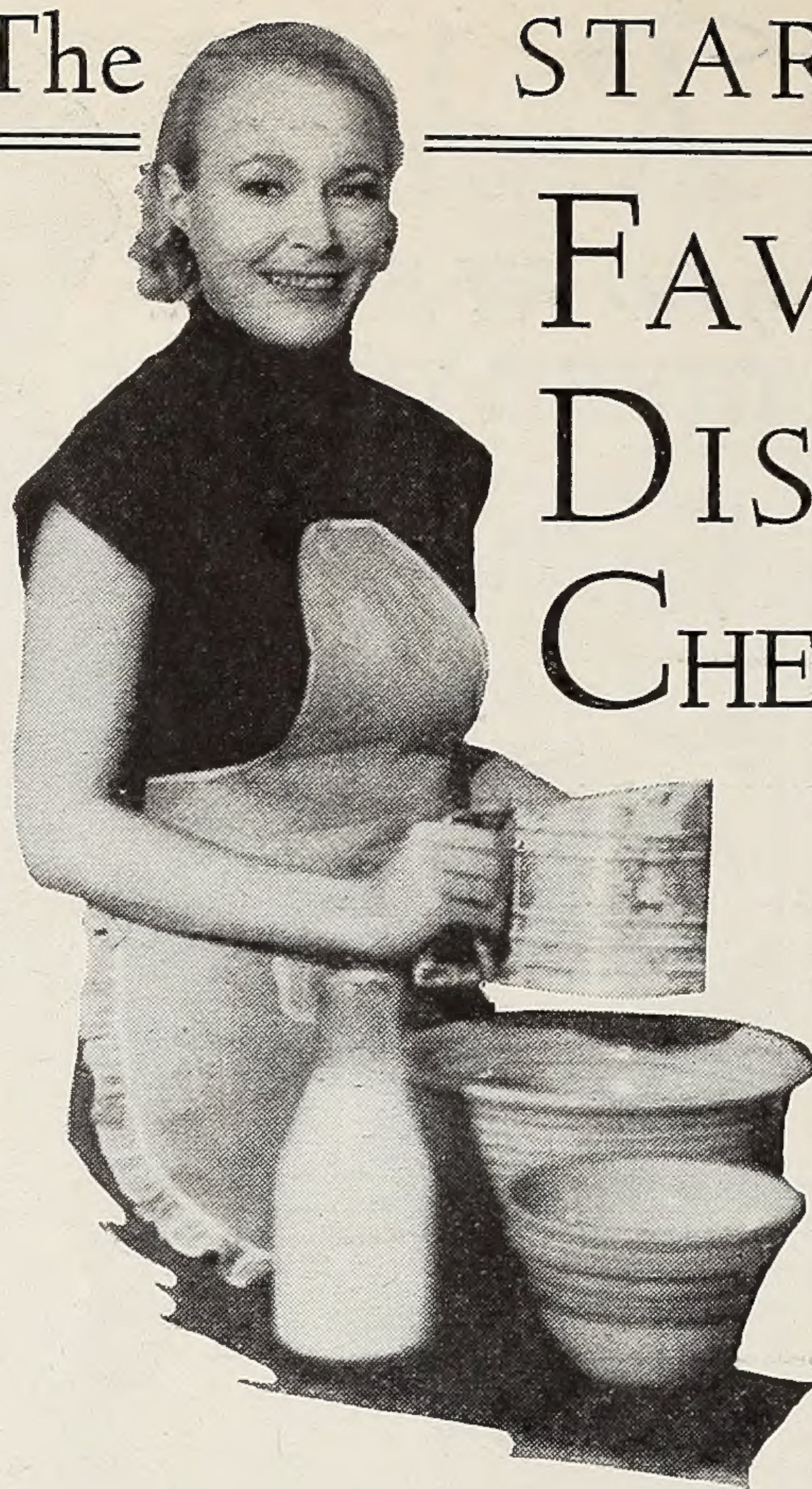
Amazingly easy and simple. New FASHION-ACTION STENCIL endorsed by America's foremost School of Fashion, brings Fashion Art within the reach of ALL. This expert method teaches you the art of drawing perfect Fashion figures immediately—the first step towards that popular money-making profession, Fashion Designing and Styling. Elaborate Book of Instructions, ideas and Fashion Action-Stencil—complete to you for only \$5.00. Send check or money order and get your Book and Stencil by return mail. Write NOW! Supply Dept. FASHION ACADEMY, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Fifth Avenue, New York.

SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES
BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET. UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

The

STARS MUST EAT



FAVORITE DISHES OF CHESTER MORRIS!

The Wives, At Home, Keep The Screen Lovers Happy.

By Ruth Corbin

Sue Morris, wife of Chester Morris, makes up a batch of Chet's specials.

plauded my efforts.

"In the beginning I was quite nonchalant. I thought running a house was easy. I wouldn't even allow Chet to hire a

I WENT out to call upon Sue Morris the other day, and I found her in the kitchen fixing some sandwiches for Chester, who was working until "all hours" that night at M-G-M on retakes for "The Gay Bride," in which he is co-starred with Carole Lombard.

Sue said that she knew Chet was going to be too tired to eat a regular dinner so she was fixing up something light and tasty for him. She looked very pretty and was wearing a little white organdy apron over her dark wool dress.

We talked about foods, of course, and children and keeping house in general. Suddenly it dawned upon me that Chester Morris is a lucky man. Moreover, he isn't the only one. There are a baker's dozen of lucky men in Hollywood, who have won an enviable place in the films and who bask in the spotlight of fame. They are married to charming women, many of whom could win film success for themselves if they chose, but they prefer to live in the reflected glory of the men whose names they bear. Some have never tried their wings but are pretty and talented enough to win a hearing if they so desired. Some, when they married, gave up careers that had begun auspiciously.

Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Mrs. Richard Arlen and Mrs. Chester Morris all had their careers nicely launched when they married. Now they are quite satisfied to be merely the wives of famous actors.

I asked Sue about it—how she has been able to find happiness in marriage after her brief taste of stage success.

"It hasn't been difficult," she told me, "I don't believe there is room for more than one career in the same house. When Chet and I were married, I decided to make a career of marriage.

"I can't tell you about all the little, absurd things that happened in those first few years of our married life. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to step off the stage and into the kitchen and be able to make the wheels go round without any friction. Chet and I managed to do it, because I was so anxious to be a success as a housewife and he understood and ap-

cook. I insisted that I could do it. Armed with a good cook book I started out. Chet was fond of chocolate cake with marshmallow filling. So, one evening, I decided to make one for him.

"I followed the directions in the book exactly and it did look beautiful. I took great care in fixing the icing. Then, when Chet came home that night, I showed it to him and he was tickled pink.

"I didn't know you could make a cake," he told me. I assured him in quite a matter of fact manner that I had been making them since I was this high. Then we ate our dinner and I brought on the cake and I had to admit that was my first cake. It compared favorably with the first biscuits that brides usually make. We couldn't cut it at all. It was hard as a rock; so was the icing. We tried every knife we possessed.

"Finally Chet and I gave it up and actually played ball with it. We had more fun than if we had eaten it. Of course, I made up my mind right then that I would make nice cakes and pies and everything else. Eventually I succeeded. But it took time and patience and perseverance.

"I have never regretted giving up my career though. We are happy here in Hollywood. We have our own home and a nice circle of friends. Many of them were friends of ours when we were in New York.

"Bob Montgomery and his wife, Betty, and Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Nugent often come over and have midnight supper with us, and we sit around and talk or play bridge, just as we used to do when Chet was on the stage.

"You won't believe it but our *pièce de résistance* at these midnight suppers are onion sandwiches. Bob is especially fond of them and insists on drinking milk with them. Mr. and Mrs. Nugent and Chet and I drink coffee with ours. I make generous sandwiches, too.

"Our cook bakes wonderful bread. I cut slices of fresh bread and butter them thoroughly. For filling, I use slices of large white Bermuda onions that have been soaked for about fifteen minutes in

vinegar, salt and pepper.

"Chet and I usually have sandwiches and coffee before going to bed. We got into the habit when he was on the stage in New York. Before we were married, I often visited at his home and saw how they enjoyed late suppers after his father and he returned from the show. I decided to encourage rather than break him of the habit, because he liked to tell me during this meal what had gone on at the theatre each night. Friends often dropped in and joined us, and it was really fun.

"Now, of course, since Chet keeps day-time hours, we are getting away from the habit except when friends visit us.

"Chet has never been hard to please where food is concerned. He eats energy-producing foods and tries to keep himself in good condition, but he has never followed any kind of a diet.

"He doesn't care about salads. Likes plain foods and vegetables. He is fond of brussels sprouts, canned peas, roast beef, steak, tripe and fried onions. We have lamb chops frequently because both of the children like them.

"Chet likes Spanish omelettes, made by beating up eggs with several tablespoons of cream and milk, and adding tomatoes and seasoning to taste with salt, pepper and paprika.

"Sometimes Chet likes tartar steak for dinner. It doesn't sound very appetizing but it looks good and he is very fond of it.

"I place about four tablespoons of raw, ground steak on a plate and cover thinly with tartar sauce. Then I drop a raw egg on the top of this and place about two tablespoons of finely chopped onion on the side. Served with fresh bread and butter and coffee, Chet insists that nothing could taste better.

"I often serve stuffed crab. The recipe sounds difficult but is really quite simple.

Stuffed Crab (or shrimp)

- 2 tablespoons of butter
- 2 tablespoons of flour
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 lb. of crab or shrimp
- 2 green peppers
- 2 cups of thin cream
- 1 teaspoon mustard, salt and paprika
- 2 teaspoons Worcester sauce
- Half cup mushrooms

Put butter, flour and cream in a double boiler and stir until thick. Add mustard, sugar, salt and paprika to taste. Add crab or shrimp meat, into which chopped peppers and mushrooms have been mixed. Fill shells and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Remove, cover with bread crumbs and butter, and place under the broiler until browned.

Another favorite dish with the Morris family follows:

Cheese Fondue

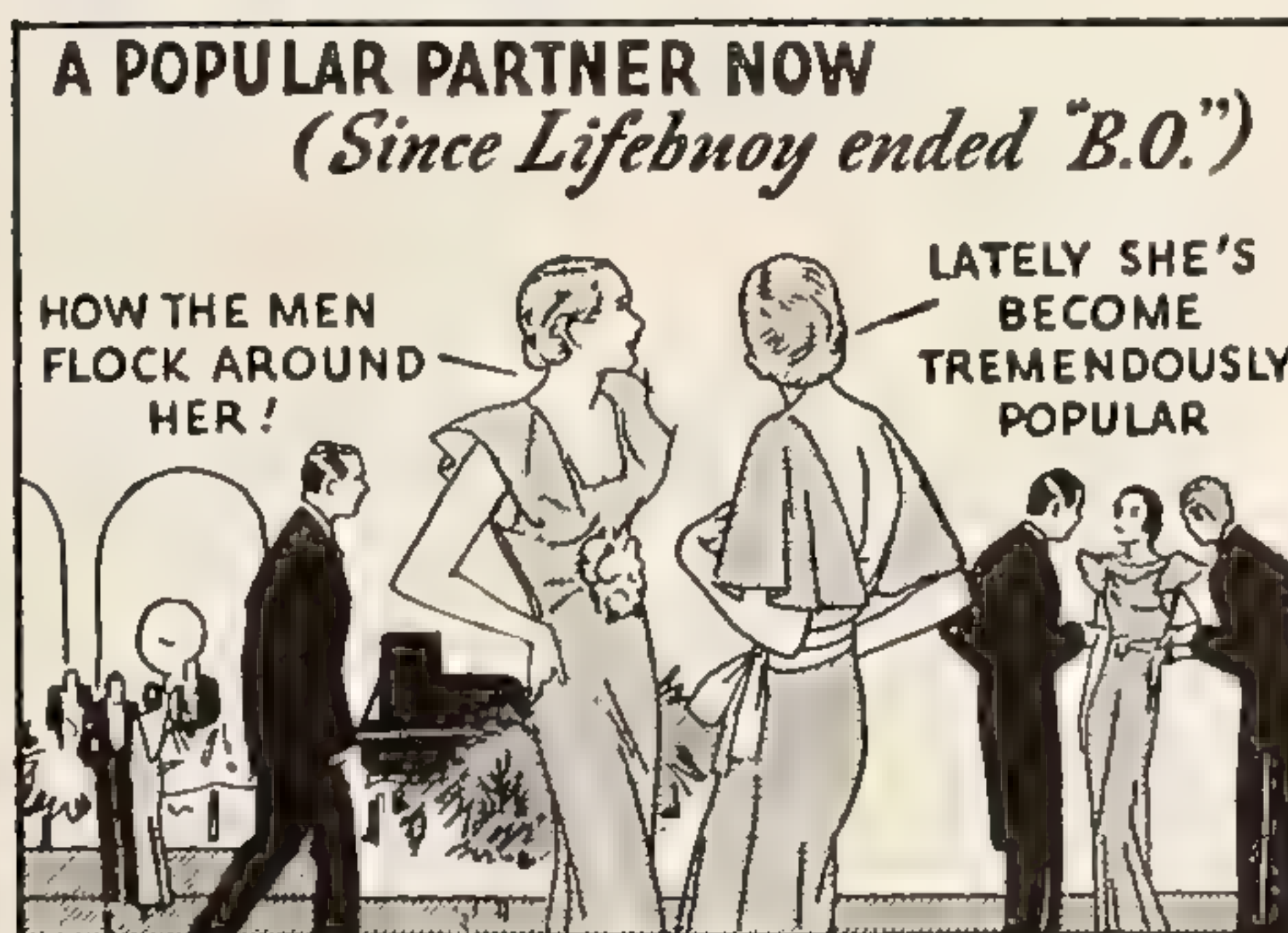
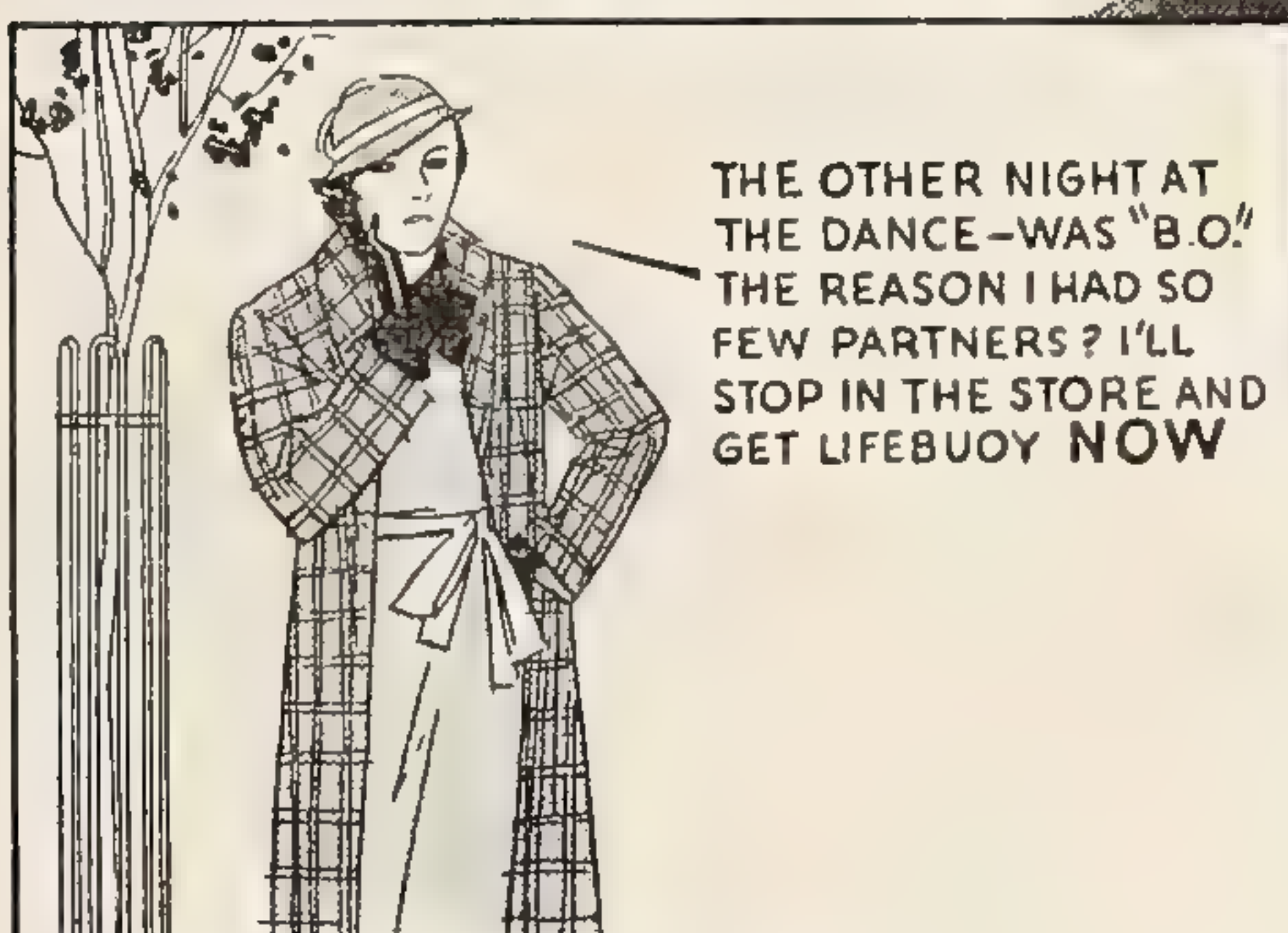
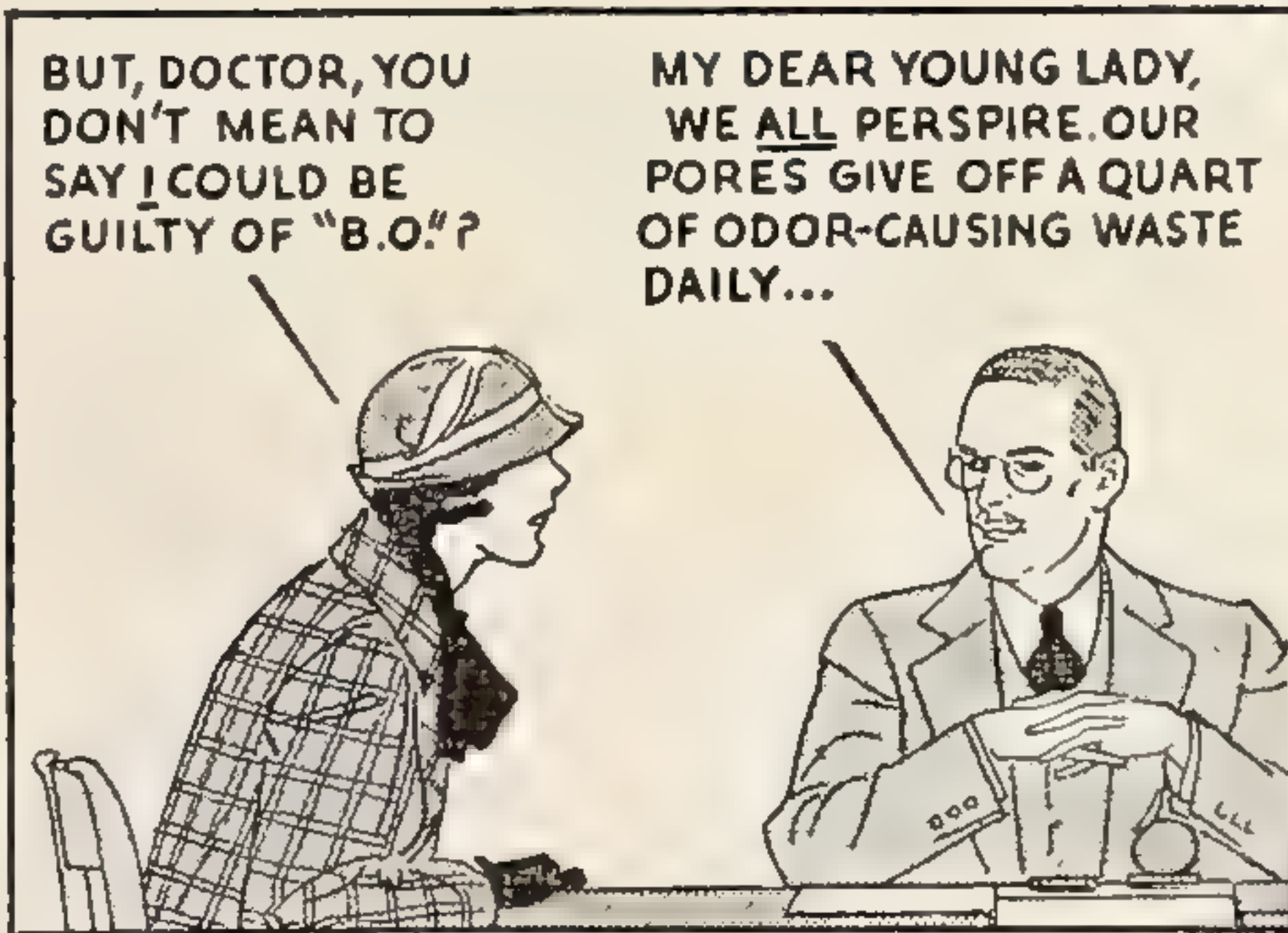
- 1/4 lb. melted butter
- 1 finely chopped onion
- 2 eggs well beaten
- 1 lb. American cheese
- 1 chopped tomato
- 1/2 teaspoon mustard

Place the butter and cheese in a double boiler and add salt, pepper and mustard. Beat all together and cook until thoroughly mixed and melted. Remove from fire and add the beaten eggs. It is then ready to serve.

According to Sue, Chester's favorite dinner includes:

- Minced clam soup
- Lettuce salad
- Thousand island dressing
- Rare roast beef
- Baked potatoes
- (canned) Creamed peas
- Brussels sprouts
- Camembert cheese
- Apple pie
- Coffee

"B.O."
IS NO JOKE.
MY DOCTOR SAYS EVERYONE
IS SUBJECT TO IT!



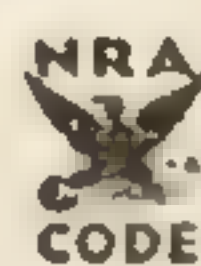
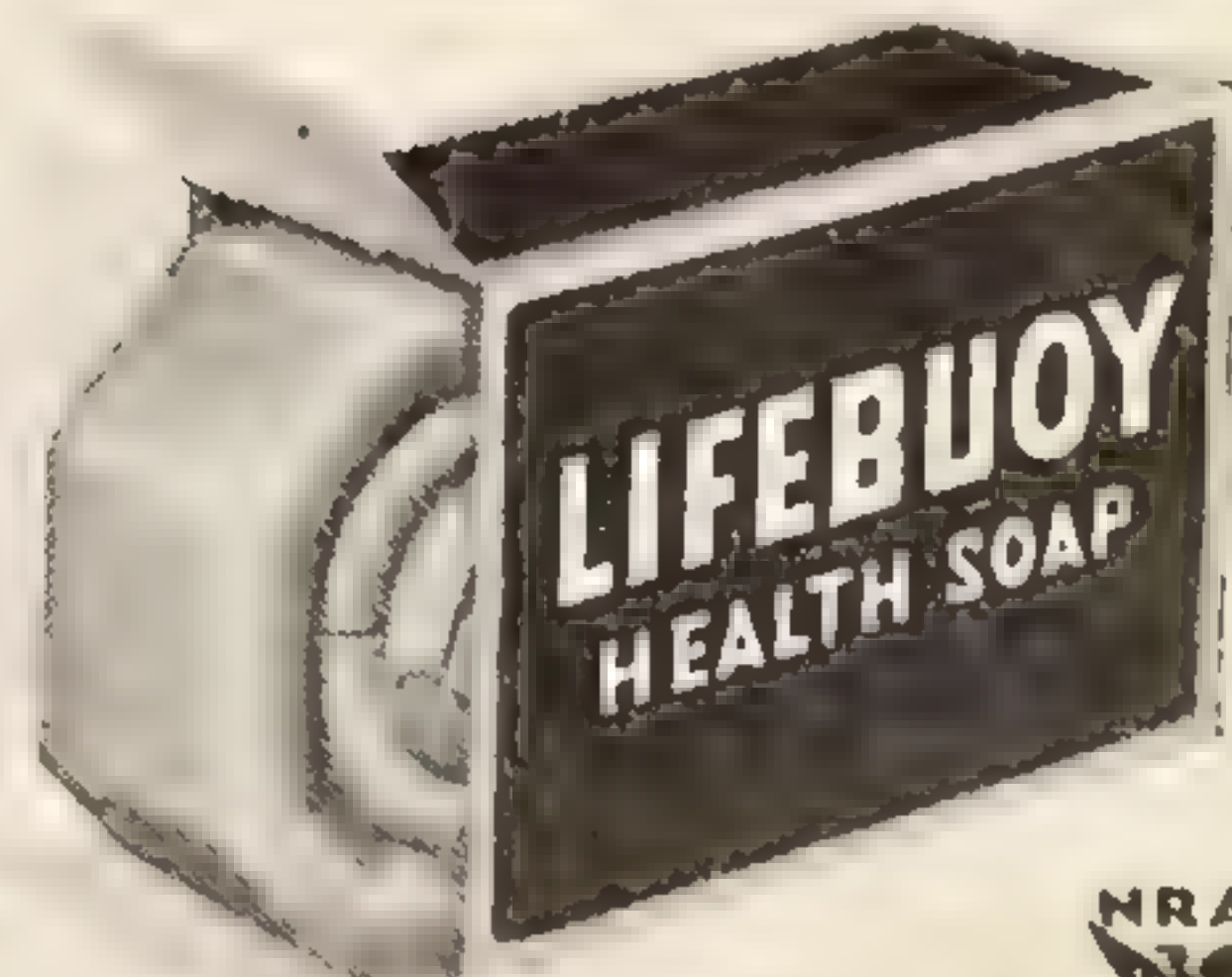
Don't take chances

"B.O." (body odor) can ruin romance, check business advancement. Play safe—bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely, cleanses deeper, purifies and deodorizes pores. Its own fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection.

Complexions clear and freshen

Lifebuoy is wonderfully mild and gentle, kind to every skin. It penetrates deeply; purifies pores of clogged waste; brings fresh, healthy radiance to dull skins.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



LIFEBOUY stops **"B.O."**
HEALTH SOAP (BODY ODOR)

NAPOLEON'S MASTER

with the troops with the ladies

Arliss surpasses himself!

Wellington, the Iron Duke,
who out-manuevered
Napoleon on the battle-
fields and in the ball-
rooms of France!

Thrillingly portrayed by
the electrifying genius of
George Arliss!



GEORGE ARLISS IN The IRON DUKE

Directed by Victor Saville



COMING
TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE . . .

NOVA PILBEAM, in *LITTLE FRIEND*;
CHU CHIN CHOW; *POWER*;
EVELYN LAYE in *EVENSONG*;
JACK HULBERT in *JACK AHOY*;
JESSIE MATTHEWS in *EVERGREEN*;
EVELYN LAYE, HENRY WILCOXON
in *PRINCESS CHARMING* . . .



GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS

SILVER



SHIRLEY TEMPLE has come open about her romance. Not Hollywood denials for her. She decided that Jimmy Dunn is her special property and she doesn't want those movie blondes poaching on her tory. The other day on the set of "Eyes," Jimmy was making paper for the adoring Miss Temple when Alice breezed on the stage, and, there in a vacant chair, plunked herself right on Jimmy's lap.

Shirley gave her the dirtiest look any female ever gave another female. "You don't mind lending me your man, do you, Shirley?" said Alice. "Jimmy and I are going to be tearing up the new George White Scandals."

"Huh," remarked Miss Temple, crossed the stage and plunked herself in the director's lap. But she couldn't stand it very long. Slyly she worked her way up to Jimmy's side and whispered in his ear, "I'll marry you."

MAURICE CHEVALIER is up to his eyes in tricks—visiting Kay Francis. But he still gets those transatlantic telephone calls from Rome, Italy.

DON'T ever say hard-hearted Hollywood. Little Mary Blackford (you probably saw her in "Love Time") was in a serious automobile accident, and the doctors told her she would be paralyzed for life unless she had a very expensive operation. So Mary's young pals got together and arranged for a Benefit Ball at the Cocoanut Grove, with Will Rogers as master of ceremonies, and Hollywood simply broke a blood vessel getting there. Everybody bought tickets, and nearly everybody attended. Over \$6000 was cleared. Will Rogers and Joan Crawford took over the expenses of the benefit.

A YEAR has made quite a bit of difference in the fortunes of the Holts. Last Christmas they barely had enough to eat,



of
ces,
ach

soon as they learn each other's telephone numbers. No, Lew and Ginger are the conservative type, thank goodness, and in the traditional way: courtship, church wedding,

ings in my time but never one so simple, romantic as theirs was out at the Little n Glendale. Ginger looked simply beautiful in a lace and a big picture hat. Her little was her maid of honor, and her two best friends, Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian, were married by Ben Alexander for his best man. Lew and William Bakewell have all been married together in "All Quiet on the Western Front" together in this jealousy-ridden Hollywood, always rejoicing in the success and

ing had its humorous note. Lew sold his limousine with dripping chromium months ago, as for his simple mode of living and bought a sedan. In this sedan he and Ben arrived at the wedding in their striped pants and top hats, but a hat, forgot about the topper as he was knocked it against the door and away it flew with Lew chasing after it like a quarter-

She's GINGER!

By Patricia Keats

back trying to retrieve a fumble. Hundreds of fans waiting outside the church for autographs had the laugh of their lives.

The wedding reception was held in the French Room of the Ambassador Hotel, where there were gathered a few close friends of both families, and a

few of the Press, to toast the bride and groom in champagne and cut the cake. Then a lot of husbands, including Andy Devine, Wally Ford and Ronnie Burla, lined up to kiss the bride, Lois Wilson caught the bride's bouquet, a camera flashed, and the next thing you knew the young couple had disappeared.

Believe it or not, up until the time they disappeared from the French Room neither Ginger nor Lew had the slightest idea where they were going on their honeymoon. It's so typical of both of them that places mean nothing. "Well, where will it be, Ginger?" Lew asked as they got into their coats, "Monterey or Arrowhead? Name it." He flipped a coin and the mountain cabin at Lake Arrowhead won. I don't suppose any Hollywood honeymoon was ever decided upon quite so casually as that.

Nor, for that matter, do I suppose any going-away wardrobe was ever quite as simple as that of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres. Lew wore the inevitable corduroy and lumberjack shirt, and Ginger wore a beret, sports coat and knitted pajamas. Mercy, when Monsieur Lanvin hears about that he will probably swoon dead away in Messieurs Patou's and Lelong's arms while Madame Schiaparelli fans him back to life. Mercy, yes.

But the honeymoon didn't last long, as Ginger had to start work immediately on "Roberta," which they do say is going to make "The Gay Divorcee" look like an orphan. Anyway, Ginger and Fred Astaire dance together again and that's all I ask out of life—that and a million dollars.

I saw Ginger on the set, and I must say I have never seen anyone so happy, so utterly utterly happy, and it is certainly a treat to find someone utterly utterly happy in this town where worries breed faster than mosquitoes in Jersey. Ginger is tops in everything. She's young and healthy and rich and ecstatically in love. Her last pictures, "The Gay Divorcee" and "Romance in Manhattan," are breaking box office records all over the country, which has suddenly become so Ginger Rogers-conscious that her studio had to stick another zero on to her salary check.

You might think that all this suffusion of happiness and gifts from the gods and RKO (you should see the silver they crashed through with for her wedding present) would make Ginger a bit smug and conceited and self-centered. But that just shows how little you know about Ginger Rogers. What is this little Rogers red-head really like? Well, I'll tell you, but do take "The Continental" off the victrola or you'll have me dashing out into the night looking for tables to dance over with Fred Astaire.

When Ginger (her real name is Virginia, but a baby cousin gave her the nickname and it stuck) was seven years old she was living with her mother, a newspaper woman, in Washington, D. C., and in those days the Rogers were having a depression all their own. Mrs. Rogers was given an [Continued on page 59]



Married. Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres after the ceremony. No dash in the night to a Justice of the Peace for Lew. He certainly looks conservative.



The bride-elect visits her man on the set of "Lottery Lover."

Wallace Beery as Pancho Villa had the man in the box-office at his mercy.



MILLION DOLLAR

In The Movies Mistakes And Successes Run To Big Figures.

WITHOUT any attempt at exaggeration, if R-K-O officials were called upon to list their assets, they could set down, beside the name of Fred Astaire, "Credit, \$1,000,000." The terrific success of R-K-O's "The Gay Divorcee," made possible by the talented dancing feet and personal charm of Astaire, plus the expectations of that company for a rich financial harvest in subsequent flickers in which he will appear, justifies my million-dollar appraisal of him.

This being the case, it was a \$1,000,000 blunder on the part of M-G-M to permit Fred Astaire to get away from them. I do not say, mind you, that this is the only million-dollar blunder which has been made by Hollywood, for it is the purpose of this article to catalogue and index some of them, but I cite Astaire's case because it is typical.

M-G-M, by virtue of its contract with Fred Astaire for the Joan Crawford-Clark Gable picture, "Dancing Lady," had the opportunity to examine him carefully. They had expert Coast make-up specialists to study and supplement the contour of his face for camera possibilities, they had ace cameramen to photograph him flatteringly, and they had the adequate leisure to study the composite results in the daily "rushes" or shots of the picture.

Just what the talent scouts of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer thought of Astaire was best expressed in the completed picture. He appeared in one scene and his contract was not renewed. The M-G-M official who failed to renew it might just as well have thrown \$1,000,000 out of the window. At R-K-O Astaire has been built into the newest star of the musical pictures. Teamed with a Warner discard, Ginger Rogers, he is destined to be one of the big money-makers of the present celluloid era. And there, in a nutshell, you have the Hollywood situation—Fred Astaire, turned loose by M-G-M, and Ginger Rogers, turned loose by Warners, making money for R-K-O.

The Million-Dollar Blunders of Hollywood, however, are confined to no one company, because all of them have made equally expensive mistakes.

Warner Brothers made a Million-Dollar Blunder in the case of Clark Gable. Warner talent scouts first saw Gable when he appeared in Los Angeles in the stage showing of "The Last Mile." They signed him to a contract immediately. However, it was in the era of romantic heroes cut from the pattern that produced

The charm of Margaret Sullavan blossomed in "Only Yesterday," much to the chagrin of one producer.



Years ago the old comedy team of Beery and Hatton ran its course and the not-so-smart producers decided Beery was through.

Ronald Colman, Buddy Rogers and Ramon Novarro, and the Warner execs couldn't fit the large-eared Gable into the picture. When his contract came up for renewal, Warners turned Clark Gable loose.

M-G-M did not commit an Astaire boner on this one, for as soon as Gable was footloose, M-G-M signed him. He still wasn't given the type of part for which he was best suited, and even today he might be an un-

known had it not been for the series of accidents that conspired to make M-G-M's "Free Soul" famous in the annals of celluloid. Much against the better judgment of the studio, Gable was given his chance, and, with his one punch at Norma Shearer's chin, he ushered in a new cycle of leading men, paving the way for Cagney to kick heroines in the posterior when he wasn't drenching them with grapefruit, or is the plural grapefeet?

I am inclined to credit the belated discovery of Gable to Director Clarence Brown who megaphoned that fateful picture, "Free Soul." It was Brown who fashioned the chin-punching scene which raised Gable overnight to the star class, and, in the same picture, Brown brought the fading Lionel Barrymore back to national recognition. The eldest son of the Royal Family of Barrymores, discouraged at bad breaks, was seriously thinking

BLUNDERS By Ed Sullivan

Norma Shearer was once rejected. They threw away a fortune.



of turning director and had already essayed it. Brown persuaded him to take another fling at the screen as an actor. Lionel's speech to the jury had every electrician and prop man on the stage in tears, when the scene was finally shot. At the very moment when he was content to retire, Lionel Barrymore was given the Academy award for the finest solo performance of the year.

Before explaining the dramatic background in many of these cases, perhaps I can present a clearer picture to you by listing what I choose to call Hollywood's \$1,000,000 Blunders:

- 1—Universal rejected Norma Shearer, Colleen Moore, Janet Gaynor and Bette Davis.
- 2—Paramount refused to renew the contract of Wallace Beery, rejected the screen test of Margaret Sullavan, rejected the screen test of Gladys George, newest Broadway sensation.
- 3—Every Hollywood studio rejected Marie Dressler until she finally landed at M-G-M.
- 4—Fox failed to renew a contract with Rudy Vallee, rejected Alice Brady.

- 5—Sam Goldwyn bought off a personal contract with Robert Montgomery after the first day's "rushes."
- 6—Columbia had the first tip on Margaret Sullavan, Katharine Hepburn and Aline MacMahon, rejecting them because they wouldn't screen well.
- 7—Warners released Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers.
- 8—M-G-M released Grace Moore, Fred Astaire, Joel McCrea, Ann Dvorak, Charles Boyer and Lew Ayres.
- 9—R-K-O would have turned thumbs down on Katharine Hepburn had it not been for a wise director.

Now let us look at the record of these amazing rejections of performers who represent millions of dollars at the box-office. Norma Shearer to-day is the glamorous star at M-G-M, and the wife of Irving Thalberg. Oddly enough, it was Thalberg who tossed her out of Universal. Miss Shearer was tested in New York by Universal for the leading *femme* rôle opposite Reginald Denny. They offered her \$75.00 a week; she asked for \$100.00 a week and transportation expenses for herself and mother to the studios. Thalberg, then the head man at Universal, resenting the "hold-up" of the bold unknown, promptly cancelled the deal. It was not until a few years later, and after Norma had been at M-G-M for a lengthy interval that Thalberg, who had shifted to this

Joel McCrea knows what it means to be labelled a failure.

studio, realized her box-office appeal and raised her to stardom.

Carl Laemmle, Sr., personally rejected Colleen Moore, wiring to the Coast, after seeing her in a Universal picture, "to retake that part played by that girl, Moore." She reached stardom at another studio. Janet Gaynor was an extra at Universal, and so modestly situated that when they decided to screen-test her for an important rôle, she had to borrow make-up from Mary Philbin, then a star. The test was bad, Janet Gaynor was forgotten and drifted from the lot. Not long after, she was the biggest money-maker at Fox. Bette Davis was a sickeningly sweet ingenue at Universal, her look of pathetic meekness and humility rivalling the humility in Buster Keaton's sad face. She photographed badly and Universal was quite correct in failing to renew her contract. Warner directors, however, saw her possibilities as a feminine "heavy," and her performance in "Of Human Bondage" for R-K-O was one of the [Continued on page 51]



The favorite, Janet Gaynor, hasn't a care now, but once she was turned out by a producer.

The Days When I "Posed"



An advertising photo that Neil posed for. Here, evidently, is where Mr. Jodhpur got his idea.



A sweater worn by the youthful actor for an "ad" of 1919.



Recollections Of Leyendecker, Brown, Underwood And Other Famous Artists
—And \$6 A Day.

By Neil
Hamilton

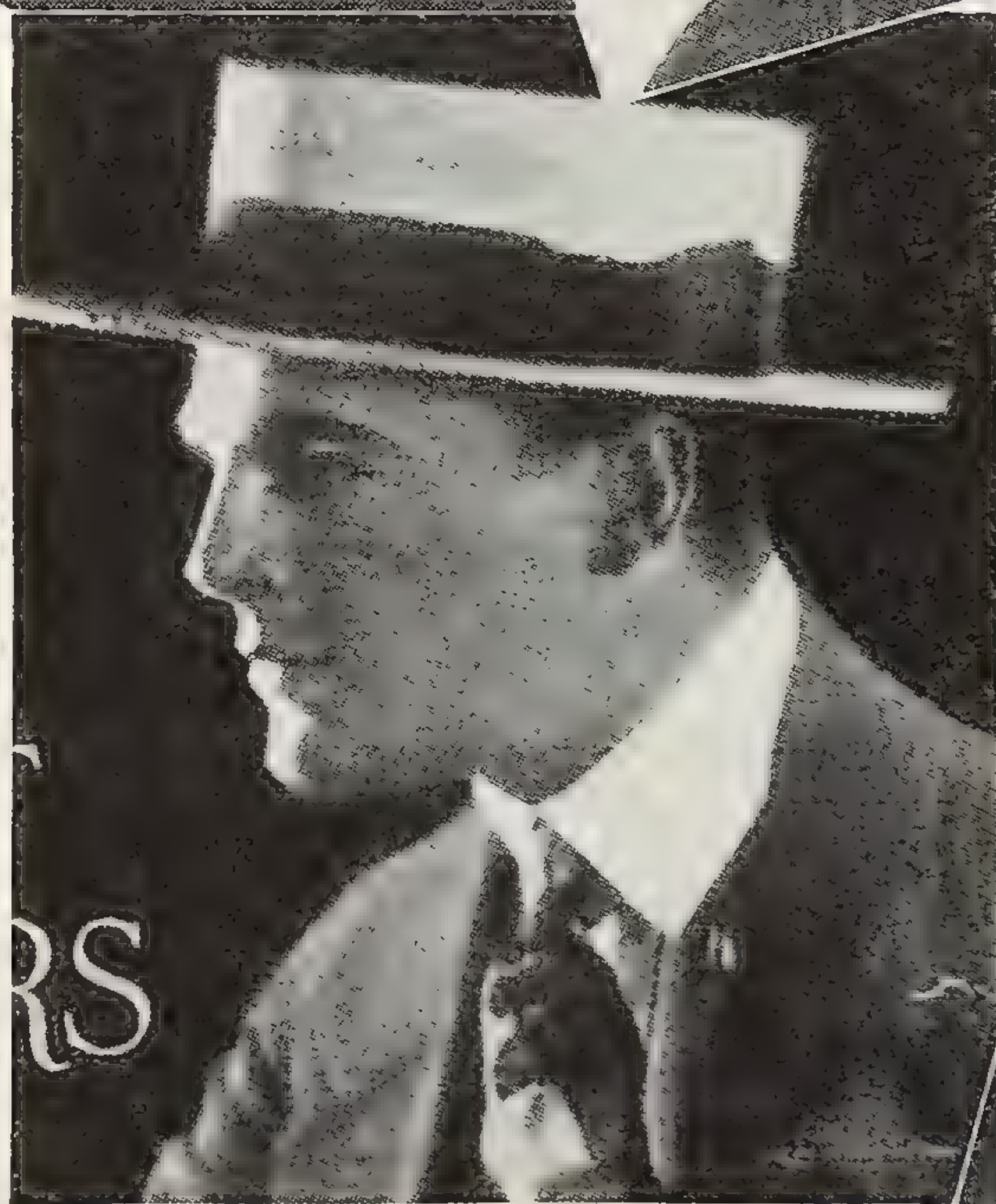
THERE was one time when I earned my living posing for artists in New York. The first one I ever worked for was Joe Leyendecker. I met him while I was doing extra work at the old Biograph studio up on 174th Street, in a picture which I remember had something to do with Roosevelt's life. I think the director was Bill Nigh.

On the set one day I met a strange man with a long beard. I thought at first he might be a Smith Brother. But after hearing the story of his life I learned he was once a well known photographer. Through a series of unfortunate circumstances he had lost his position, money, wife, everything, and was forced to do extra work. He told me I had a good head to draw and suggested if I wanted to make some money I ought to go around and see some artists.

Up to this time I hadn't even known that artists used models. I thought they just sat down and drew. I was given a letter to Joe Leyendecker, who was then located in the Beaux Arts Building at the corner of 40th Street and Sixth Avenue.

I went to see him with something of fear and trepidation. I had no idea of what manner of man I was to meet. But I certainly was not prepared for the very mild-mannered, extremely courteous and beautifully turned out Mr. Leyendecker. His studio was beautiful. Almost palatial. I was met by his secretary, Ted Beach, the original Arrow Collar man and an associate of Mr. Leyendecker for some thirty years.

I sat down, while he sketched me for the



As the famous "Arrow Collar" man.

rest of the afternoon. At the end of the day he handed me a check for six dollars. I later did some Arrow Collar posing for him and a number of Saturday Evening Post Covers. One of these, the original of the Post cover for Thanksgiving, 1918, now hangs in my home.

Through Mr. Leyendecker I met his brother, a commercial artist in New Rochelle, and Coles Phillips. This latter artist then arranged for me to meet Norman Rockwell. It was through this gracious method of one artist sending me to another that I came to know and work for, over a period of three years, some of the finest painters in America.

The pay at that time was six dollars a day. The hours were from nine to five. The work was easy, the conditions and surroundings always very pleasant. The men were invariably amusing, and hard working. In all the years I worked as a model, incidentally, I never once glimpsed anything of the unconventional atmosphere which, according to public belief, pervades an artist's studio.



How the well dressed man dazzled the eye in the days when satin bow neckties were de rigueur.

The late Clarence Underwood, famous for his Underwood Girl and for water colors, was the only artist I knew to fit the popular picture of what an artist should be like. Shaggy hair, what there was of it. Baggy [Continued on page 62]

THERE is something awe inspiring about interviewing a star like Mae West. When you suddenly realize that you are monopolizing a full hour or so of the time of a woman whom millions of other persons stand in line for hours to see on a big square of silvered cloth, you get a sort of dismayed feeling inside.

Mae alone isn't the inspiration for this tongue-tied condition. After all, she is only a woman (although one of the most fascinating of her sex—underline *sex*). She is merely a five foot blonde with sea green eyes that survey you indolently, and with a slow smile that is tantalizingly reserved.

No, the awe is not occasioned by Mae, so much as by the knowledge that you have taken for yourself sixty of her precious minutes. If you are not careful or long experienced, you are apt to forget the questions you came to ask.

Nor does Mae attempt to put you at your ease. She talks little unless she is first addressed. She answers questions freely and frankly, but she seldom volunteers information.

For the purpose of finding out something of Miss West's forthcoming picture and after-plans, I went to her dwelling place. She lives in a royal suite in an exclusive apartment near the center of Hollywood. She occupied that apartment immediately after her arrival in Hollywood more than two years ago. Other than having it redecorated, she has made no changes in her residence. She has no plan to move; if she remains in Hollywood another five years, those years are likely to be spent in this same apartment. Mae doesn't like moving.

She doesn't like moving because it means losing old friends and making new. She is extremely slow about building friendships. She seems to weigh each new acquaintance carefully. Perhaps it is because she finds so many wanting that she rarely adds to her small circle of intimates. She hated Hollywood when she first arrived there. It was so strangely different from the New York she loved so dearly. Time has changed that; she is fond of Hollywood today, primarily because her present circle of friends includes most of those who were constantly near her in the East.

So, being happy in Hollywood now, Mae has no intention of leaving soon. Despite all rumors to the contrary, she will *not* star in a stage play on Broadway next spring.

"I'm here to remain until I see evidence that my pictures are not being accepted by the public," Mae told me. "When that happens, I will leave. I won't have to be thrown out. I don't intend to be one of those stars who outlive their usefulness and welcome. When I'm through on the screen, I want to be the first to know it."

A nationally known cartoonist not long ago pictured Miss West standing on the brink of a precipice, trembling and frightened. The abyss at her feet was labeled *Oblivion*. The cartoon bore the title: "WITH CENSORSHIP, WHAT NOW, MAE?"

She is not standing on the edge of any cliff. She has never been more secure than she is at this time. Censorship holds no problem for Mae, because:

"It is just as simple to be subtle and not risqué, as to be subtly risqué," Miss West said to me. "My comedy has never been vulgar nor objectionable. I don't believe that the millions of decent

Jimmie Fidler

"Come-upped" AND SAW

MAE WEST

The Belle Of The Naughties—The People Want To See Her Anyhow.



people who go to see my pictures would do so were those pictures insulting. I have never made a deliberate attempt to include vulgarity in my film or stage plays.

"My last completed picture, 'Belle of the Nineties' has been passed by the censorboards of every state, and it is listed among the five leading box office successes of the present season. It leads 'Chained' and 'Born To Be Kissed' and pictures of other stars. Does that look like failure?"

Mae is proceeding carefully with plans for her new picture, "Now I'm a Lady" (that title must bring a smile to your face). The story opens on a Texas ranch, where you'll see Miss West in a cowgirl's outfit. [Cont. on page 64]

"WHO'LL BUY



Rosalind Russell is the big new news at M-G-M, and an agent put her there.

The blonde secretary, pretty enough, herself, to have parts in pictures, took the message laconically on her little pad. Bartering for talent. It was all part of a twenty-five-dollar a week job to her. Perhaps she says to herself sometimes, "With a different sort of 'break,' I might be the one to be getting three thousand dollars a week. . . ."

"Sam Goldwyn on the 'phone," announces the dictograph. "Sam Marx, head of the story department at Metro," it intones again. The agent deals with these personages. Amounts of money are mentioned. "I can get him for . . . well, I can't get him for less. . . ." All a part of the day's work.

The agent makes an appointment to take a prominent writer, dickering for a contract with a large studio, to lunch with an executive. "Now, listen," he directs the timid scribe. "If I say, 'All right. . . let's just forget it!' and get up to leave, you follow me, do you hear? Don't you say a word. Just follow me. What? . . . No. . . of course I won't leave you alone with him! I'll stay right with you. I wouldn't *think* of leav-



Little Cora Sue Collins does not go knocking at producers' offices for jobs—she has an agent.

BEAUTY brokers. Merchants of talent. Mendicants of magnetism. Who'll buy a romantic hero for a song? Going . . . going . . . to the highest bidder. What am I bid for glamor? What am I bid for rich, ripe, salty experience? How much for youth, for pulchritude, for vibrant eagerness? How much for mellow age? What am I bid for intelligence and the will to learn? How much for the power to create stories which the public will love and make part of its consciousness? How much for the power which permits men to combine modern mechanical miracles with human puppets and produce moving shadows with life and strength and power?

All these things are for sale in Hollywood and the agents are the brokers of this valuable and potent merchandise. Their busy offices hum from morning until night with the bartering of this magnetism, this creative ability, this beauty and this power. They measure it, appraise it, place price tags on it and peddle it by the piece or by the gross. Rarely does an actor, a writer or a director make his own business arrangements with the studios. He places himself in the hands of an agent who, for a certain per cent of his earnings will "sell" him to producers.

I sat in one of these busy marts the other evening after five. That is the hectic time of day in these circles, because picture people who are "between jobs" rarely function until late in the afternoon. Messengers scurried, long distance telephone calls came in and went forth. The office staff was working at top speed. I was admitted to an inner sanctum, the office of one of the chief talent-merchants.

Between remarks to me he talked on the 'phone. "Don't offer me any such ridiculous sum!" he commanded a prominent executive. "Don't talk that kind of money to me! Why, do you know what I am asking Warner Brothers for that man? Well, stretch your neck a little bit or we can't talk business at all. I'm asking five thousand a week for him . . . and that's that!" He slammed the receiver down, muttering. He called a secretary. "Take a wire . . . Mr. Whoozis of Whatzis Park, New York. 'Asking five think I can get three . . . stop . . . wire me lowest money for which you will come to Hollywood . . . stop . . . regards . . .'"

ing you alone with him. Don't you say *anything*. . . . I'll take care of it all . . . of course you have to be there . . . one o'clock Monday. . . ."

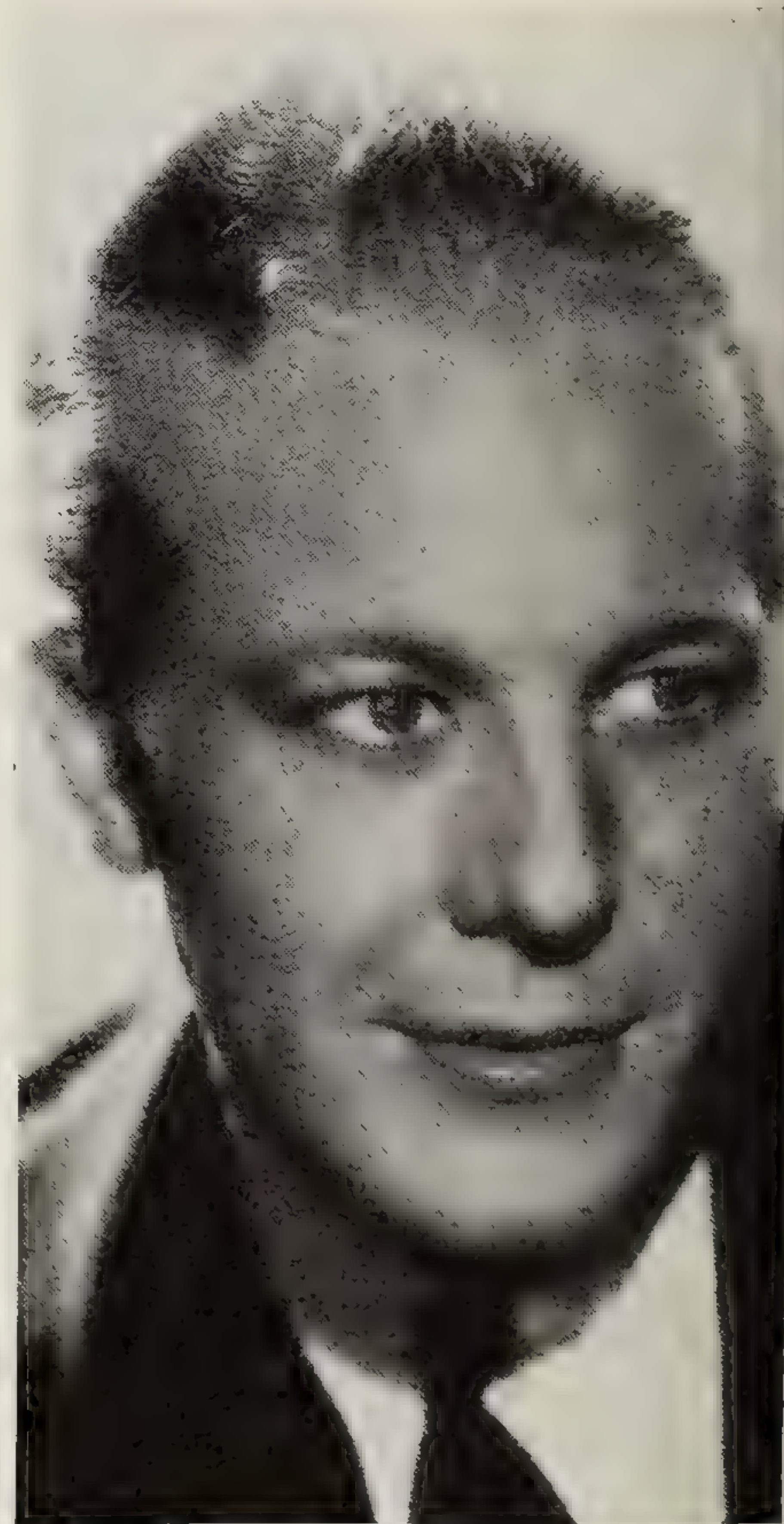
The receiver slams again.

I visited several agents and talked with them about their methods of merchandising. One of them was Arthur Landau of the firm of Landau and Small, which handles such celebrities as Jean Harlow, Bob Montgomery, Jack Oakie, Johnnie Weissmuller, Alice Brady and perhaps two score or more important stars, directors and writers.

The business divides itself naturally into two major sections. Dickering contract terms for people who have reached the stage at which studios want their services over a protracted period . . . and swinging contracts or single assignments for newcomers or established folk who are free lancing.

We keep in touch with the story departments on all the lots," he told me. "We know what stories have been bought, what stories are being adapted for production and we begin plugging our available and suitable clients for parts in them long before any production plans are announced in the papers.

"For instance, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was planning 'The Good Earth,' we thought that our Helen Mencken was ideally fitted for the rôle. In that case, we had not only a vast amount of competition from American actresses, and good ones, too, but there was also the problem of whether they wanted an American



Gene Raymond has a representative, but he decides if he will take a part.

MY *The Agents Of Hollywood Do The Dickering.*

By Helen
Louise
Walker

Players?"

or an all-Chinese cast. Irving Thalberg took weeks to make up his mind about this latter question and we devoted those weeks to taking Miss Mencken to Chinatown, studying mannerisms, hairdress, allowing her to absorb the Chinese atmosphere. We made three or four silent tests of her in Oriental costume and make-up and when Thalberg was ready to decide, we made sound tests for him.

"It was worth the trouble. After all those weeks of work and anxiety, we signed Miss Mencken for the rôle . . . one of the important rôles of the year.

"How do you go about selling 'new' personalities?" I asked him, recalling that dear old Marie Dressler was considered a "new" screen personage and a distinct gamble when Mr. Landau took her under his wing.

This question elicited in-



Lyle Talbot is coming along in fine shape and his agent gets a cut of his pay.



An agent placed Gertrude Michaels with Paramount after M-G-M had brought her to Hollywood.

formation about Rosalind Russell, who is considered the next big bet at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, since her success in "Evelyn Prentice" and "The World is Young." Mr. Landau's scouts discovered her in New York. They would not allow her to be tested there but brought her to Hollywood where they could supervise the tests themselves. They "sold" her to Metro from those carefully made samples of film.

Sometimes there are slips and hitches, even after a contract is signed. Cora Sue Collins' agents [Continued on page 60]

THEIR "HOME WORK"

A Great Talent Requires
More Rehearsing Than A
Trained Flea.

By
Julie
Lang
Hunt

THE current social season in Hollywood threatens to be a forlorn flop.

It's really serious. Night clubs are actually echoing with emptiness and if the most popular film hostesses laid all the regrets to their exclusive dinners end to end, they would probably all go to a sanitarium for the winter (the hostesses, of course).

You see, during the past year, all the upper crust boys and girls out here have discovered that practice (lots of it) often turns a lot of embarrassing imperfections into some very screenable trumps, the sort that cause the studio front-office boys to do some fancy bidding.

It's this new practice dragnet, and not romance, that has caused Joan Crawford to drop out quite suddenly from all our social whirligigs.

"I'm sorry, my singing lessons, my practicing, you know—" is Joan's sweet but firm rebuff to all invitations to play these days. Two hours every day with her vocal instructor, Otto Morando, is her relentless schedule. Sometimes, when she is working, the lessons take place at midnight, but they TAKE PLACE.

The story that lurks behind Joan's fanatical determination to become a lyric soprano or bust, comprises an amazing tidbit even in Hollywood.

It seems that for years and years, Joan has dreamed of doing, someday, the title rôle in "The Merry Widow." When she learned last year that Lubitsch had been signed to megaphone the epic for M-G-M, she made her yearnings known in the places it would do the most good. But the sad, sad fact that her singing voice was doubtful in the high places put her out of the running before the starting shot.

Well, THAT couldn't happen twice to anyone named Joan Crawford. Several days later Mr. Morando was hired, and Joan has slaved at daily breathing exercises, the monotony of scales and the humdrum business of diaphragm control ever since.

But the village rumor runners have it that Joan's vocal equipment is now blossoming into a set of superbly trained instruments, and that Morando is now suggesting the possibility of grand opera to his prolific pupil, and that Joan isn't exactly putting her hands over her ears when the subject is mentioned.

You'll be able to judge Joan's new voice in her next picture "Reckless," in which she is scheduled to sing two difficult numbers.

And if you think Joan is a martyr to the practice-makes-perfect-credo, take a look, a long one, at Fred Astaire. He spent three



Fred Astaire, who is stepping into a big place on the screen, has to protect his practice hours by special leases.

Jeanette MacDonald sings for hours before her mirror, trying not to look too hideous—Tough.

whole months in Hollywood making "The Gay Divorcee," and was never seen outside the studio, actually not even once!

When cocktail gatherings and amusing buffets were mentioned to him, his Chesterfieldian refusals always gave work as an excuse, but he never revealed what kind of work. However, the tenants in his apartment house could have informed many a baffled hostess on this score, for Fred Astaire practices his table-to divan-to chair dance routine many hours a day and night.

He is actually afraid to stop practicing. A close friend of his told me that once or twice he let down the grinding pace of home practicing, and both times he suffered terrific spills, right on the stage, too. And both times those falls resulted in injuries to his priceless tendons that kept him bedridden for several weeks.

Astaire actually gets clauses written into his apartment leases permitting him to dance as much as he likes and at any hour of the day or night.

Now the Crosbys are known to every fan in and out of Hollywood as the champion stay-at-home couple. But the new twins and Gary Evans aren't the only reason Bing and Dixie spend seven nights weekly in the music room of their Toluca Lake home.



Helen Mack has to practice weeping — for crying out loud!

Bing has found that the most difficult trick to turn for the screen is crooning and looking romantic while he croons. His early singing was directed to a microphone, but now it's in the direction of the colony's most beautiful blondes, and there's a vast difference according to Bing.

So, nightly, Dixie sits beside Bing, or she hangs over the piano, and Bing practices the nuances of love's young dream, while still remembering to breathe correctly, to hesitate after each lyrical phrase, and to enunciate clearly.

And if you don't think that's a big order try it in your own music room some night.

And then there is little Helen Mack, who packs away more emotional talent than Hollywood's current brace of foreign stars. Helen's practicing is necessitated by the fact that the studios seldom deal out a big juicy dramatic rôle to her. Because she is only five feet tall, she's classified as the perfect ingenue. Well, Helen knows that she isn't an ingenue, and that she will lose her sure-fire emotional ability if she doesn't do her "home-work."

So-o, Helen puts a record of "The Rosary" on the phonograph, then steps right up to a mirror, and practices sobbing and crying. She believes that even a fool proof emotional rôle can be ruined if an actress doesn't know her p's and q's about sobbing. Letting tears flow is a tricky business, and Helen realizes that she has a natural flare for it. If you saw her sob scenes in "The Lemon Drop Kid," you'll know that practice has kept this youngster "tearfully" perfect.

Just because I love a good flashy contrast, let's put Carole Lombard under the microscope next. The calm, cool, casual Carole has her practice mania too, and it's CLOTHES. She's the only girl out this way who will truthfully admit that she likes that title "best dressed woman on the screen," and works hard to keep in the running.

When Paramount's designer, Travis Banton, completes a new screen wardrobe for her, Carole takes each gown home several days before she wears it on the set, and practices in front of triple mirrors for hours. In this manner she discovers how to sit, walk, and lounge in each costume, to show off its best points to the best advantage.

At the moment she's absorbed with the frocks she is to wear in "Rhumba." Some of them have treacherous trains, which require concentration, others have flowing sleeves which can be made



The master microphone buster, Bing Crosby, and his very critical son.



Franchot Tone cured himself of the habit of putting his hands in his pockets.

to appear even more graceful with a little home practice. Then there are the hats which demand hours of study in tiltings and tuggings.

You won't believe it when I tell you that Charles Laughton is a charter member of the practice fraternity. He told me a few weeks ago that he spent eight months pouring over documents and portraiture in the libraries, museums and old palaces of England before he made *one* scene for "Henry the VIII."

He won't consider doing an historical character for the stage or screen unless he is permitted just that much time to study every gesture, reaction and idiosyncrasy written down by historians or caught by an artist's brush.

At the moment he is buried beneath a deluge of material on Louis XVI, for "Marie Antoinette." M-G-M must wait to start this production until

Norma Shearer can work, but, by then, the thorough-going Charlie will have read up every available book written on the jelly-spined monarch.

And Norma, who will play the ill-fated "Marie Antoinette," opposite Charlie's weak-kneed Louis, recently joined the perfectionists. The faultless Norma now contends that hands can be more expressive and more important in screen acting than faces or voices, but these appendages must be trained rigorously to make the grade.

Therefore Norma practices pianoforte finger exercises daily to develop limberness and grace of movement in her wrists and fingers, and maybe that's the real reason Irving Thalberg had that sound-proof room built in their home.

Of course, everyone knows that Jeanette MacDonald takes a singing lesson every day of her life, but only a few of the inner circle have learned why she must have one free hour before dinner every night.

We'll let you in on the secret. That hour is spent before the mirror of her dressing-table, where she hits high C again and again, while carefully scrutinizing her face as she does so. Jeanette says that all singers are taught to soar to the upper register with head thrown back, and mouth wide open, a combination that photographs

the first stages of a tonsilectomy.

So the canny MacDonald, through grinding practice, has perfected a new method of smacking those top notes without causing her lovely face to crack up into a Grand Canyon effect.

And now I have one to tell on William Powell, and maybe he won't like it, but it's too good to keep. Bill takes a daily workout with a metronome (you remember, [Continued on page 73])

IT'S NOT ALL HOKUM

Hollywood Has A Kind
And Loving Heart—
Mary Blackford Knows.

By Henry Willson

"HELLO . . . let me speak to Miss Crawford . . . William Janney calling . . . tell her it's important . . .!"
"Hello . . . Patricia Ellis calling . . . I'd like to speak to Mr. Gable . . . very urgent . . .!"

"Hello . . . Will Rogers? Hyah, Will! . . . this is Tom Brown. Listen . . . you remember Mary Blackford? . . . played with you in 'Ah, Wilderness'? . . . Well, Mary's having a bad time of it since that automobile accident . . . the doctors think the nerves in her neck are completely severed . . . anyhow, the poor kid's paralyzed. Our crowd is promoting a Benefit at the Cocoanut Grove and we wondered if you . . ."

When the Junior Hollywoodians go to bat for some worthy cause, it's with a heart-warming vengeance, and no foolin'!

After the tragic accident that left one of their most promising members completely paralyzed, the Juniors decided to do something about it, and r-rr-right now!

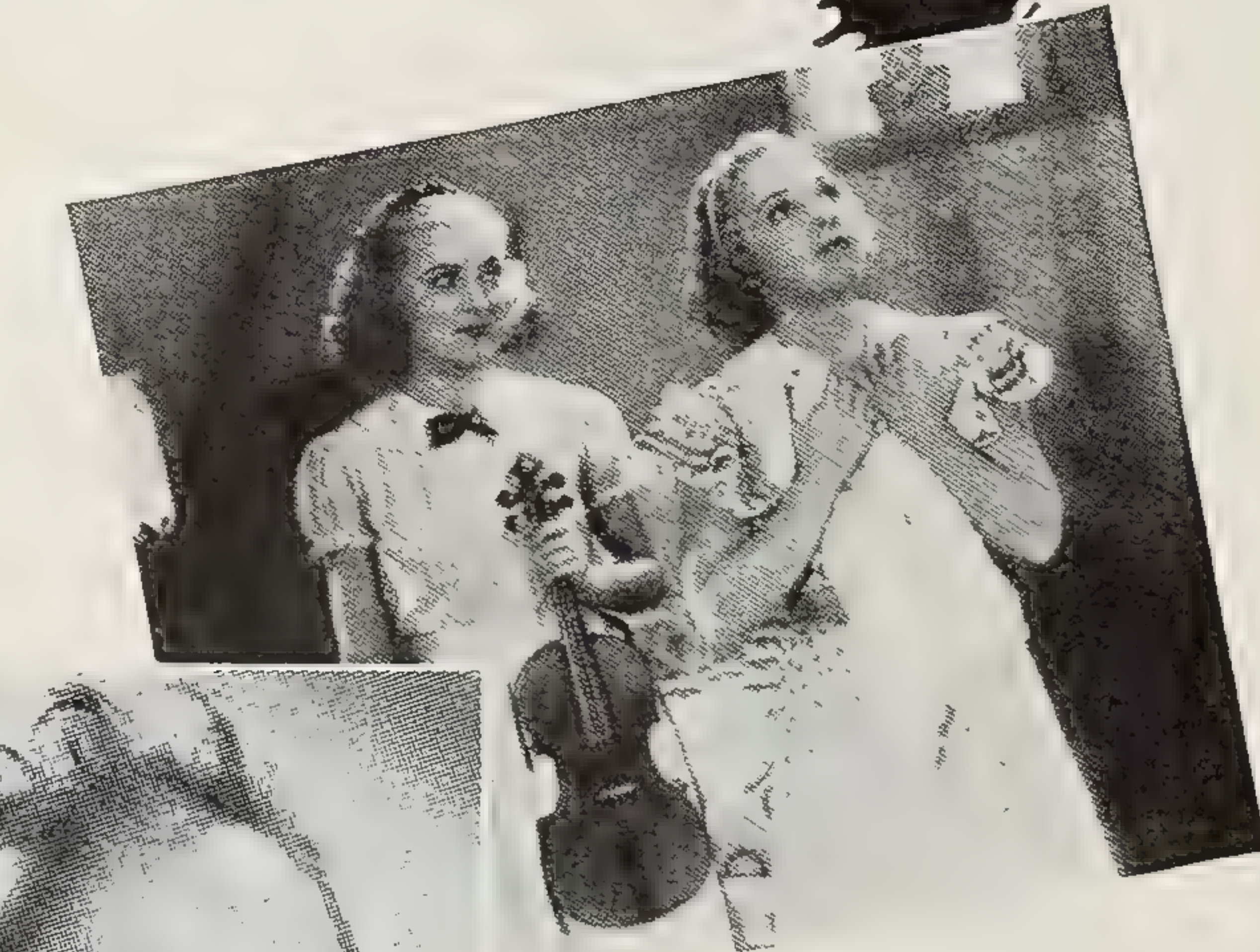
Nothing but a long series of special treatments promised any hope that their comrade would ever again rise from her hospital cot to dance, swim and play tennis with them. And it hit the kids pretty hard.

Dropping everything, they organized a Ways and Means Committee for the purpose of raising enough money to tide Mary's family over the long, bleak period that the girl must be away from them; and, with enough left over to see to it that Mary had every possible comfort during the long months of her painful confinement. The Committee comprised Anne Shirley, Anita Louise, Grace Durkin, Patricia Ellis, Sue Carol, Dorothy Davis, Tom Brown, William Janney, Howard Wilson, Eddie Rubin, Henry Willson, Pate Lucey, Stanley Davis, Gertrude and Trent (Junior) Durkin, and Helen Mack.

Blocking off the movie territory, the kids set out to "get their men" (and women) for as many Benefit tickets as the satellites could take without yelling: "Uncle!" And the wholesale response was more than satisfactory.

In the first place, they negotiated for the use of the Grove, and got it at such a reasonable price that the gang joined hands and did a May-Pole dance for joy. Then,

Mary, who was injured in an auto smash.



Scene from "Lovetime," in which Mary worked with Pat Paterson.



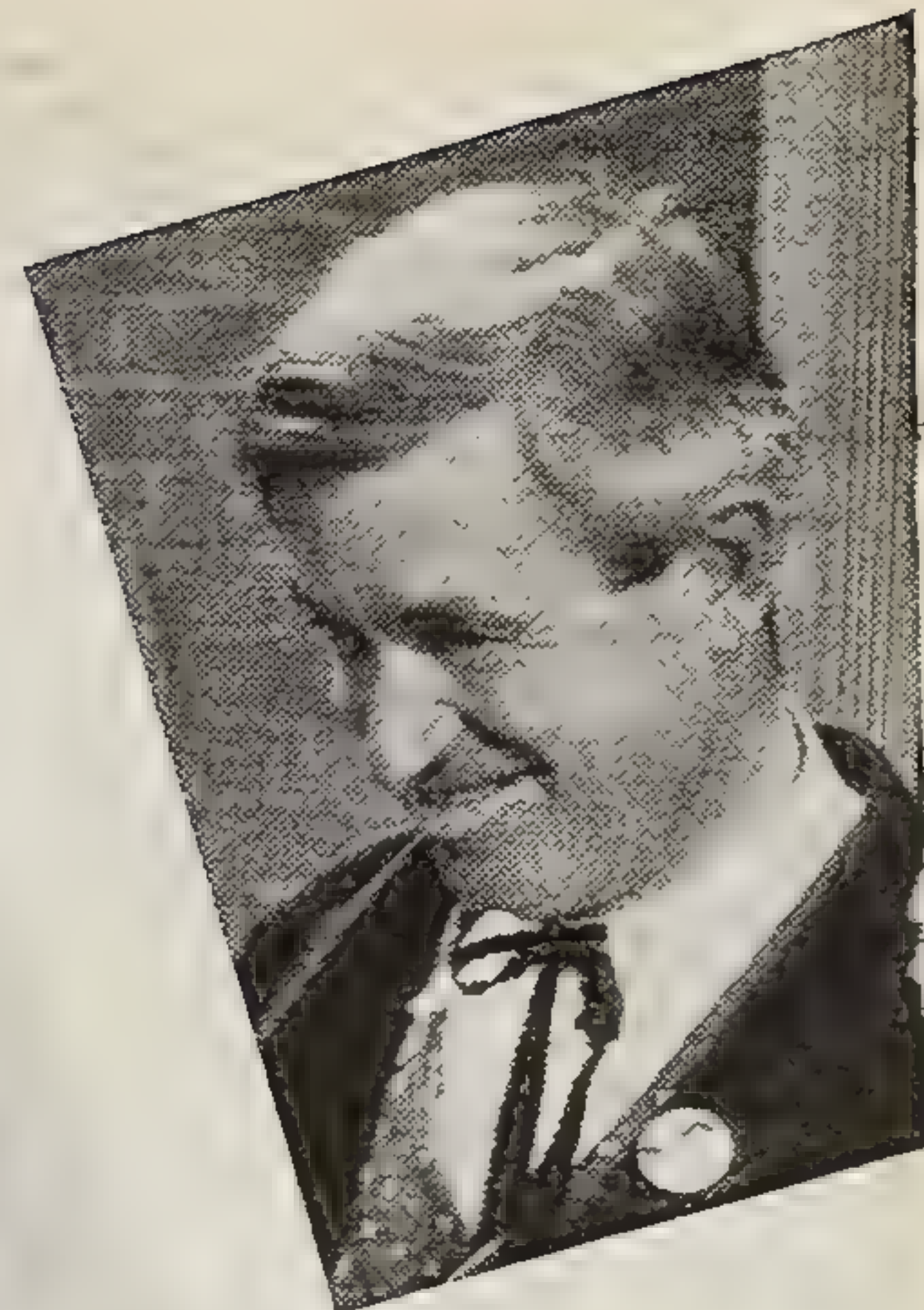
When someone is in need, then Jimmie Durante comes to the rescue.



Leo Carrillo, who helped to make Mary's benefit a success.

with the foundation laid, they scattered in all directions, cornering helpless stars, directors, executives and "just plain people"—the like of whom Lincoln said "God must love, because there are so many of 'em!"

Because Will Rogers had generously been



Will Rogers, the busiest man alive, had time for Mary.



Rudy Vallee, proud to help.

taking care of all hospital, nurse and doctor bills, the youngsters promised that if he would just attend the Benefit, they wouldn't ask him to do a thing. "Just be there," they begged.

"Huh," Will chuckled. "You don't think I'm goin' to come and keep quiet, do ya? . . . I gotta speak a piece, or some-thin', can't I?"

So Will spoke his "piece" . . . and more! The kids had kept the whole thing a deep secret from Mary, only telling her to be sure to listen in on that particular night, as there was a swell program being broadcast from the Grove.

Imagine the sick girl's delight when, before the entertainment, Will's voice issued from her loud speaker, tuned very low so as not to disturb the other patients.

"Hello, Mary . . ." Will said, "it's 'way past my bed time, but the boys and girls have fixed it for me to tell you that this is your party. I guess everybody in town is here tonight, eatin' and laughin' and wishin' for your very best health. Y'know . . . gosh, this is the first time I ever been to this high-toned joint. And . . . the next time I come, I'm gonna bring you with me!"

Many times Will has visited Mary at the hospital. And, because of the peculiar harness around her injured neck, he calls her the "girl on the flying trapeze."

For an hour, he sits and tells funny stories in his own inimitable manner, in the hope of cheering the patient invalid. Not that Mary particularly needs cheering. For, in spite of the black outlook, she never for a minute entertains the thought that the treatments will fail to bring about her complete recovery. Her friends keep coming daily . . . her nurses read to her . . . and the Fox Studio sent up a motion picture machine to her hospital room one [Continued on page 50]

Marlene Dietrich's new picture is now called "Caprice Espagnole"—with Lionel Atwill in support of the beautiful one.



STUDIO NEWS

The Pictures That You Will See In April Are Now In The Making, Watched Over By S. R. Mook.

On the Warner Lot

ANOTHER big month in the studios with lots doing all around. At Warner Brothers they have Paul Muni's new picture, "Black Fury," which also features William Gargan and Karen Morley. It is a story of the coal and iron regions. Although no locale is given, I get the impression that it is Pennsylvania. The scene is a dance hall in a mining town. Muni and Karen are walking across the floor with another couple, towards another table in the foreground where Slim (Gargan) is standing.

"Whew!" Paul whews. "I gets all steamed up!" The other couple laugh and leave them. Paul glances at Karen and sees she is staring at Gargan.

Bill greets him casually. "Hello, Joe."

"Slim!" Paul exclaims, stepping over to Bill and making quite a fuss over him. "How you do?"

Karen smiles wanly, seeming to be uncomfortable in the presence of the two men, and I immediately suspect there is some under cover stuff going on between her and Bill.

But Bill is quite self-possessed. "Fine, Joe," he answers.

"Say, it's good I see you," Paul begins, bubbling over with good humor. Suddenly he turns to Karen and excitedly whispers something in her ear. She seems to be apprehensive at what he is telling her but Paul does not notice it. He continues aloud, effusively, "Sure! Why not? He good feller. I like him." Suddenly he turns to Bill, "Slim! I want you should come by wedding from Anna and me."

"Say! That's swell!" Bill announces enthusiastically, shaking hands with Paul. But the glance he shoots Karen confirms my suspicions.

"Even you be coal policeman," Paul announces, pumping his hand vigorously, "I ask you just the same."

"O.K." Bill agrees, "but you gotta let me kiss the bride."

"You asking *too* much," Paul retorts looking proudly at Karen and scratching his head uncertainly. Then he playfully pokes Bill in the ribs with his elbow. "But you come, anyhow. We see!"

I can't get over Gargan. The last time we got crocked together, just before he went to Europe, he looked like an elephant. Now, they call him Slim—and I don't only mean in the picture. He's lost thirty-two pounds.

"Easy," he smiles when I exclaim over it.

"All I did was cut out bread, potatoes and starches, only eat half as much of everything else as I used to and take a few simple setting up exercises every morning—nothing strenuous." He looks me over appraisingly. "I can see I'm going to have to take you in charge. You're nobody's sylph!"

"Me!" I exclaim. "What the devil are you talking about. I've just lost an inch around the waist. I had to so I could get my clothes fastened."

"It's not enough," Bill announces judiciously. "Nowhere near enough."

[Continued on page 66]



Charlie Chaplin is at work again. Hooray! Here he is between shots on location in the Mexican quarter.



Charles Laughton as *Ruggles of Red Gap*, his first comedy rôle on the screen. He will next be directed by Rene Clair.

Life In The Studios Is Even Funnier Than It Is Wise-cracked Up To Be.

The WITS

NOW if I just sat here and enumerated all the wits of Hollywood and the cute things they've said, mercy, child, we'd be here all winter, and personally I've got better things to do. ZaSu Pitts has just called that she's putting on a pan of fudge, and is waiting for me to crack the nuts, and the way I feel today I'd be ten times happier cracking nuts for ZaSu than cracking jokes for you.

Of course, the last time ZaSu invited me over for a batch of fudge, the goo ran all over the frigidaire, and the last discouraging glimpse I got of it, it was making "gravy" (Shirley Temple calls chocolate sauce "gravy") on a leg of lamb, which is certainly one place you don't expect to find fudge. So I must hurry out there to see that the "soft ball in water" isn't too soft, and naturally I want to get this wit business over as quickly as possible. So when I say laugh, frozen face, you laugh, if you know what's good for you.

I just sort of hope now that you have gathered from the above that I'm the type who much prefers, of an afternoon, a dish of fudge to "dishing the dirt." I am afraid, oh so, so afraid, that Hollywood wit rather centers around the "dirty crack," and it all had me quite confused when I first came out here, as I considered myself a sophisticate and tossed out "lousy" on all occasions with more *soignee* than Raquel Meller tosses out violets.

But, for the purposes of this story, we are going to consider Hollywood humor in its more pleasing aspects, and simply ignore those nasty, naughty people who make Sex sound so difficult, indeed we'll leave them to their ilks and mooses. The kind of wit we're going in for won't involve a survey of sin (Oh, I bet you're disappointed) in fact it won't involve anything but a series of yawns which I trust you will have the goodness to pat away quietly as I am very sensitive.

Of course, everyone in Hollywood goes in for "laughs," and so, after the day's work at the studio is done, there's nothing like gathering at a friend's house and disturbing the neighbors by a little noisy chinning. Bill Powell's house is one of the favorite meeting places of Hollywood wits and halfwits because Bill is an excellent host, always in gay spirits, and never muffs a snappy comeback. Carole Lombard, Bill's ex-wife in case you remember figures and not names, is also right there with the witty wisecrack, and the elegant bon mot, and their little evenings at home must have been something in the nature of a scene from a Noel Coward play.

I didn't know Carole and Bill when they were married, that was before I came to Hollywood, but

Madge Evans gets kidded because she has a reputation for snappy comebacks.



Bill Powell might well have been the model for the character he played in "The Thin Man."

knowing them as I do now I rather imagine that they had to divorce each other because neither was willing to play stooge. Carole's secretary once told me of a trip

OF Hollywood By Elizabeth Wilson



Irvin Cobb is so famous for writing, speaking and other good works that he has no more privacy than a goldfish. (He originated that classic phrase.)

In addition to her shining blonde personality, Carole Lombard has a brilliant sense of wit.



The fountain of Charles Butterworth's humor always runs dry—very. In "The Night is Young."

she made down to Los Angeles to a preview with Bill and Carole. The radio in the car suddenly crashed through with the "Blue Danube." "May I have this waltz?" Bill inquired formally. "Yes, thank you," said Carole. So these two mad people got out of the car and went into a stately waltz right there in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard, while the traffic whirled about them. "You dance divinely," said Bill, "do you think talking pictures are here to stay?" "No," said Carole, "I think they're only a fad. Actors will never leave Broadway." Those two kept that up until a radio announcer butted breathlessly in to tell about Mr. Levy's two pants suits.

Carole's stories are famous, so famous in fact that it is easier to break through the Notre Dame line than it is to get into her dressing room at lunch time, what with Crosbys and Marx Brothers and Rafts and standees and pushovers. But the biggest laugh I ever got out of Lombard was one quiet day, when only about fifty of her friends were present, when she suddenly threw the newspaper aside, rose dramatically, and announced, "Oh—Oh—at last I have found the way I want to die." We all hustled over, quite curious to learn what manner of extinction appealed to the Lombard, and following her fingertip read, INDIAN DIES AT 106.

Which recalls to mind the interview I had with Nancy Carroll about four or five years ago in New York when I was writing her life story for the magazine. "And how do you want to die, Miss Carroll?" I asked, already jotting down "on the dance floor of life." "I want to die at ninety," said Nancy, "shot by a jealous husband."

Well, when we got over to Bill's house (he hasn't moved into his magnificent estate—gorgeously fitted up by Billy Haines with bits of the Acropolis—as yet, and for a while there, during the recent California gubernatorial contest, he wasn't sure that he ever would, so he quaintly called it Sinclair's summer home) one evening recently there were a crowd of merry people, including Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, the Charlie Butterworths, the Dick Barthelmesses, Una Merkel, and the usual uninviteds. Bill was over in the corner with a group of men telling them a naughty story

he had picked up that day in the barber shop. He had just reached the climax of the story—the place where he had to use a vulgar word—when one of those sweet Little Nells joined the group of men. The quickly cleaned up story fell flatter than a flannel cake. "And so," said Bill with a faint shrug, "like Iris March, I died for purity."

Seeing Charlie Butterworth, that droll comedian, again reminded me of the last time I had seen him in New York. Butterworth, off the screen, is just the same as Butterworth on the screen. The same kind of humor and the same deadpan expression. Every time one of Charlie's friends calls him up and invites him and his wife to go to a preview Charlie always asks, "Is Toby Wing in it?" It seems that Charlie has been admiring the Wing curves and contours in the fan magazines for quite some time, but has never been able to find her in a picture.

The last time I had seen Charlie in the flesh was at a party in New York the winter he was appearing in "Flying Colors," and doing bed-room scenes and black-outs with Patsy Kelly. The hostess that night was one of those gushing, insistent women on the look out for "something for nothing." She gurgled to Charlie, "Of course I didn't invite you here as an entertainer, Mr. Butterworth, but couldn't you do just one of the sketches from your show for us?" "Do you care which sketch I do?" Charlie asked solicitously. Then he proceeded to take off his pants, put them across his arm, and walk out of the room, and out of the party.

Lewis Milestone came in later in the evening, beaming all over himself because of the success of the preview of his latest picture, "The Captain Hates the Sea." Which picture was a pain in the neck to the producer, the director, and the cast from beginning to end. The "location" was an old ship which floated aimlessly about the Pacific week after week, month after month, waiting for the fog to clear so that Milestone could "shoot." With the cast getting more and more bored week after week, month after month. Finally Harry Cohn, the producer with an eagle eye on the cash box, wired the director, "For heaven's sake finish the picture. The cost is staggering." To which "Milly" replied, "The cast is staggering too."

Charlie and Dick and Milly then went into a siege of those producer stories, which are very funny to Hollywood, but not to Kansas (though I still laugh at the one [Continued on page 63])

FREE! AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

Signed By Your
Favorite!



Allen Jenkins turns autograph hunter and
Rudy Vallee obliges.

IF YOUR handwriting shows personality, you will be interested in the autographs of famous people. Write—"Autograph Collectors Are Welcome"—on the dotted line below, fill out the coupon and mail immediately.

The fifty contestants having the most interesting examples of handwriting will be awarded especially made-to-order leather covered autograph albums. These albums will have the winners' names in gold on the covers. Before delivering the albums, they will be sent to Hollywood and the signatures of the favorite stars will be secured to make the books interesting.

All famous people are willing to sign their autographs in albums, providing there is some big name for them to be associated with. We all know the stars so well that it is interesting to observe in their signatures their familiar characteristics, and other people will be equally interested to look at your album. This will also serve

as a means for you to meet and introduce yourself to the famous players who visit your city, and actresses, politicians and athletes with whom you come in contact will gladly sign your album.

CONDITIONS

1. Fifty autograph albums will be awarded for the fifty most interesting handwriting examples of the phrase—Autograph Collectors Are Welcome.
2. The sample of your handwriting must appear on the coupon below.
3. You may submit as many specimens as you wish but each must appear on a separate coupon.
4. Indicate the star whom you wish to have sign your book.
5. This contest closes midnight, February 7, 1935.
6. The opinion of the editor is final.
7. On the cover of the album will appear, in gold, your name and credit to you as prize winner.
8. Mail coupon to Autograph Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Join The Army Of Album Toters.
Collect Signatures. Meet The Famous.

Fill in coupon, detach and mail

Use this
space for hand-
written slogan

Name of star whose
autograph you wish

Your name
(Please print)

Address City & State

WINNERS OF THE HANDWRITING CONTEST Of The Slogan

Silver Screen is my favorite.
Written by Paul Marsh

Josephine Ameen, 311 Cedar Lane, Hopewell, Va.
Eva Andoor, 4709 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Miguel A. Bautista, Jr., 6227 Piney Br. Rd., N. W., Wash., D. C.
Bertina Beals, 389 Main St., Brockton, Mass.
Edna Boland, 131 E. 93rd St., New York, N. Y.
Francys Bosnick, 322 - 12th St., Union City, N. J.
Margaret Brinckerhoff, Redding, Conn.
Lula M. Chapman, 18 Bush St., Skowhegan, Me.
Aileen Donnelly, 125 Bradley Ave., Bergenfield, N. J.
Neva M. Elliott, 1732 N. E. 11th St., Portland, Ore.
Mrs. John Ewell, 4529 Hawthorne, Washington, D. C.
Gilbert S. Fujioka, 1615 Virginia St., Berkeley, Calif.
Elizabeth Gilger, Barksdale Field, La.
Everil W. Gavitt, 20 Fairview Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.
Wray Gilliam, 4640 Portland St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Edna Gormley, 1117 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Mary E. Henderson, 74½ Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.
Florence Helen Heise, 8325 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Margaret Purn Hagen, 3612 E. Darwin Circle, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Helen S. Higginbotham, 202 N. High St., Albuquerque, N. M.
Charles Holl, 507 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.
Doris T. Johnson, 303 Bellevue, Co. Chateaugay, Quebec, Canada.
Willis Jacoby, 2601 N. Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.
Nicholas N. Kozloff, 4587 Mulberry St., Riverside, Calif.
Elizabeth M. Kroll, 65 Portland Place, Montclair, N. J.
Romaine Kimmins, 144 Columbia Ave., Elm Grove, W. Va.
Stephanie Lesnick, St. Vincent's Hospital, Erie, Pa.
Dorothy Leonard, Casement St., Noroton Hgts., Conn.
Paul Marsh, 1692 E. 29th St., Lorain, Ohio.
Laurance V. Michaux, 523 S. Oakley St., Kansas City, Mo.
L. Allan Smith, 12 Wayside Ave., Lawrence, Mass.
Ellen McKee, 1653 W. 102nd St., Chicago, Ill.
Lucia G. Martin, P. O. Box 57, Noroton, Conn.
Margaret Madsen, 3 Monte Ave., Piedmont, Calif.
Marjorie Anne Mouen, 222 W. Harrison, Mawmee, Ohio.
Oma Frances Martin, 3521 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo.
Betty Powers, 176 Davis Ave., White Plains, N. Y.
Dorothy M. Patterson, 12 Besch Ave., Albany, N. Y.
Ruth Roma Rondelli, Norman Hotel, Chicago, Ill.
Florence Russell, 18 S. Franklin Ave., Margate City, N. J.
Herbert G. Sahli, Hartford, Wisc.
Vida W. Shireman, 405 Sherman Bldg., Corpus Christie, Tex.
Eleanor B. Sparkman, 2202 - 11th St., W. Seattle, Wash.
Henry G. Stratman, 37 Waldorf St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Anna Tannenbaum, 1220 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Hal G. Vermes, 21 Biltmore St., Springfield, Mass.
Dorothy Villabona, 259 W. 19th St., New York, N. Y.
Annie Loie Walker, 2914 Monument Ave., Richmond, Va.
Constance Weinberg, 3288 Silsdy Rd., Cleveland Hgts., Ohio.
Mrs. Hildred K. Young, 166 Macon Ave., Asheville, N. C.

The albums have been sent to Hollywood to be signed, as requested.

Mail to
Autograph Editor,
Silver Screen,
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Can You Solve These Puzzles?



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9

Each Puzzle Represents the Name of a Picture.

And, anyhow, the answers are on Page 61

HOW'S the I Q this evening?
Can you tell what these simple little pictures represent?
Go on, guess anyway. In the improbable event that you do not

immediately put your finger on the right answer, do not worry
about it or go into a decline, just turn to page 61 and there the
correct answers will be found.

You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

Bright Eyes

with

JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL

Directed by
DAVID BUTLER



FOX



Kenneth Alexander

RONALD COLMAN

LORETTA YOUNG

The dashing Clive of India was a flamboyant braggart who did impossible things successfully.

THE film now-a-days that cannot boast of a pedigree is a forlorn picture indeed. Ronald Colman has brought to life for the screen "Clive of India." This famous character, alas, had no moustache. Loretta, who set off so sweetly the costumes of "Rothschild" and "Caravan," must feel right at home in the crinolines of that picturesque day.



In "Four Frightened People"
with Bill Gargan.



Co-starred with Clark Gable in
"It Happened One Night."



Anthony (Wilcox) and Cleopatra.



As "The Gilded Lily" supported by
Fred MacMurray.

A Brief "Still Story"
of Claudette's Recent
Pictures.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

SHE is found only in the best pictures. Or, perhaps, a picture becomes important if Claudette is in it. "Imitation of Life" was remarkable for her performance. In it she was a thoroughbred who could wheedle a housepainter or battle for a living, side by side with her dusky Delilah, and yet never be aloof nor lose her gracious dignity.



HERBERT MARSHALL

HE IS the best actor among the more mature heroes, and how the ladies do fight for him! His English culture, his never-to-be-forgotten war experiences, and his own natural charm have made of him one of the most enjoyable performers. He was born in London on May 23, 1890 and the fans, in gratitude, should at least make it a legal holiday.



With Miriam Hopkins in
"Trouble in Paradise."



With Norma Shearer in "Riptide."



With Garbo in "The Painted Veil."



With Margaret Sullivan in
"The Good Fairy."

*Scenes From Pictures
Featuring Marshall
And Some Of Our
Best Ladies.*

WITH A LITTLE



George Raft is a dancing man who can make a living at it.



Buster Crabbe, the Olympic swimmer, can collect plenty of cash in either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean.

Will Rogers gets hundreds of thousands of dollars for appearing on the screen, but, for all that, he never neglects his very successful newspaper syndicate.



SOMETHING ON THE SIDE

The Happiest People In
The Movies Are The
Ones Who Can Walk
Out Any Time And
Never Miss It.

WHEN Ed Sullivan, the Silver Screen-Daily News writer, was appearing at the Capitol Theatre in New York, George Jessel introduced him something like this:—"Suppose you are a flop, it doesn't matter, you can always go back to writing, but if I flop, I've got to spend the rest of my life in front of the Palace."

There's nothing quite so good to loosen up the old self-confidence as the proven knowledge that there is something you *can* do if you flop. Do you remember the man who married the homely soprano, and, after he had looked with disgust at her sleeping ugliness for a while, shook her violently, crying:—"For heaven's sake—SING!"

Grace Moore, Astaire and Maxie Baer are good anywhere, but when we see some performers who have crashed the movies because they had become famous on the radio, we feel like the distracted husband and yearn to waken them to the fact that acting is an art. Or isn't it?

Maxie Baer may be as good an actor as any screen hero, and some think that he is, but Maxie keeps the old TNT punch tuned up—in case.



Fred Astaire (left) has a fine screen personality and he can put over a song, but, nevertheless, he never lets those dancing feet get out of practice. He knows they will click anywhere if everything else goes wrong.



o has won Rudy Vallee
ns of friends who are
enough to see him on
screen. But for Rudy
lf, Music is always the
Life's Work.

The Metropolitan Opera
is the very summit of life's
ambition for most singers,
but to Grace Moore it is
just something to fall
back on.

The PICTURES



Katharine Hepburn in "The Little Minister" with John Beal. This famous play, with Cyril Maude, years ago ran for over a year in London and three hundred performances in New York, with Miss Maude Adams as Lady Babbie. Barrie first wrote it as a book.



Katharine Hepburn as Lady Babbie. Barrie described his heroine—"The gladness of living was in your step. Your voice was melody . . . to think of you is still to be young."



Katharine and Beryl Mercer. When Gary Cooper made "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," Miss Mercer made a hit as the old lady.

That Make HISTORY

*Sir James M. Barrie's Pictures Are The Milestones
Of The Movies.*

THERE'S a new Barrie picture coming. Katharine Hepburn in "The Little Minister." This is the seventh Barrie picture. They are "Peter Pan," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "The Admirable Crichton," "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" (called "Seven Days"), "Sentimental Tommy," "What Every Woman Knows" and "The Little Minister."

Years ago the gentle Barrie introduced most of us to delicate fantasy. His great success had the usual influence on manufacturers, and Peter Pan collars were worn by one generation, at least. He studied people, and we have felt grateful many times to him for one of his observations. He said that lovers always smile at one another, and, for years, whenever we have seen in the subway or bus a young pair whom we suspect, we have slyly watched and sure enough—lovers always smile.

Through all of Barrie's stories runs the mother love type of woman who manages her dumb and contented man by sweet flattery. Perhaps the return of Barrie is the cue for girls to once again bolster up the pompous males. Instead of, as now, taking the men's jobs away from them—and then, rather nonplussed, the smarties find that they have to support the gentlemen.



James Matthew Barrie was born on May 9, 1860 and made a baronet in 1913.

Brian Aherne and Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows," which was released recently. This, also, was a famous play of twenty years ago.



An old still. Betty Bronson as Peter Pan.

A "Kiss for Cinderella" followed "Peter Pan." Tom Moore, Betty Bronson and the war babies cared for by "the ragged little London drudge."



Actors Can Win
Fame By The Use
Of False Whiskers,
But Girls Have
To Stay Beautiful.

It' ACT

In Marlene's new picture, "Caprice Espagnole," she tries, by means of a striking headdress, to present a new Dietrich.

The decorative winged serpent of Cleopatra hardly changed Claudette at all.

WE ONCE talked of actors who refused to wear false whiskers. Great actors, however, are not of their real selves, and so they create separate personalities that's why they get typed.

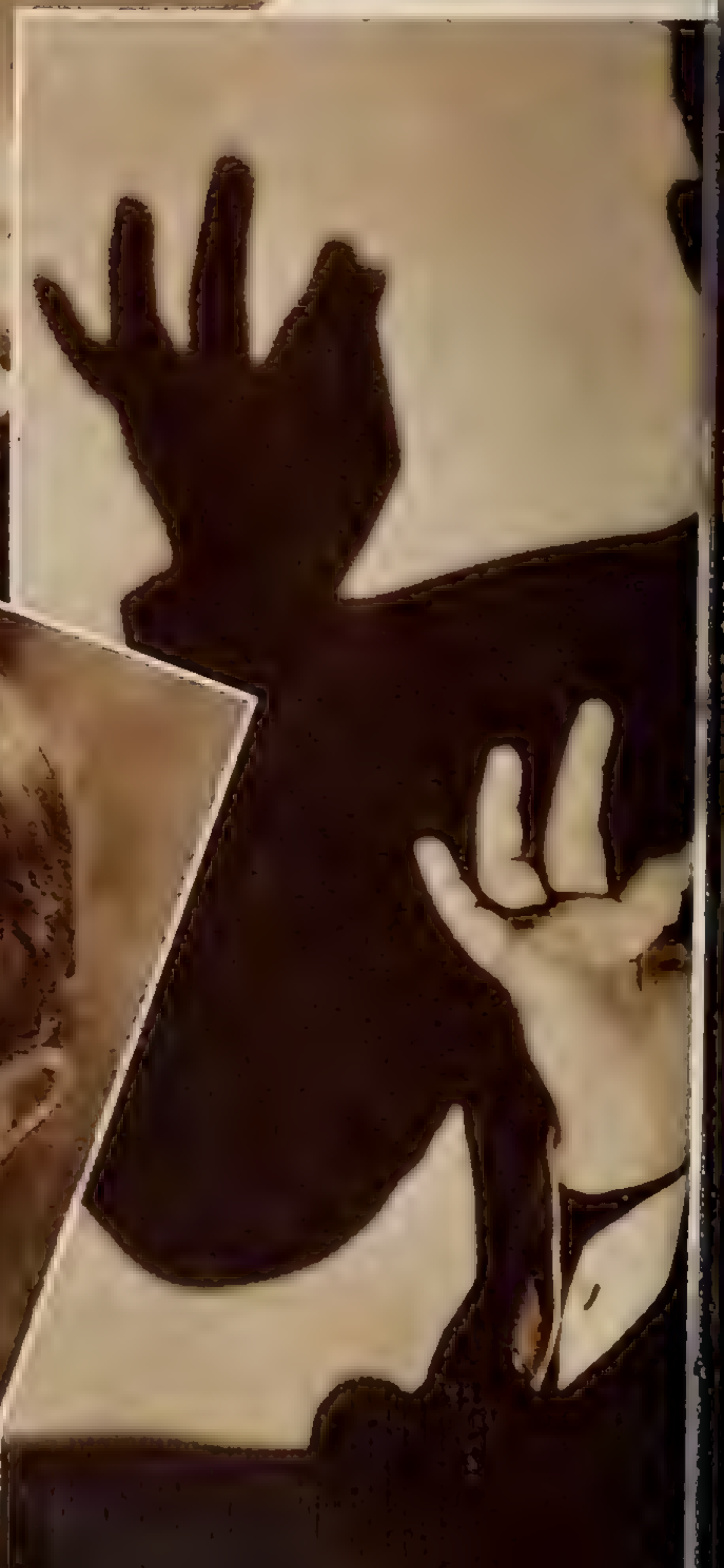
Emil Jannings was the first to create striking characters are unforgettable a little.

The remarkable make-up (see page 12) gives us a new friend. Lon Chaney and his weird characters there is an opportunity to create striking characters.

The cry for new faces is not new. If make-up was more closely followed, we saw Fred March as Brutus, saw Fred March as Brutus, saw Fred March as Brutus. Barretts of Wimpole Street, week we saw Browning and Sten. Here's for whiskered pictures. But it's for girls.



It's Charlie Ruggles, released from all his parts of the past simply by a moustache in "Ruggles of Red Gap."



Tough THE ESSES

ood player who said he re-
se his public liked his face.
want the audience to think
a great aid to them in creat-
es have no such escape, and
d.
false hair, and his screen
suggests him

Marshall (be-
screen misses
ects and today
ctor who will

ed
ve
he
xt
na
n-
he



Who is it? He has
a chance to win new
success because of
the make-up. It's
Franchot Tone.

Bing Crosby (left)
in fun puts on a
false moustache and,
presto, he becomes
someone else.



The "Gay Nineties"
hat cannot fool us—
we know our Mary
Boland. She's in
"Ruggles of Red
Gap."



Lionel Barrymore is
a master of make-up,
which transforms
him for "David Cop-
perfield."



Herbert Marshall in
"The Good Fairy" is
someone you have
never seen before.
The disguise is a great
help to him in making
his screen character
fresh and interesting.

The WORLD Is HIS

The Beautiful New Home of James Cagney
In Beverly Hills, California.



The piano is
no decorative
prop. Cagney
is really a
musician.



(Scotty Welbourne)

The stunning living room is a triumph of furnishings in correct proportions. The large canvas sets the note of spaciousness. The walls are just bare enough to create the feeling of freedom. A room in which one can breathe.

GRAPE FRUIT

THE unexpected contrast is always popping up, until by now we should really count on it. We have seen the homes of opera singers who had no more taste than a truck driver might have had, and here is the home of James Cagney—a truck driver in his recent picture, "The St. Louis Kid," and on every side there is a real feeling of true artistic appreciation. As a matter of fact, Cagney is a person of culture and education. "He was always with a book" said one who knew him in his early stage days. What a perfect description of a boy with a fine mind!

Cagney came from a rough environment, and because of this he does not take the beautiful things for granted. He works for them and loves them. To reach the goal which this home proves he has reached, Cagney has had to fight. The aggressive threatening menace, taught to him by life, has become his screen mood. A grapefruit in the face of failure, that's Cagney. And a home of refinement and culture. That also is our Jimmie.



A view of the fireplace in the den. The room is finished in pine with decorative antiques and etchings on the walls.



"Devil Dogs of the Air" is Cagney's new picture, in which he is supported by Margaret Lindsay and Pat O'Brien.



Mr. & Mrs. Cagney and the chow, "Reddy."



The corner just left of center in the larger view.

IT MUST BE FUNNY



Una O'Connor got one of the big laughs of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," when she did her roller skate walk. As Mrs. Gummidge in "David Copperfield."

WE HAVE long suspected that the ponderous intellectuals were merely dull and stupid. And now the public, panting along behind us, has come to the same clear view, and from this mountain top of common sense has signalled "We refuse to be bored." It all came about when Bill Powell and Myrna Loy made "The Thin Man."

The gayety and charm of that piece filled the theatres in such fashion as to leave no doubt of the message. Now the producers are applying their new wisdom. The "Casino Murder Case," a Van Dine murder story, is being rewritten to bring in the laughs. Bill Powell and Myrna Loy are being teamed again in "Wife Versus Secretary." Fortunate indeed is the player in Hollywood who can be funny. Clark Gable surprised everyone with his real flair for comedy in "It Happened One Night," and his popularity has increased enormously because of it.

The wonder is that the producers have been so long in finding out about laughs. When they read that Charlie Chaplin's income tax topped all others they might have suspected, or when they rode past the wide acres of Harold Lloyd's home one would think the idea should have struck them.

We hope nothing has happened, however, to awaken those shrinking violets, the Marx Brothers.



The beauty of this scene from "David Copperfield" will be appreciated more if the audience is in a happy frame of mind. Elizabeth Allan and Basil Rathbone a-courting.



A ridiculous scene in "The Thin Man"—Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and the morning after.



Bill Powell and Myrna Loy brought on the public revolt against dull pictures.

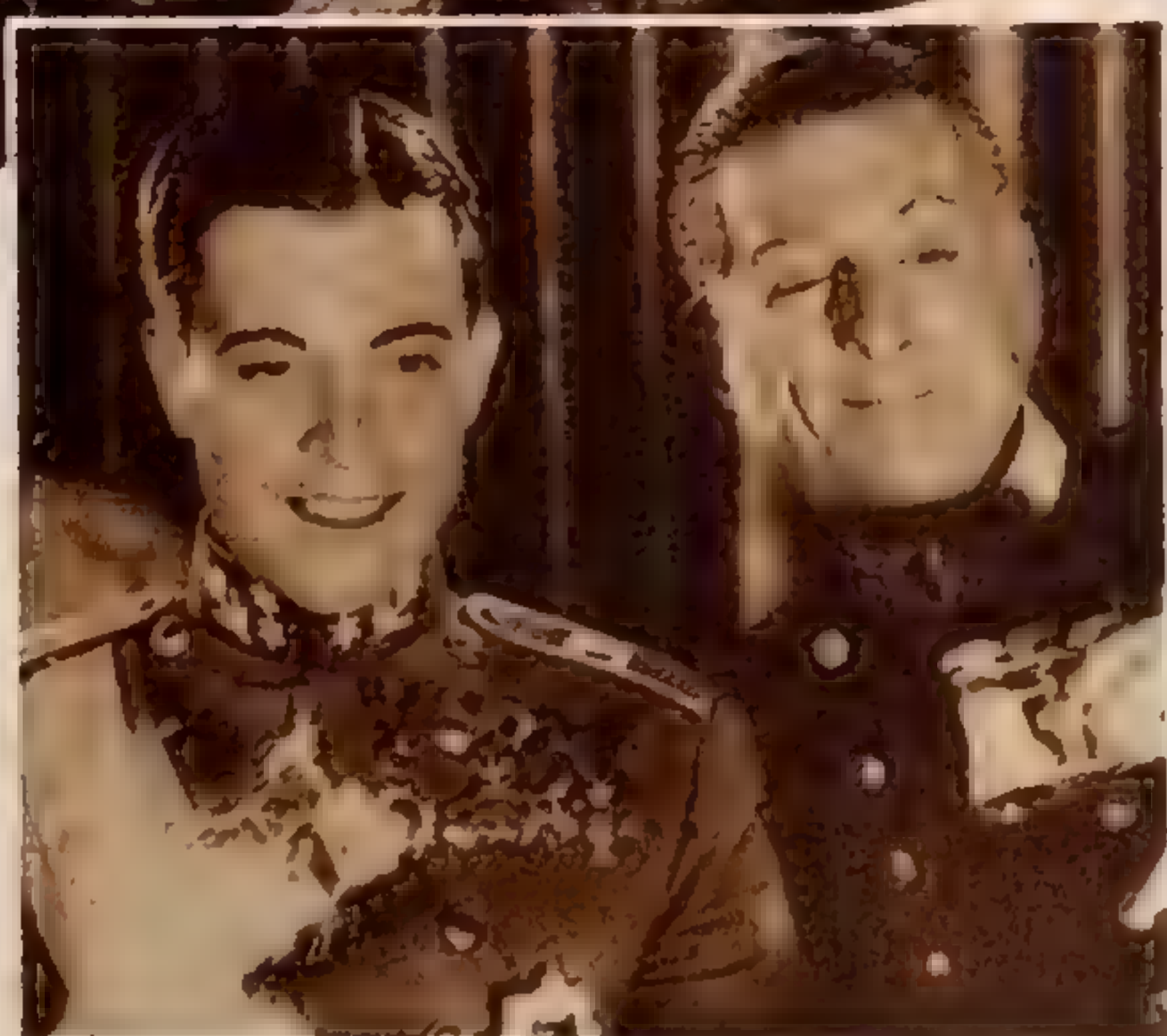


The romantic Novarropiece, "The Night Is Young," must have comedy. Charles Butterworth, as the horse car driver, and Una Merkle as Fanni, the dancer.

The Public
Wants Its
Drama Enter-
taining And
A m u s i n g .
There's Gold
In Them
Thar Giggles.



Edna Mae Oliver is always getting laughs. It is the secret of her success. In "David Copperfield" she is Aunt Betsy and Madge Evans is Agnes.



Novarro and Edward Everett Horton, whose appearance on the screen is enough to bring a laugh—the finest tribute to his past performances—in "The Night is Young."

Mr. Micawber, W. C. Fields, is one of the main characters of "David Copperfield," and his humor will carry the picture to success. (Freddie Bartholomew as David.)

HERE COME

What Are These
Curves And En-
ticements? Is It
Art?

For relaxation Lyda
Roberti dons this
new Tahitian bathing
suit, after being
wrapped up all day
in the studio.

Are The New Pictures Harking
Back To The Daze Of Splendor
And Nights Of Gladness?



Peggy Fears, completely
shrouded by a costume so-o-o
chaste, is supported in "Lottery
Lover" by a chorus wearing long
black stockings. With the New
Deal, things are getting into
better shape.

IMAGINE the chagrin of the
producers, who are trying so
valiantly to keep their pic-
tures cold and respectable, to
find that it is quite impossible
to put a girl in a picture with-
out the old allure starting to
vibrate through the theatre.
Girls completely dressed have
developed an intriguing mystery
that enhances the come-hither
effect, in spite of all that the de-
signers can do.

And so it goes. The girls can-
not be denied. They never have
been successfully scorned, and
it is no time to begin now, what
with everything except marriage
licenses costing so much more.
Pile your flounces upon them,
swathe them in frills and bundle
them up in furbelows, you will
have your trouble for your
pains. In the confident glance
of their eyes, in the arrogant
poise of their heads you will
meet your match. There is no
such thing as a sexless girl.
Dress her as you will, she will
yet succeed in dominating the
thoughts of mere man.

The girls are on their way.



Steffi Duna and Regis
Toomey in "The Girl of
the Islands." Steffi looks
cute in her costume and
the island touch puts
the whole thing on an
educational basis.



The GIRLS!

It Be That S. A. Is
Entirely
gotten?



England, where
ly woman is
n as "A-little-
f-Fluff-dash-it-
comes Jessie
ews in "Ever-
," and right
me she is, my
dear fellow.



Kathleen Burke, who does her best in a modest way
to introduce the theme of feminine beauty in Gary
Cooper's new "Bengal Lancers" picture.



Evelyn Laye in "Princess Charming." Recently
she has been in Hollywood assisting Ramon
Novarro in "The Night Is Young." Pretty, too!



CLARK GABLE RECEIVES THE SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL

THE readers of SILVER SCREEN recently were given an opportunity to vote for the Most Popular Man in the Movies, and Clark Gable won. Constance Bennett—who will next co-star with Clark—acted for the thousands of Gable fans, and made this presentation of the medal.



Kitty Carlisle Throws Her MASK Away

By Lenore
Samuels

Hollywood Frowns On The "Dead Pan" of European Diplomatic Circles, Kitty Finds.

IN READING the name of Kitty Carlisle as a featured player when a new film is flashed across the screen, a number of definite pictures float through my mind long before the lovely Kitty herself has a chance to float before my eyes in her film character.

First I see her as the suave and amazingly charming Prince Orlofsky in that delightful operetta "Champagne Sec," which was one of the hits of last year's theatrical season. Next comes a brief glimpse of her in that extravagant mystery film, "Murder at the Vanities" (her first screen venture), but, as she gently remarks, "the least said about that the better."

And then there is that vision of her sitting on the piano bench in the Dean's library at Princeton, singing "Love in Bloom" with Bing Crosby in "She Loves Me Not." After that, of course, comes Kitty in her sumptuous rôle of the Russian Grand Duchess in the Bing Crosby picture "Here Is My Heart," adapted from the well-remembered "Grand Duchess and the Waiter." Remember it as a silent picture, with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor? Of course you do. And I bet you're saying to yourself: "They could never do it as well again."

Well, Kitty saw that silent version run off at the studio and she says it was just as funny as seeing a snapshot of a girl you know in a bathing dress *with* stockings. So-o . . .

But the loveliest memory that I now have is that which I carried away from the Ritz Tower, in New York, that afternoon in December when I was fortunate enough to have an hour's leisurely chat with her all alone.

Kitty had just arrived in town that morning, and, already, the living-room of her suite was filled with adoring friends and the telephone kept ringing incessantly. But, true to the profession she has so gladly chosen as her own, she gamely shooed everybody out and sat down on a low divan beside me.

In person, Kitty, who is tall and willowy, with a lovely oval face, deep brown eyes that hint of mysteries still unsolved, dusky hair and a pale olive complexion, is twice as fascinating as she has yet appeared on the screen. Perhaps it is because she is still



A scene from "Here Is My Heart," with Bing Crosby and Kitty. It's "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" over again.

The schools of Europe taught Kitty how to "wow" Broadway, but pictures require a different technique.

a bit camera-shy, whereas, from the cradle, so to speak, she has been at home in the drawing-room.

"When I read 'success stories' of some of our famous film stars, who have risen almost from nowhere, fighting all manner of handicaps in their steady climb upward, I feel they deserve great praise," said Kitty humbly.

"You really haven't had any handicaps at all," I murmured. "Don't you consider yourself fortunate?"

Kitty's dark eyes flashed contradiction. "I have something to conquer, too," she told me. "You see I spent most of my life abroad (I was born in New Orleans, but we left there for good when I was eight); first there were fashionable schools and then later I was presented to society in Paris, Rome, and London.

"Naturally I was taught how to walk and talk and behave like a lady. But I was also schooled to conceal my thoughts or emotions. In diplomatic and court circles it is not considered wise to reveal your innermost thoughts. This studied control of my facial expression is the very thing I have to fight so hard against in Hollywood."

With a swift gesture she covered her face with both her hands, then, just as swiftly drew them away. "There," she cried, as I gazed into her smooth, unruffled countenance,

"that's what they call a dead pan in the studios. I'm so afraid that in correcting it, I'll go to the other extreme and start mugging."

Remembering that most of the reviewers, after seeing her in "She Loves Me Not," had commented most favorably on the pleasant absence of all ugly facial expression when she sang in that picture, complimenting her instead for the perfect control of her lovely features even when she reached her highest notes, I assured her that this seeming handicap wasn't going to prove half so disastrous as she feared.

"They say," I remarked, "that Bing Crosby never plays with the same leading lady twice, and yet you've had that distinction. 'Fess up! What's your fatal charm?"

Kitty laughed. "No charm at all," she said. "It's just that Bing is unusually shy. I guess when he discovered that I was twice as nervous as he was when we were doing [Continued on page 52]

REVIEWS

UNBIASED OPINIONS OF PICTURES SEEN



Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers in "Romance of Manhattan." Lederer reaches his natural rôle by way of Iceland and the Hessian army.

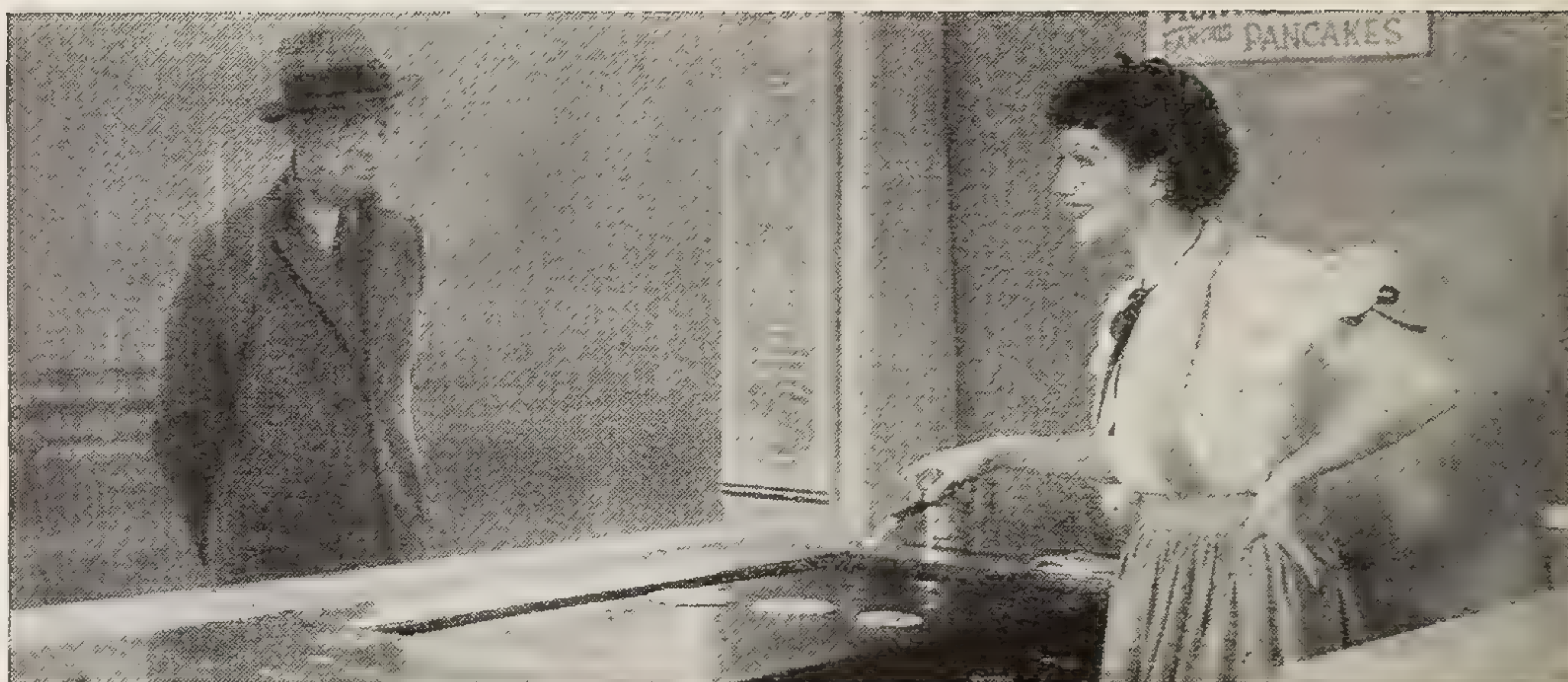


Greta Garbo and George Brent in "The Painted Veil"—a triumph.

IMITATION OF LIFE

Rating: 95°—MAGNIFICENT—*Universal*

RARELY, too rarely, do you find a picture so lovely, so warm and human, so utterly poignant as is this translation to the screen of Fannie Hurst's famous story of the tragedy of motherhood and the tribulations of the negro race. Quietly and sincerely dramatic, without one false touch, this picture simply tears your heart out, beats relentlessly against your emotions until you forget that it is only make-believe, and you, too, are sobbing like a baby over Aunt Delilah's funeral.



In "Imitation of Life," hungry Ned Sparks gloomily watches Claudette Colbert "brown the wheats."

Claudette Colbert, beautiful and sympathetic, gives another magnificent performance, and her heart-break in the last scene, when she gives up the man she loves, is something you will long remember. Louise Beavers is excellent as the colored Delilah, and so honest and real is she that you have to exert will power to keep from getting up there on the screen and slapping Fredi Washington for being so mean to her.

Briefly, the story concerns two young mothers, Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers, who are thrown together by the merest circumstance, and who combine to battle life for the sake of their two little girls. As the years pass, riches and success come to them and they reach out eager hands for happiness, but they clutch only bitterness, despair and disappointment.

Louise's daughter breaks her mother's heart by publicly disowning her in her effort to pass as white. And Claudette's daughter, home from finishing school, falls desperately in love with the man Claudette loves and intends to marry, and she is forced to sacrifice herself to keep her daughter's love. Rochelle Hudson and Ferdi Washington as the daughters give grand performances. Warren William is perfect as the heart interest, and old sour-face Ned Sparks is funnier than ever.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM

Rating: 93°—"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"—*Twentieth Century*

HERE'S top-notch entertainment for every movie-goer, young or old or fair to middling. It's packed with laughter and tears and good old hearty brawls, with bodies and furniture and lions and midgets hurtling through the air. What fun!

Wally Beery, as that grand fake, P. T. Barnum, gives his most magnificent performance to date, and, when you consider "Treasure Island," that's saying a Joe E. Brown mouthful. And Adolphe Menjou, sakes alive, he's never been better, and his Mr. Walsh (Mr. Baily Walsh) is as inspired a bit of acting as these old eyes have ever seen. Janet Beecher plays Nancy Barnum, P. T.'s thrifty and law-abiding New England housewife, who's afraid to have children for fear they'll have five legs, and Miss Beecher is simply superb.

Virginia Bruce, the late Mrs. John Gilbert, is beautiful as Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," who becomes one of Mr. Barnum's "attractions," though it

was really Jumbo, the elephant, he wanted. Rochelle Hudson, as P. T.'s comely niece who loves, alas, the erratic Mr. Walsh, is also excellent. As are the midgets, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, played by George and Olive Brasno. And, ah, the bearded lady.

As you've probably guessed by now, the story's all about the rise and fall and fall and rise of P. T. Barnum, the showman who lived a hundred years ago and who, among other things, is famous for that wise-crack, "a sucker is born every minute." Starting with his sideshow of freaks and frauds, P. T. ascends to the heights of society when he becomes Jenny Lind's impresario, but, a *faux pas* at a banquet one night, and the next morning he's back where he started. This is a picture you can take the entire family to see without any qualms.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

Rating: 89°—FAST AND FUNNY—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

NICE old Mr. Metro had the swell idea of co-starring Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery all in the same comedy, to be directed by Woody Van Dyke, which, heaven knows, is a treat in any language, but with one of those movie mogul gestures he said "Oh, shoot the works" and threw in Charlie Butterworth, Billie Burke and Frances Drake. And my, my, what a lot of hilarious fun.

Joan plays a society gal who is left waiting at the church for the irresistible Bob, who has been her Prince Charming all her life. Bob, in the meantime has gotten drunk and married Frances Drake, the little gold-digger he knew in Paris.

And then the fun begins, with Clark Gable, the best man in more ways than one, trying to show Joan that she's an idiot, and Bob, recovered from his binge, trying to make up to Joan for the great wrong he did her. There's all kinds of comedy ranging from drawing room to slap-stick and you'll laugh and laugh and laugh.

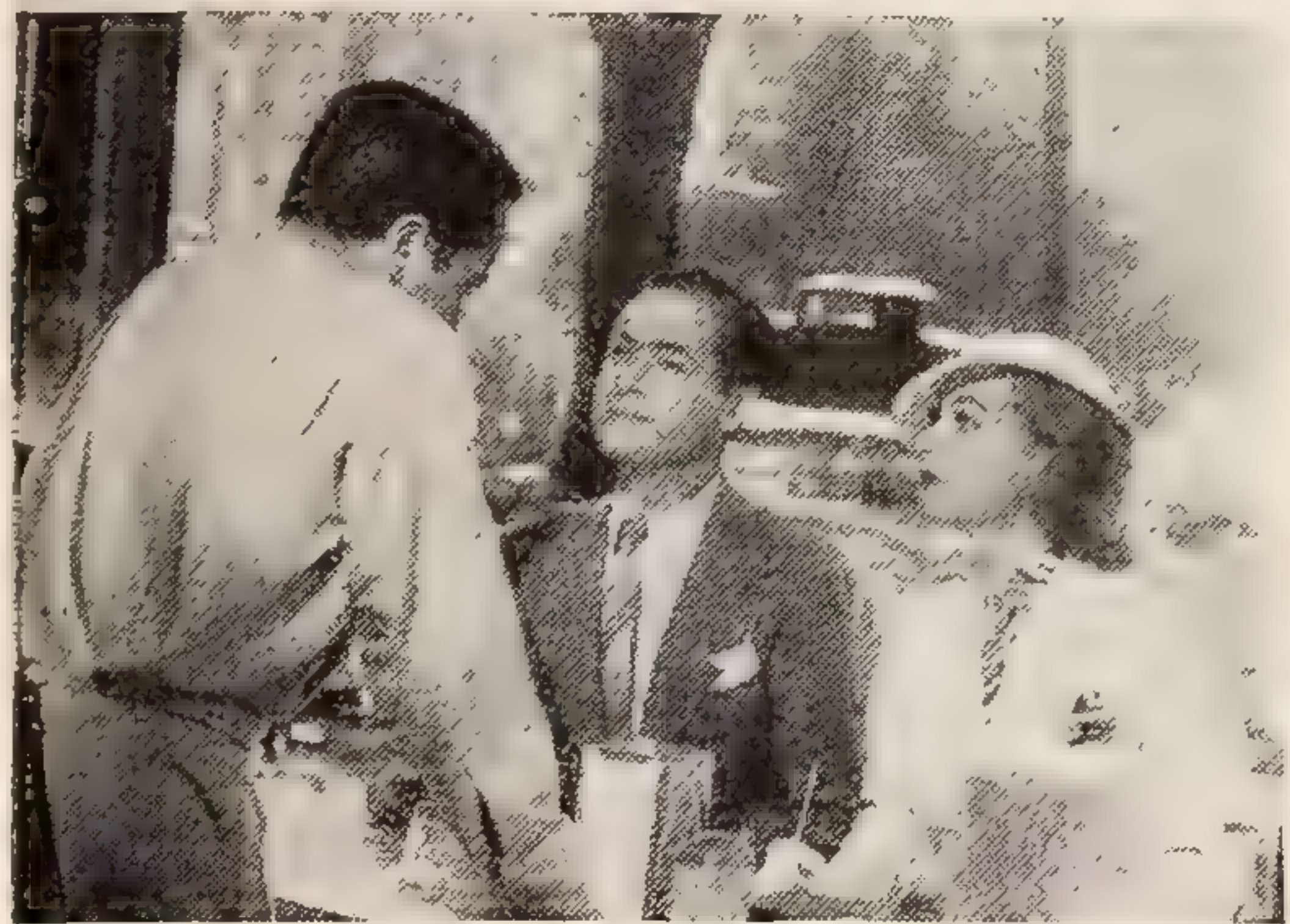
Of course, in the final reel, Joan discovers that it was good old Clark she loved all the time, and there's a grand finish. Charlie Butterworth comes into his own in this one, and is simply marvelous. There's a new girl named Rosalind Russell who looks promising, and there's Billie Burke, so beautiful and so charming in her own brand of comedy.

THE PAINTED VEIL

Rating: 87°—A RADIANT GARBO—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ANOTHER Garbo triumph. A truly interesting picture from every angle—story, cast and direction. And just when I was about to decide that Garbo was a little too cold and passé for my type, here she appears on the screen more alluring and fascinating than ever. And I have to become a Garbo fan all over again. And so will you, if you were slipping, too, after the frigidity of "Queen Christina."

This time Garbo plays a warm, human, lovable (and what a cute giggle she's got) Austrian girl who marries Herbert Marshall, a struggling young scientist on his



Does Bob Montgomery order raspberry? A scene from Joan Crawford's new picture, "Forsaking All Others."

way to China, not because she loves him, but because she knows marriage is expected of her by her family.

In China she becomes a part of the English colony and falls passionately in love with George Brent, a ne'er-do-well polo-playing young Englishman who lives on his wife's money. Marshall discovers her infidelity, Brent turns cad, and Garbo is forced to go with her husband into the interior of China where disease is raging. Here she finds the meaning of real love.

Herbert Marshall is magnificent, and his scenes with Garbo are well-nigh perfection. Garbo is excellent, both as the silly young girl in love, and as the heart-broken woman facing tragedy. And she is still the only actress on the screen who can wear a tight-fitting turban, and look too breathlessly beautiful.

THE PRESIDENT VANISHES

Rating: 82°—EXCITING—Walter Wanger Production

HERE'S the most unusual, interesting and exciting political picture you've ever seen. It's as thrilling as a Dashiell Hammett mystery story, and as arousing as a governmental exposé. Every man, woman and child ought to see it, and learn once and for all times, why countries really go to war. And it isn't to make the "world safe for democracy" either. No, it's to make millions and millions of extra dollars for those vultures who grow fat on the dead bodies of American citizens. Goodness gracious, get me a soap-box quick.

The picture opens with the vultures, who own munition plants, shipyards and steel factories and newspapers, deciding that it is time for another War, and they're all ready to use a little political pressure on the President of the United States so he will have to declare war.

But the President, superbly played by Arthur Byron, is an honest, peace-loving man, and doesn't want to plunge his nation into wholesale bloodshed just to please a few greedy politicians. And so, the day the President is supposed to go before the Senate and declare War, he vanishes.

Then, there's a swell mystery with every-

body suspected—even Andy Devine, the White House grocery boy—of kidnaping the President. It's exciting all right, whether you like politics or not. Giving splendid performances in the picture are Edward Arnold, Paul Kelly, Sidney Blackmer, Os-good Perkins, Janet Beecher and Peggy Conklin. This will be one of the most discussed pictures of the year.

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN

Rating: 74°—A BOY AND A GIRL—R-K-O

WELL, here's that idol of sixty million American women again, Mr. Francis Lederer, the giggling Czech. In this picture Lederer plays a young Czecho-Slovakian who is turned down by the immigration officials on Ellis Island because he has no money and no job.

But Lederer escapes from the boat which is returning him to Europe, swims ashore, goes ecstatic over New York, and meets Ginger Rogers who feeds him coffee and doughnuts, just about the time he is discovering that America is not the land of milk and honey it's cracked up to be.

Ginger falls for him, and takes him home to her tenement flat, where he sleeps on the roof, while she and her young brother, Jimmy Butler, figure out jobs for him. The climax of the picture is simply elegant, and don't you dare miss it, for it contains some of the best laughs of the season.

Lederer is all for marrying Ginger but can't because he has entered the country illegally, and so he gets a shyster lawyer, who promises to make him a citizen but is really double-crossing him. And then his pals, the policemen, take charge and in a few hours Mr. Lederer becomes both a citizen and a husband.

BRIGHT EYES

Rating: 70°—OUR SHIRLEY—Fox

THE newest Shirley Temple picture has quite an air of Christmas about it. After seeing it you'll probably dash out and buy a lot of Christmas presents for the kiddies. Shirley has gone back to acting



In "The Mighty Barnum," the little midget supports Wallace Beery, the star.

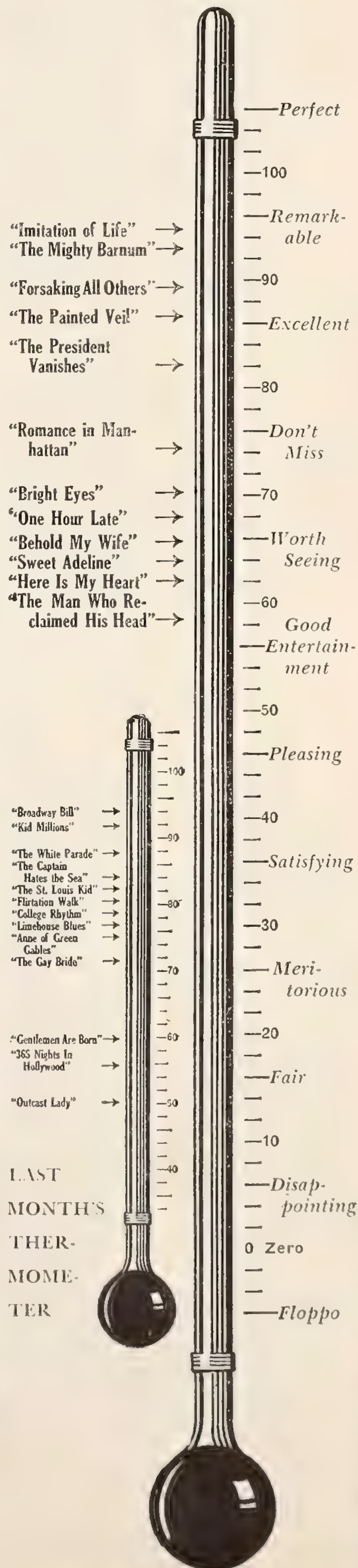
naturally and is just as sweet as she can be in this picture.

She plays the daughter of Lois Wilson, a servant in the house of Dorothy Christy

[Continued on page 58]

**SILVER SCREEN'S
PICTURE THERMOMETER**

Degrees of Quality



It's Not All Hokum [Continued from page 24]

night so that Mary could see herself in the recently completed "Love Time" in which Mary played Pat Paterson's sister.

"It will be all right," she whispers. "Oh, I know it will be all right . . ."

When Anne Shirley was making "Anne of Green Gables," the supposedly exclusive Katharine Hepburn sneaked on the set, watched Anne doing her stuff, and liked it well enough to give the kid a rousing pat on the back.

So, when the Blackford Benefit came up, little Anne took a deep breath, approached the untouchable Katie and asked if she wouldn't help the cause by taking some tickets.

"Do you think I ought to go?" Katie asked with mock anxiety.

Anne was flabbergasted. "Well . . . uh . . . it would be nice . . ." she stammered.

"Nice??" Hepburn glared. "Perhaps it would be 'nice' . . . but, do you think I ought to go???"

"Oh, dear . . . !" poor Anne was plainly flustered.

"Never mind," Katie grinned. "How many tickets do you think I should take? Would twenty-five dollars worth be all right?"

Anne admitted that it would, thanked the impulsive Heppy and started away.

"Wait a minute!" the star shouted. "Let's get the director in on this, too!" And, pulling up her billowy skirts, she made a mad dash for the disconcerted gentleman

who picked up his heels and ran for cover!

But, Heppy finally caught up with him—backed him into a corner and gave a sales talk that left the poor fellow howling for mercy!

Sue Carol 'phoned a very important studio executive and invited him to take a handful of tickets.

"Will Rogers will be there, and . . ." she began.

"Will Rogers??" snorted the exec. "Phooey! . . . Dun't be fooling me! I ain't believing it! . . . Rogers never goes to those things!!"

"Believe it or don't," Sue insisted. "Will bought some tickets and he'll be there!"

"Some tickets he bought, maybe. But, a hundred dollars I'm betting you he won't be there!"

"One hundred dollars?" Sue echoed. And, before the gent could change his mind, "I'll take it! . . . And thanks a lot . . . every little bit helps!"

Will was there. And the Big Shot paid off, good-naturedly enough, and Sue promptly turned her winnings into the fund that will be the means of restoring Mary Blackford to health.

Ann Harding bought ten tickets; Billie Burke made out a check for the same number; Sally Eilers was so impressed with the kids' enthusiasm that she took fifty tickets, promising to sell all she could and keep the rest for herself.

Joan Crawford, having been told of the

girl by Lois Wilson and Eddie Rubin, did more than her part in having Mary transferred to the hospital where Joan has maintained a "free bed," lo, these many years. Furthermore, she has taken on the cost of further treatments until the grateful Mary can be completely cured.

Came the Big Night, and the Coconut Grove was jammed to the doors. Elbow room was at a premium, and it would have done Mary's heart good if she could have seen the way Hollywood turned out for the Benefit of one stricken citizen.

Even Richard Dix, who shuns public places as a Scotchman ducks a dinner check, came out with the new Missus, tucked himself into a secluded corner and enjoyed the show thoroughly.

Lee Tracy was there. Loretta Young, May Robson, Jimmy Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Paul Kelly and a hundred others.

Your old favorite, Carmel Myers, sang a song and surprised us even further to see her, not only still young and beautiful, but possessing an unusually pleasing voice.

And, after plenty of entertainment, interspersed with dancing, came the *pièce de résistance*—our unquestionable favorite—Will Rogers!

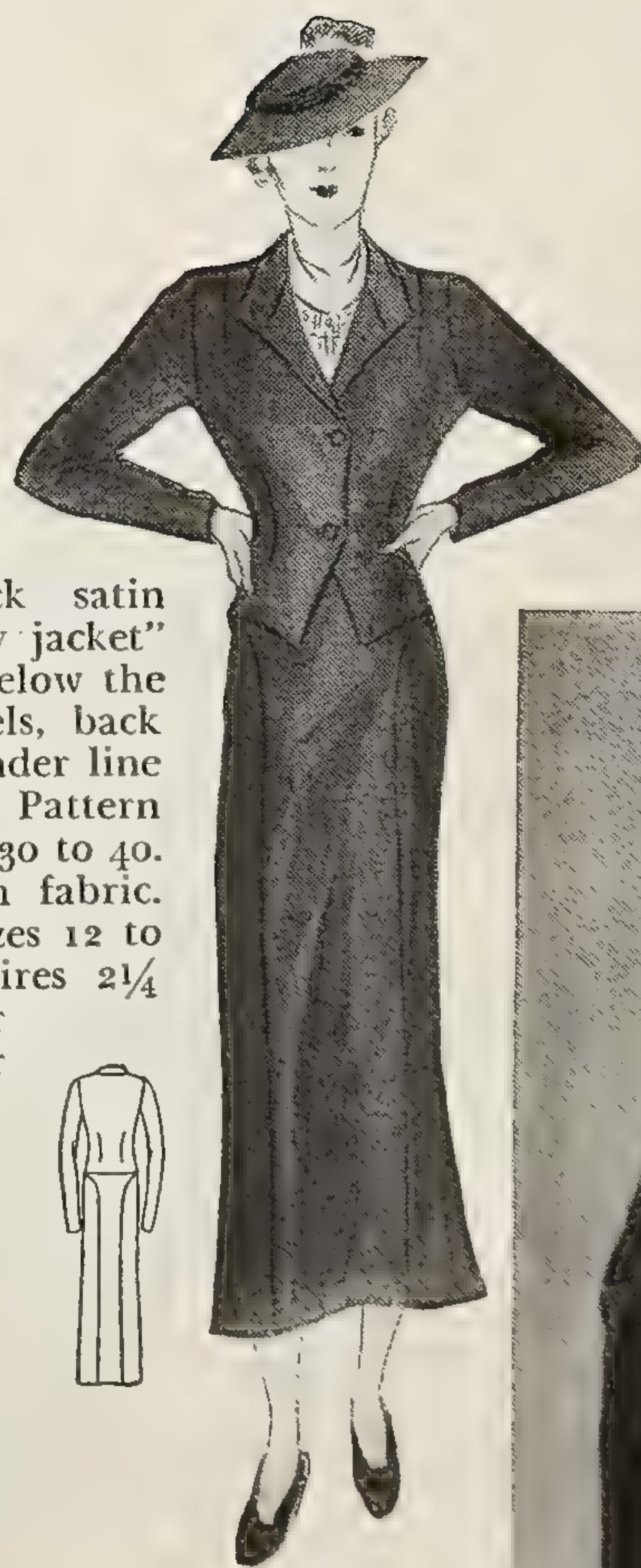
Oh, it was a grand party! The kids are to be heartily congratulated on their untiring efforts in making the event such a howling success.

When you're down, Hollywood's youth is behind you!

YOU CAN WEAR Lili Damita's SUIT

LILI DAMITA'S smart black satin tailored suit. The "cutaway jacket" has a perky little peplum below the nipped-in waistline. Trim panels, back and front, give that nice long slender line to the well-fitted skirt. Suit Pattern SS124 comes in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 4 yards 39 inch fabric. Blouse Pattern SS125 comes in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 39 inch fabric for upper model and 2½ yards for lower model.

The pattern for the blouse suitable to be worn with this suit must be purchased separately.



Silver Screen's New Spring
Fashion Book Is Ready.
It Will Be As Welcome
To Dressmakers As
Flowers In May.



Lili Damita in "Brewster's Millions," wearing the suit designed for her by Schiaparelli.

Silver Screen, Pattern Dept.,
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed send to

Name

Address

City

State

Pattern of Lili Damita's suit (No. SS124) Size

Pattern of Lili Damita's blouse (No. SS125) Size

Fashion Book? Yes or No

Price of each Pattern, 15¢. Price of Catalog, 15¢. One Pattern and Catalog together, 25¢.

HAVE A Beautiful SMILE AND LAUGH AT FATE

By Mary Lee



Joan Blondell has a lovely smile and a 7 pound 12 ounce boy.

THERE is nothing in the world so important to beauty as the corners of your mouth turned UP. You may have the prettiest clothes of any girl in your set, the loveliest figure, the most glorious skin. But if the corners of your mouth turn down, you don't have beauty.

Look at Joan Blondell. There is a smile that wins! And she takes pains to keep it in A.1. smiling order. She has found, as has many another actress, that smiles and what she eats are closely related. There is a definite connection between diet and strong, healthy teeth and firm, pink gums.

Taken internally, in large enough quantities, orange and lemon juice do grand things for your teeth. We have always known that they fortify the system against such things as colds and minor illnesses. But scientists have now demonstrated in a series of interesting experiments, that they prevent the development of new dental troubles, help you keep the teeth you have in excellent condition, and strengthen and firm your gums.

The following test was tried out on a group of children for a year. They were given two glasses of fresh orange and lemon juice a day, in addition to a regular wholesome diet. At the end of the year it was found that in these children tooth decay decreased 57 per cent and gum troubles 83 per cent. Quite a showing, isn't it? And a hint to you to try the same thing.

Just on the dollars and cents side of the ledger, isn't it better to drink those delicious glasses of orange juice, or indulge your craving for a long glass of lemonade, than to endure the agony of the dentist's chair, with its flattening effect upon your pocketbook?

Lemon juice is one cosmetic which is equally good inside and out. There is nothing which will whiten your teeth more

effectively and safely. Try this. Add a few drops of lemon juice to common table salt or baking soda. Brush your teeth with it. It makes, according to dental authorities, a splendid home-made cleanser.

Orange and lemon juice in addition to your regular diet won't give you perfect teeth of course. Proper chewing, too, is essential to the health of your mouth, because good circulation in one of the most

[Continued on page 72]

Million Dollar Blunder

[Continued from page 17]

grandeur bits of make-believe, good enough in fact to dwarf the companion rôle of Leslie Howard.

Paramount believed Wallace Beery was all washed-up. The comedies he had made with Raymond Hatton were box-office flops. M-G-M signed him and "The Big House," "Min and Bill" and "The Champ" proved that Paramount had made a Million Dollar Blunder. The screen tests of Margaret Sullavan, made by Paramount, were rejected by the production board. More recently, Paramount rejected the screen test of Gladys George, who was then appearing in a play tagged "Queer People." She was an unknown and the Paramount execs were unimpressed, although the eastern Paramount office sent along a voluminous recommendation.

Some time later, Broadway awoke in the morning to hear the town raving over "Personal Appearance," first big smash hit of the 1934 dramatic season. The leading lady became a star over night. Every slicker company rushed to sign her, including Paramount. It was the same Gladys George the Paramount production board had rejected weeks before, but M-G-M had hired her, showing rare sagaciousness on the part of Bob Rubin and Bill Grady. It is not generally known, but Miss George, then a brunette, appeared with Charles Ray in pictures back around 1921.

Fox could have signed a contract with Rudy Vallee, after the George White picture, and failed to do so. On an eastern trip of Hal Wallis, Warner's general manager, I took him to see Vallee and now Vallee is a Warner star.

When I was penning dramatic criticism for the late but not lamented Evening Graphic, I suggested three players, who were

then unknown, to Columbia. Reviewing "If Love Were All," at the Booth Theatre in November, 1931, two performers in it caught and riveted my attention. One was Aline MacMahon, the other was a girl named Margaret Sullavan. That same night, I tried to persuade Harry Cohn, president of Columbia, to sign them immediately. Cohn himself never saw these two performers, but, instead, detailed somebody from the New York office to look them over. Both were rejected. Nothing daunted, and my enthusiasm in discovery still at fever heat, I tried again, telling Columbia to sign Katharine Hepburn, then an unknown. They assured me, gently but firmly, that because of her exaggerated cheekbones, that La Hepburn would not photograph well.

The Million Dollar Blunder which Columbia perpetrated in regard to Miss Hepburn becomes more understandable when it is realized that R-K-O almost turned her loose. Had it not been for Director George Cukor, it is to be doubted that R-K-O today would have her as their biggest money-maker. He insisted on casting her for "Bill of Divorcement." When the executives saw her in person, noticed those high cheekbones and that angular face, they raged and stormed, but Cukor, who knows his art, was adamant. Whether or not the company ever gave him a bonus for dropping the equivalent of several million dollars into the R-K-O coffers I do not know, but Cukor was entitled to a pretty penny for his sagacity.

Warners believed Myrna Loy was all through when talking pictures arrived, as she always had been cast in exotic foreign or half-caste rôles. M-G-M grabbed her, teamed her with Max Baer unsuccessfully

and then hit upon the William Powell combination that converted "The Thin Man" and "Evelyn Prentice" into pure gold. Joel McCrea was a bit player at Metro, the studio released him and he became a star at R-K-O. Charles Boyer, new Fox star, whose "Caravan" is a big money-maker, was brought to Metro to play in the French versions of pictures. They released him, and he returned to France dejected and heartbroken at his failure. Then Fox made him a star. Ann Dvorak was a dancing girl in M-G-M musicals but soon musicals lost their vogue and she was out of a job. Howard Hughes, at Warners, picked her to play Paul Muni's sister in "Scarface," and today she is one of the fine emotional actresses of the screen.

Greta Garbo, oddly enough, almost ruined the screen career of Lew Ayres. After knocking about Los Angeles, crooning with dance bands, Ayres finally was given his big opportunity, landing an important part in Garbo's "The Kiss." It was her last silent picture and a tremendous flop, financially. So M-G-M aired Ayres, and it was not until he had scored a personal smash in Universal's "All Quiet on the Western Front" that the blunder was realized. Columbia's salvaging of Grace Moore emphasized still another Million Dollar Blunder on the part of Metro, for they had her under contract and made two pictures with her. They believed that her type of singing was not commercial. Columbia, with rare acumen, turned her over to Victor Schertzinger, musician and director, and "One Night of Love" is rolling up one of the huge all-time grosses of the industry.

Marie Dressler pounded the pavements of Hollywood, literally and figuratively.

[Continued on page 52]

She went from one studio to another and, in turn, each studio rejected the gallant old trouper. Had it not been for the never-failing championship and sponsorship of Frances Marion, who never lost faith in the veteran, Marie Dressler never would have landed an M-G-M contract. The "Anna Christie" rôle launched her on the cyclonic career that might easily have been withheld too long.

What conclusions are to be drawn from these \$1,000,000 Blunders of Hollywood which I have recited here in some detail? Do they prove that the high officials of the motion and talking picture industry are lunkheads? Not at all. It only proves that none of us are infallible, and that errors can and do take place with amazing regularity.

I believe that if the major companies would maintain a closer alliance with their eastern talent scouts, and that if the directors, rather than the producers of pictures, were to pass on candidates for film stardom, that mistakes like these I've cited would be minimized.

The heartaches that these Million Dollar Blunders create cannot be estimated in any common denominator of discouragement. Picture the desperation that must have beset Clark Gable when he was released from that first contract. Undoubtedly he had written home to his family on each development. How his mother must have beamed with pleasure as she told the neighbors, over the back-fence, that her youngster had been signed to a Warner contract. Weary months of waiting, hoping, praying

that this would lead to something big. Then the curt announcement from the front office that the option would not be renewed, and the hesitant letter to the home folks that the placer pan of Hollywood hadn't yielded gold.

Just how many scars have been burned into the flesh of sensitive performers by the perpetrators of these mistakes cannot be estimated. The case history of each victim is identical, the same feeling of terror, the same impulse to tears, the same agony of desperation in failure.

The Million Dollar Blunders of Hollywood have been the branding irons of the industry, but luckily those whom the branding iron marks as failures often have courage enough to carry on and turn the shambles of defeat into a glorious triumph.

Kitty Carlisle Throws Her Mask Away [Continued from page 47]

our scenes together, it simply bolstered up his ego and he lost his shyness while trying to help me overcome mine."

"And that," I said dryly, "is a situation in which every self-respecting male longs to find himself—just once."

"Exactly," agreed Kitty. "Do you know," she confided after a moment's silence, "that Bing has never yet picked a 'hit' song. When we were doing 'Love in Bloom' together, he shook his head and said: 'This'll never be a hit.' I thought he must know and just took it for granted the number would be a flop. Imagine our surprise when it became a sensation! It's generally the outsider who 'feels instinctively' when a song is going to be a sure-fire hit. Odd, isn't it?"

I asked her if she missed the brilliance of the Continental drawing-rooms and the Court functions.

"No-o," she answered. "Of course, it was thrilling to walk up a grand staircase, with men and women in gorgeous uniforms and evening regalia, medals and jewels glittering on every side, and a King and Queen waiting to greet you at the top. But, honestly, I'm glad that part of my life is behind me. It was colorful. At the time,

it seemed real enough. But I don't miss it. I get lots more fun out of working. Singing . . . that's what I enjoy most.

"Out at Paramount, everybody has been so very friendly. Why, when a group of us—Charlie Laughton (what a wit he is!), Bing, Charlie Ruggles, George Raft, Claudette Colbert (there's a woman for you, lovely, gracious, intelligent)—gather in one of the tiny dressing-rooms at about 6:30 in the morning, to be made up, it's just like being back at school. Everybody is so lively, so frank, so genuine. That other life was pleasant, the people I met were interesting, but for the real zest of living give me the people of the stage or screen—writers, artists, actors, they're all alike. Their enthusiasms govern their tongues—they say what they think and to the devil with too much diplomacy, they do what they wish and to the devil with stifling conventions. I sometimes wish I had figuratively been born in a theatrical trunk."

"Don't be silly," I admonished her. "A background such as yours is not to be scoffed at. Especially since you've not allowed it to tighten your mind in any way. But tell me truly, doesn't Hollywood itself seem terribly provincial after Rome and Paris and the Riviera?"

Kitty said nothing for a moment or two, diplomatic caution locking her tongue. Then she smiled. "What I like about Hollywood most is that for the first time in my adult life I've a home to call my own—everybody out there has a home of his own—I have my own garden, my own servants, I can order my own meals. This is heavenly after living in schools and hotels for years. One thing I miss, though, is music. The symphonies, operas, concerts. You can't get them out there. But so long as I can dash back to New York for an occasional visit, then I like Hollywood."

"How did you happen to get into pictures?"

"It's really a long story," replied Kitty. But when I decided to go on the stage, I also decided that I wasn't going to be a society amateur. I studied for years under some of the best singing teachers in Europe. Then I went to London to take a course in dramatic acting at the Royal Academy of Art. When I arrived in New York three years ago, I was pretty well equipped.

"My first engagement was in vaudeville. A condensed version of 'Rio Rita.' They were gruelling months, and constantly I heard the people in the act whispering 'Broadway—we must make Broadway.' I began to feel that way, too.

"Yet when I was offered the rôle of the Prince in 'Champagne Sec' I was positively panicky. It was a part secondary to Peggy Wood's, but I was told there was a chance for me to steal the show in the second act.

I just laughed, perfectly convinced that with Peggy Wood in the show I would pass unnoticed.

"The day I tried on my costume for that second act—you remember, long black tights, cape floating from the shoulder . . . the producer took one look at my legs and said 'You're made.'"

Kitty laughed reminiscently. "He really had taken a chance on my legs, you know. I might have been knockkneed or bow legged or something."

The play opened in Westport and on the second night Kitty had the misfortune to sprain her ankle while entering the door of the theatre, an improvised barn. It was only after she had promised not to do the charming dance number the second act demanded that her physician allowed her to go on at all. "But when I heard that enchanting Johann Strauss music," said Kitty, "I forgot my swollen ankle, I forgot my promise to the doctor—everything but the music which simply lifted me into that dance."

It was lucky for Kitty that she did have the grit to go through with the show, after the manner of some of our most seasoned troupers, for that night Mr. Salzberg of Paramount was in the audience and later asked her to take a test. Thus it was, when Kitty received offers to make tests for every big picture company in the business on the morning after the show opened in New York, she had to turn them all down. She had already signed a long contract with Paramount.

"Were you nervous when you made your screen test?" I asked.

"No," said Kitty frankly, "I wasn't. I didn't really care then whether I went into pictures or not. Perhaps that is why I came through O.K. I didn't care enough to be nervous of the outcome. Now that I'm in, though, I'm as nervous as a kitten. Isn't it strange? For now I feel I really must make good."

"Sometimes," I said, "the things that at first seem of casual importance in one's scheme of life may eventually become the *leitmotif* of an eventful career."

And so it may prove with Kitty Carlisle. The screen, of which she had thought only seldom, if at all, is bringing her to the attention of the public in such a way that her name, like Grace Moore's, will soon be on every intelligent fan's tongue. Whereas, if she had stuck to musical comedy, society musicales, or even went so far as to consider grand opera, the praises of her lovely voice, her beautiful face, her gracious personality would be sung by only a few. Which would be a pity, for, to quote our friend, Mr. Shakespeare, she comes to us—

As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.



Toby Wing skis on the snow clad side-skis of the San Bernardino mountain-skis.

"I ADORE YOU..."



THRILLING WORDS ... BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and *keep* it!

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! This modern complexion trouble can be so easily guarded against.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a woman who *thinks* she removes make-up thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually they become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear—blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—
ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect *your* skin with the care 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use!

OF COURSE, I USE
COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER
WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC
SKIN — THANKS TO
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT'S EASY TO HAVE A
GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY.

GINGER ROGERS

STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"



Topics for Gossips

Yuma, Nevada, Knows
No Depression.



Wide World

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford at the Actors' Screen Guild Ball in the Biltmore Hotel. Love is grand!

[Continued from page 13]

passed the examination and found she didn't have to recite all the things she had studied so vigorously, she confided to a friend, "I certainly built that scene up."

OMAR KIAM, Park Avenue's ultra-designer, whom Samuel Goldwyn persuaded to come west and do movie costumes, has found that women of all ages react alike to a beautiful gown. When little Barbara Lee, just eighteen months old, tried on a hoop skirt dress which Kiam had made for her to wear in the film "Clive of India," she stood before a bevel mirror and went through all the rapturous exclamations of a debutante wearing her first evening gown. After admiring her reflection for nearly ten minutes, young Barbara added one touch of her own. She threw her arms around Kiam's neck and gave him a great big kiss.

KATHLEEN HOWARD, formerly fashion editor of Harper's Bazaar and Metropolitan opera star, and now a movie actress, has confessed to one of the strangest Hollywood romances! Seems Kathleen answered the phone in her apartment one night and heard the fascinating voice of a strange gentleman. She asked what number he wanted and the man with the fatal fascination in his voice replied, "Your number!"

Kathleen asked him whom he wanted to talk to, and he gravely assured her, "I want to talk to you." She was a little shocked, a little outraged—and secretly a little intrigued. But the marvelous voice held her at the phone several minutes before she hung up. Coily she made him promise not

to call her again. The man kept his promise. And now Kathleen admits that telephone call has all the pangs of a broken romance.

JANET GAYNOR's new boy friend, Doctor I. Vebbin, of New York (Janet calls him "Vebby") spent Thanksgiving with Janet in Hollywood, and it does so look like a romance.

THE biggest surprise of the Mary Blackford Benefit Ball at the Cocoanut Grove was when Ann Harding entered the ball room on the arm of—Harry Bannister. When Harry heard that Ann had been ill, and she really was seriously ill for several weeks, he flew to Hollywood to be with her. There was a reconciliation, and now Ann and Harry are carrying on like a couple of sixteen year olds in the throes of their first romance.

IT'S more than a rumor that John Barrymore and the beautiful Dolores Costello Barrymore have come to the parting of the ways. John is in England and Dolores in their hill-top home in Hollywood with the two babies. The last time we saw those two out together was at the Mayfair, where John, naughty man, had arrived in a tuxedo and old felt bedroom slippers.

THE preview of "The Mighty Barnum," in Glendale recently, brought out a number of movie stars and more sidewalk stand-ees and autograph hounds than a Hollywood opening. The director, Walter Lang, came with Carole Lombard, Veree Teasdale was with Adolphe Menjou, who is simply magnificent in the picture, Norma Shearer was with Irving Thalberg, and Pola Negri with Sid Grauman.

THE other day a very mangy looking ad appeared in one of the local papers, to the effect that Richard Dix endorsed Palm Springs tea. When his press agent saw the endorsement she frothed at the mouth and wondered who in heaven's name had managed to wangle an endorsement out of

Richard Dix for Palm Springs tea.

Then Dix's studio got busy and called up the press agent and demanded to know who had wangled an endorsement out of Dix for Palm Springs tea. So the press agent called up Dix, expecting him to be furious, and asked him who possibly could have signed that release for Palm Springs tea. "Hell," said Mr. Dix, "I own Palm Springs tea."

GLENDA FARRELL'S young son, Tommy, had the kind of birthday party that every youngster would like to have, when he entertained a group of young friends at his mother's home recently. There were horses to ride, target practice, movies in the projection room, and, of course, a swell birthday cake with a model plane mounted along with the candles—for Tommy is a most enthusiastic aviation fan.

The icing on the cake read: "To Flyer Tommy Farrell—Happy Birthday and Happy Landings" and Tommy was so thrilled when he saw it he couldn't talk. Like most movie kids, Tommy gets a much greater kick out of meeting a pilot of a mail plane than he does out of meeting Clark Gable or Bing Crosby.

ALICE WHITE has found a way to overcome her most annoying fault—forgetting. She slips a list of daily reminders into her cigarette case and everytime she opens it, there it is, staring her in the face. Alice says that a slip in a cigarette case has a string around the finger beat a mile.

HARRY COHN, Columbia producer, thought it would be a good idea to take the entire cast of "The Captain Hates the Sea" down to San Diego, California, for a gala premiere there. So he rented a private car on the three something limited, told the cast to be on time, and wired San Diego of the thrill in store for them. Sure enough, when the train pulled in there was the Mayor, and the Chamber of Commerce, and several bands, and Rotarians, and keys to the city and everything—but



Evelyn D. Kelly is introduced by Mrs. Cooper to Gary. Evelyn has written to him every week for eight years—over five hundred letters. She's the champion fan of the University of California.

no one got out of the private car except Alison Skipworth. All the other players had decided to drive or fly down for the opening. So "Skippy" had a parade through town all by herself.

PRETTY Lilian Harvey, after two years in Hollywood, still admits to confusion over American slang expressions. While describing a gown recently to a friend, she cried enthusiastically: "And it fits like—like—" she paused while searching for a clue to a phrase which would do justice to this masterpiece of dress-art, then burst forth with: "Like the skin on the wall."

NYDIA WESTMAN just doesn't like planes. When she was a little girl one of those old meanie grown-up practical jokers told her that she could float through space with the aid of an open umbrella. So Nydia tried it, using a haystack as a taking off point. A broken leg was the result and ever since then Nydia has been perfectly content to let others go in for aviation, while she keeps both feet on the ground.

TWO of the most excited people in Hollywood now are Lyle Talbot's mother and father—Mr. and Mrs. Hollywood, no kidding—who are visiting their son, and putting their approval on his new Beverly Hills home and his new girl, Polly Waters, from Birmingham, Alabama, and, as Adrian always says, a Birmingham is worth two in the bush. Lyle gave a big party for his Mom and Pop at the recent Benefit Ball at the Coconut Grove, and the old folks had a swell time cavorting with the young folks.

DURING the recent rains in Hollywood—and, my children, in Southern California it never rains but it pours—a Paramount writer was wending his weary way home from the studio through oceans of water and slush, when suddenly a strange apparition met his eye.

Across the street from his own Toluca Lake home, he saw a dozen or more people gathered clubbily together under a dozen or more umbrellas, and gazing with awed fascination into the kitchen window of Mr. George Brent's home, while the rain went pitty pat. Consumed with curiosity the writer joined the group and saw: Greta Garbo cooking dinner for George Brent.

The writer told me that he had never seen such a gay, carefree, charming Greta in all his life and she was tossing potatoes and pans about in delightful abandon. With the rain dripping relentlessly down his neck he joined the party of looker-onners and peeked until Greta—aw, shucks—pulled the shade down.

MARLENE DIETRICH may be the quintessence of glamour and exotic beauty but there are those little "homey" touches about her which endear her to her co-workers. She came on the "Caprice Espagnole" set the other day, looking divinely beautiful, when she saw her hairdresser, Nellie, struggling with a blouse she was making. "Nellie, that is all wrong," said Marlene, and proceeded to hold up production while she gave Nellie a special fitting.

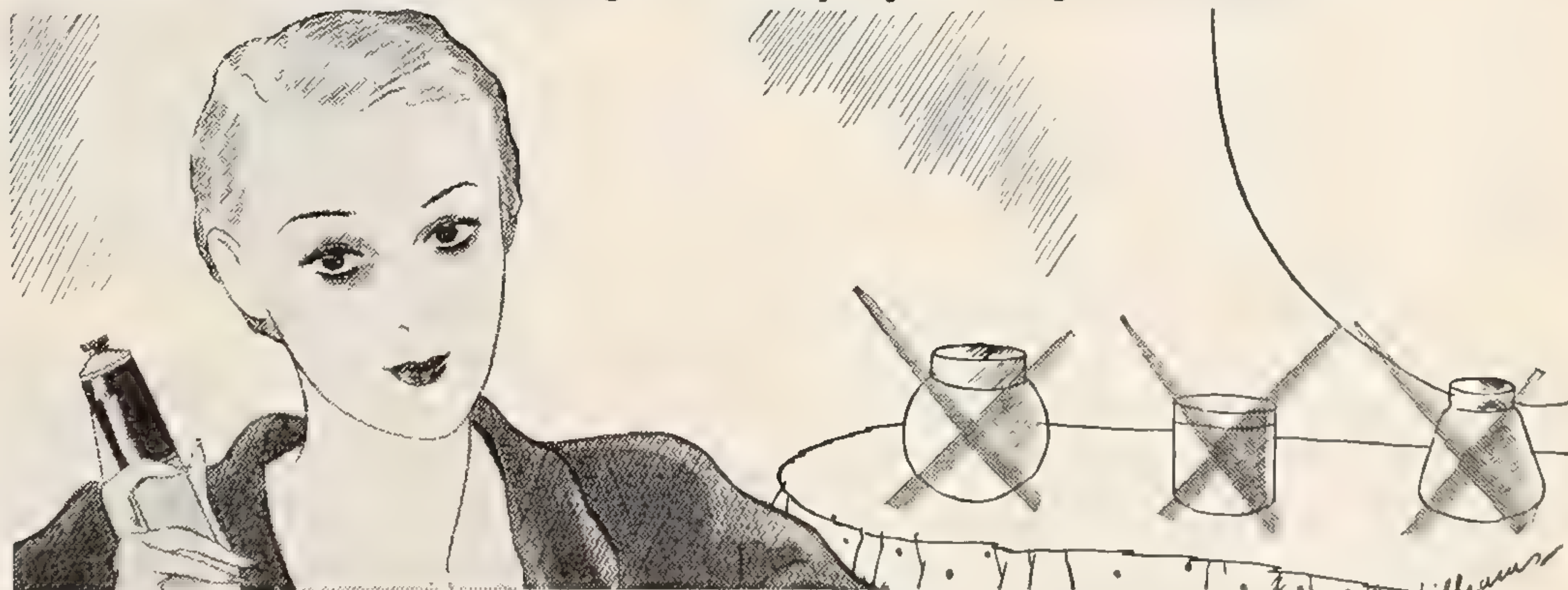
RICHARD DIX is one Hollywood actor who can truthfully say that his ancestors came over with the Pilgrims. It is reported that Dix will portray the romantic and colorful life of his ancestor, Colonel John Brimmer, on the screen. History books didn't say much about Brimmer, but it was really he who saved the colonists from death at the hands of the Indians, because he learned so much about savage warfare during the seven years they held him captive.

"Nothing helped my dry skin, until.."

says Miss E. L. of Pittsburgh, Pa.



"I have a very tender but dry skin and many of the creams on the market, even the expensive ones, only irritated it more."



YOU use a cleansing cream to remove dirt. You should remove dirt from the pores, for otherwise this dirt may lead to blackheads, enlarged pores, rough skin.

You massage your cream deep into the skin. Then you wipe it off. But all of the cream does not wipe away... *part stays in the pores.* And because part does remain, it is vitally important what that cream contains. So we made a face cream that *does more* than remove dirt and make-up. It is truly revolutionary!

You see, scientists have at last discovered what happens to skin as you grow older. They have found that *all* young skin contains a certain *natural* substance which acts to lubricate the skin... keep it soft and radiantly alive. As skin grows older, this precious substance decreases.

We searched the world for this natural substance and found at *great expense* that it could be obtained in *pure* form. Then we found a way to put this rare element into

a new face cream! We named the new cream Junis Facial Cream. And we called the rare, natural substance Sebisol. No other cream contains Sebisol. When applied externally, this natural substance again softens and lubricates the skin.

Results astonished women. Women of twenty were delighted to feel the freshness and smoothness it gave to their skin. Older women, especially, rejoiced to see ugly blemishes begin to disappear. In their place came a lustrous, glowing, healthy skin that "over 30" women had never hoped to see again.

We invite you to use Junis Cream regularly as an all-purpose cosmetic. Then watch results. You need no other cream. For Junis cleans perfectly, gently. In addition, it contains Sebisol... to soften, lubricate, beautify. See what this new kind of cream can do for *your* skin. Junis Cream is on sale at all toilet goods counters.



JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

To the Lovely Lady

IN THIS PICTURE



LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood. And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom... old as womankind itself... and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June... and every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still... and to keep her that way!

Among these aids... and you're very wise... is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose... to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health... constipation... to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And... this is so important!... Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
825 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

The Winning Movie Titles

\$100—FIRST PRIZE

Awarded to M. Mackendrick, Box 31, Mill Valley, Calif.

Titles submitted:

1. Friendship
2. Lady at Large

SECOND PRIZE

Tecla Pearl Necklace

Awarded to Mrs. Martha Holman, 3515 Oregon St., St. Louis, Mo.

Titles submitted:

1. Yours to Date
2. Just Once More



THIRD PRIZE

Remington Portable Typewriter

Awarded to Helen Baker, Belding, Mich.

Titles submitted:

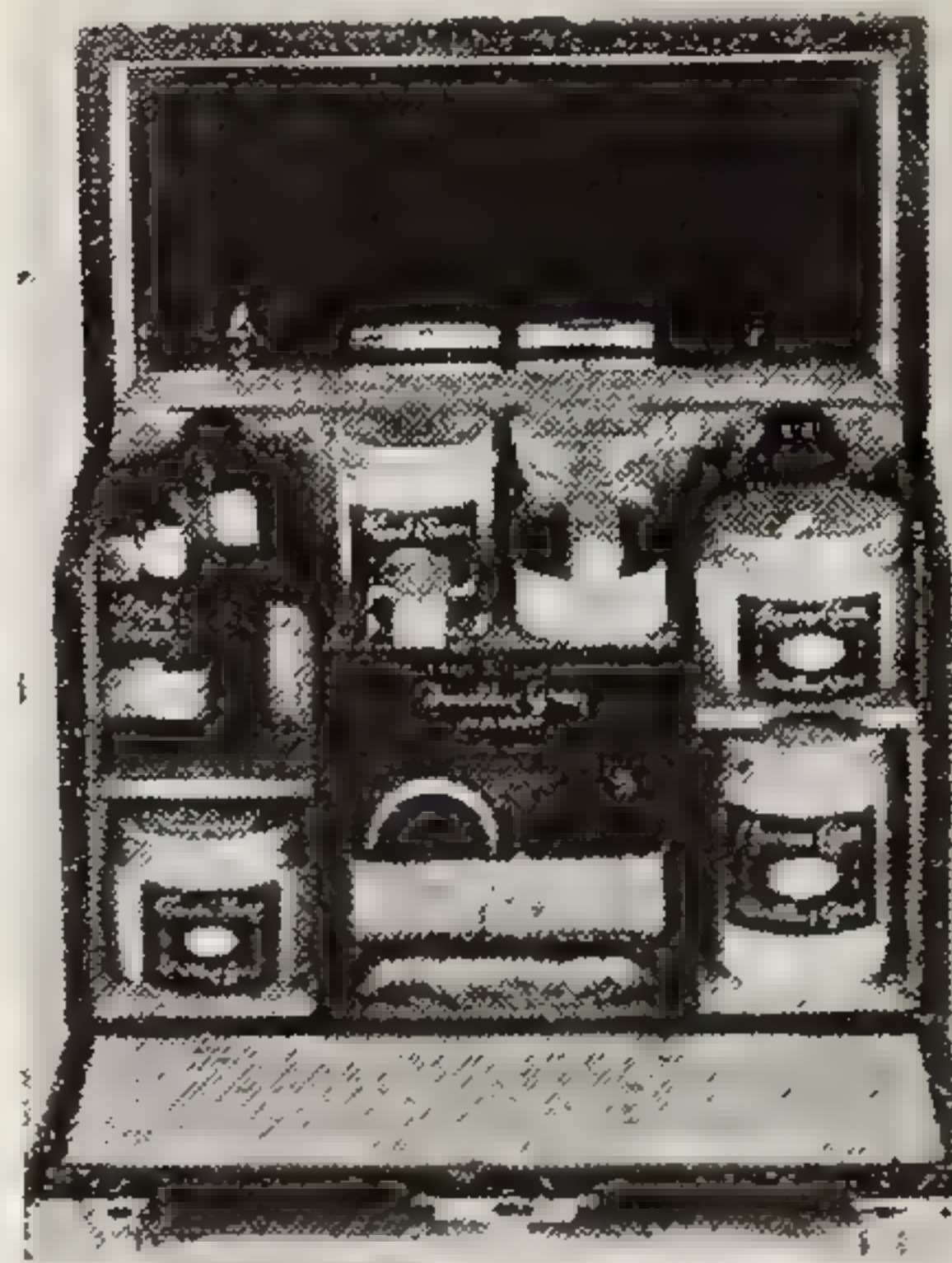
1. Nice Girl
2. Hello! Beautiful



FOURTH PRIZE

Dorothy Gray Make-up Kit

Awarded to Barbara Budlong, 622 N. Court St., Rockford, Ill.



Titles submitted:

1. Take Me for Example
2. My Desire

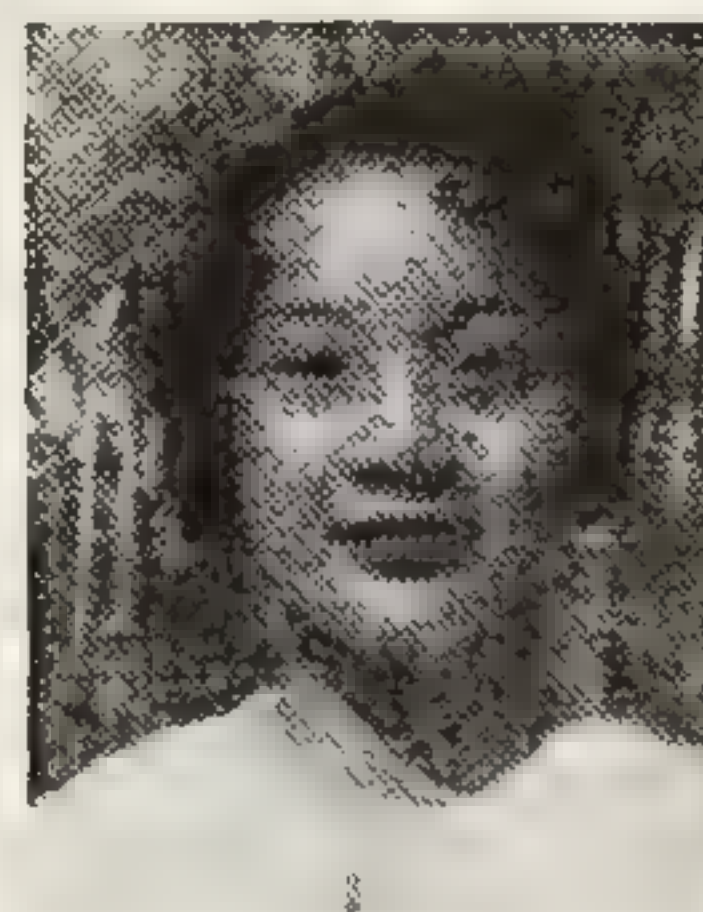
FIFTH PRIZE

Woman's Bulova Wrist Watch

Awarded to Flora S. Wong, Box 1654, Clifton, Ariz.

Titles submitted:

1. Shape Ahoy!
2. Cupid's Triumph



Man's Bulova Wrist Watch

Awarded to Frank A. Connelly, 22 East 62nd St., New York, N. Y.

Titles submitted:

1. Padlocked in Paradise
2. The Stag and Eve

EIGHTH PRIZE

The Winners of the Four Bottles of Vigney Perfume "Heure Intime"

Edith Rasmusson, 105 Canal St., Placerville, Calif.
C. S. Shackelford, 13 Lowndes, Charleston, S. C.

Margaret Van Plancke, O. Henry Hotel, Greensboro, N. C.
Allene Wilson, 1159 Green, San Francisco, Calif.

NINTH PRIZE

The Winners of the Twelve Waterman No. 94 Fountain Pens:

James O. Banks, 602 No. Jackson, Little Rock, Ark.
H. L. Beem, 149 Aberdeen Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Durward Bracken, 206 Judah St., San Francisco, Calif.
Ken. Broughton, 2712 Stone Park Blvd., Sioux City, Ia.
John Chrusch, P. O. Box 29, Hazleton, Pa.
Albert Clarkson, 34-7th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Will S. Gidley, 34 Dorchester St., Springfield, Mass.
Prentice Meador, 1122 McAlpine, Nashville, Tenn.
Harold Petersen, 2040 Farnam, Omaha, Nebr.
Jo'n Rae, Old Farm, No. Stonington, Conn.
Monroe Hood Stinson, 1742-12th Ave., Oakland, Calif.
C. R. Wirth, U-division, U.S.S. Louisville, c/o B.M.N.Y.

TENTH PRIZE

The Winners of the Twelve Waterman Lady Patricia Fountain Pens:

Mrs. Louis Bright, 2522 Donald, Alton, Ill.
B. B. Clements, 10618 Shale Ave., Cleveland, O.

Eva S. Davidson, 520 W. Elm, River Falls, Wis.
S. Fischbein, 816 Wash. Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Best Titles Received

Lady at Large
Yours to Date
Hello! Beautiful
Take Me for Example
Shape Ahoy!
The Stag and Eve
Person to Person
Shanty Boy

All prize winning titles become the property of Universal Pictures Corporation.

SIXTH PRIZE



Oneida Community Silverware Chest

Awarded to Rose A. Mansfield, 34 Maple St., Springfield, Mass.

Titles submitted:

1. Human Dynamo
2. Person to Person



SEVENTH PRIZE Ciro's Perfume



Awarded to Elaine Kingsley, 3513 Whitehouse Pl., Los Angeles, Cal.

Titles submitted:

1. Shanty Boy
2. Glorified

Lila Fosness, 62 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Fredrica Hauth, 1206 Main, Kansas City, Mo.
 Ruth Johnstone, 528 So. Dakota, Butte, Mont.
 R. Lansky, 2416 Neptune Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Esther Moses, 2020 Cornell Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.
 P. Rhoades, King George Rd., Pennington, N. J.
 Leola Smith, 2218 Isabella, Houston, Tex.
 A. Walters, 3005 Azle Ave., Ft. Worth, Tex.

ELEVENTH PRIZE

The Winners of the Twenty-five Lenthieric Combination Compacts and Lipsticks:

Catherine Benoit, 219 N. 1st St., Gas City, Ind.
 V. Collins, 2036 Richardson St., Montreal, Can.
 Mrs. P. J. Countryman, 327 Chestnut St., Liberty, N. Y.
 Mrs. Ruth Duquette, 90-20 Sutphin Blvd., Jamaica, L. I.
 Kathryn Fuller, 464 Grand St., Winona, Minn.
 Elise Gibson, 5510 Wayne Ave., Baltimore, Md.
 Ellen Gordon, 83 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Elsa Harris, 637 Crescent, Brockton, Mass.
 Mrs. Merle Hawkins, 902 W. 4th St., McCook, Nebr.
 Antoinette Jamieson, 114 W. 238th St., New York, N. Y.
 Leah Jkes, 4224 Red Bud, St. Louis, Mo.
 Cele Karos, 1631 Grand Ave., Racine, Wisc.
 Beverly Keyser, Box 152, Stephenville, Tex.
 Lucille G. LeTray, 54 Maine, Carthage, N. Y.
 Beatrice Macklin, 1501 W. 82nd St. Chicago, Ill.
 Hattie Ruth Merrill, 452 Kentucky Ave., Berkeley, Calif.
 Mrs. W. W. Montgomery, 451 So. White, Kansas City, Mo.
 Mrs. G. Moscatelli, 215 W. 259th St., Riverdale, N. Y.
 D. Norris, 2713 Hampshire Rd., Cleveland, O.
 Harriette D. Orr, 721 N. Irwin, Hanford, Calif.
 Louise Panaia, 41 Olive St., Springfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Irving L. Scott, Sonora, Calif.
 A. Thane, 55 Highland St., Winchendon, Mass.
 Dorothy L. Tinkis, 307 Mosher, Bay City, Mich.
 E. W. Winters, 77 Cherry St., Holyoke, Mass.

TWELFTH PRIZE

The Winners of the Twenty-five Ronson Cigarette Lighters:

Mary Adams, 537-7th St., Muskegon Hts., Mich.
 John S. Antkowiak, 122 Sears, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Mildred C. Paum, Patterson Hgts., Beaver Falls, Pa.
 Jane Bishir, 983 Manhattan, Dayton, Ohio.
 Jean Bomer, 3910 E. 71st St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 W. Ray Booth, Main St., Lynch, Ky.
 Herbert N. Cram, 718 N. W. 1st St., Miami, Fla.
 Margaret Ewart, 6920 S. W. Burlingame, Portland, Ore.
 R. Gerofsky, 77 Spadina Ave., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.
 Shirley Greenwald, 24 Gorham, Rochester, N. Y.
 Betty Greenwell, R-5, Owensboro, Ky.
 Marjorie E. Hammond, Pleasant St., Essex Jct., Vt.
 Laurel Hawker, 1317 Hermosa Ave., Alta Loma, Calif.
 R. D. Joyce, 337 Lenox Avenue, Oakland, Cal.
 W. J. Kelker, Fifth St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 H. M. Keyes, 712 Walnut St., Fostoria, O.
 F. E. Mallory, 1342 Curtis St., Akron, O.
 Thelma Manson, 208 W. 27th St., Lorain, Ohio.
 V. Neff, 3446 N. Meridian, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Miss Ruth A. Nemec, 12016 Holborn Ave., Cleveland, O.
 Mrs. Anne Nepple, 2809 Ruckle St. #2, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Grace F. Parsons, 2400 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
 Clare L. Regar, 310 Am. Casualty Bldg., Reading, Pa.
 Dorothy Schotz, 205 Lee Hall, San Antonio, Tex.
 John A. Wellman, 411 E. Poplar, Sayre, Okla.

THIRTEENTH PRIZE

A special Consolation Prize of Martha Washington Colonielle Vanities in attractive cases of silver and black with a specially designed powder compartment. The Martha Washington Colonielle Vanities have been sent to the following:

Ruth T. Aman, 415 Hawthorne Rd., Roland Pk., Baltimore, Md.
 Betty Barry, 2280 S. W. 3rd St., Miami, Fla.
 Louise Buehler, 503-10th St., Carlstadt, N. J.
 Mrs. John Bush, Lake View, Port Henry, N. Y.
 F. G. Chaine, 527 Winthrop, New Haven, Conn.
 Velma R. Coles, R. D. #2, Fulton, N. Y.
 R. R. Corry, 249 E. 52nd St., New York, N. Y.
 J. Dorsch, 102 Prospect Ave., Irvington, N. J.
 Paul R. Fertig, 3937 Texas, San Diego, Cal.
 B. Frederick, 48 Macfarlan Ave., Hawthorne, N. J.
 Marie A. Gleason, 845 Main, Worcester, Mass.
 Anita Havens, Box #1, Colorado, Tex.
 W. E. Hoffmann, 3628 N. 13th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Mrs. Lee Jester, 218 S. 15th St., Corsicana, Tex.
 R. G. Jorgenson, 406 S. Madison, Stoughton, Wis.
 P. S. Lippold, 3332 Gwynns Falls Py., Baltimore, Md.
 H. A. Lockwood, 1505 Oxford St., Berkeley, Cal.
 B. Pickrell, 416 Lincoln Way E., S. Bend, Ind.
 Kathleen Powell, Lucky Lake, Sask., Can.
 Annette Rosens, 2730 Cortland, Detroit, Mich.
 Mrs. F. Scheeren, 4353 Gunther, New York.
 Leah Stevens, 42 Linda Ave., Oakland, Cal.
 Jane Stevenson, 430 Pittsburgh Cir., Ellwood City, Pa.
 C. Van Court, 220 W. 46th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
 J. Whisenant, 853 Highland Ave., Massillon, O.



Keep **MIRROR FRESH**

WITH MARVELOUS FACE POWDER!

WHEN your big moment comes, will you grab for your powder puff, long for a mirror—be fussed and nose-conscious—and spoil it?

Or, will your complexion be *mirror fresh*—as soft and lovely as it was when you left your mirror? It will—if you're wearing Marvelous!

Marvelous Face Powder is a Richard Hudnut product—made with a brand-new ingredient never discovered for powder before. It makes the powder cling longer than any you ever tried.

Don't take our word for it—take our samples! They cost you nothing (a

mere 6¢ for postage and packing). Just write to Richard Hudnut, Dept. 3, Fifth Avenue, New York City, enclose two 3¢ stamps, say you'd like to try Marvelous Face Powder. We'll send you four generous sample boxes, in four different shades—one is sure to be just right for your skin. We'll enclose a make-up guide, too—to help you choose.

Or don't wait for the postman. The name is MARVELOUS. The maker is Richard Hudnut. The price—for the full-size box—is only 55¢. Drop in at the nearest drug or department store!

New Discovery

BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NOW MAKES FACE POWDER

STAY ON FROM

4 to 6 HOURS

(BY ACTUAL TEST)



MARVELOUS Face Powder **55¢**

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED



THE FINISHING TOUCH

Ho!...for the season of galoshes, sneezes, sniffles—and overheated rooms. Hurray for **KOOLS**, the cigarette that refreshes and soothes your sorely tried winter throat! Mildly mentholated: your throat never gets dry. Cork-tipped: **KOOLS** don't stick to your lips. B & W coupon in each pack good for gilt-edge Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Reviews [Continued from page 49]

and Theodore von Eltz—which house is ruled by Charles Sellon, a crusty, invalid uncle who waves his will to get things he wants.

Shirley is the pal of the boys down at the flying field, and when her mother is killed on Christmas Day, Jimmy Dunn and the other boys adopt her and take her to live with them at the flying field. But old Uncle Sellon interferes, and Shirley hides in a plane and gets caught out in the most terrific storm you've ever seen. Of course, there's a happy ending with Shirley drawing Uncle Sellon, Jimmy Dunn and his girl, Judith Allen, all together as one big happy family. Shirley and Jimmy Dunn make one of the screen's best teams.

ONE HOUR LATE

Rating: 68°—GRAND COMEDY—Paramount

A PERFECTLY swell little comedy, without any pretensions or chichi, but my, my, how you will like it. Joe Morrison, of "The Last Round-Up" fame and who made such a hit in "The Old-Fashioned Way," is featured this time, along with Helen Twelvetrees, and makes one of the most charming young leading men we've met on the screen in a long time. Joe has personality, good looks, and best of all a voice that is a voice. There are those around Hollywood who do say he's better than Crosby, but you can argue that out for yourself.

Joe and Helen are just two young people who punch the clock and draw their twenty-dollars a week in one of New York's big skyscraper offices. Helen has ideas about wealth so she throws Joe over and goes on the make for Conrad Nagel, her boss, and one of the most delightful scenes in the picture is where Conrad teaches Helen to eat an artichoke. There's an exciting and thrilling scene in an elevator stuck in the Tower, with most of the characters in the picture deciding not to do what they were going to do. Arlene Judge is swell as one of the file clerks. And there's Toby Wing.

BEHOLD MY WIFE

Rating: 66°—AND LIES AND LIES AND LIES—Paramount

AND behold a very good picture, even though it does have a plot that's no more sophisticated than Joe Penner's duck. It sort of reminds you of the good old silent days when socially prominent young men (usually Warner Baxter) got disappointed in love and went to the Indians (usually Lupe Velez). But my, my, with everybody on the screen trying to talk like the *Thin Man* lately (and not succeeding) it's rather refreshing to have something naive and dramatic like "Behold My Wife."

Anyway, Gene Raymond is a wealthy and socially prominent young man who is sincerely in love with a stenographer, but his nasty old aristocratic family, headed by Laura Hope Crews, succeeds in breaking up the romance, and thereby causes the death of the little stenographer.

Gene, furious with his family, goes on a spree and wakes up in New Mexico, where he is being nursed back to health by a beautiful Indian girl—Sylvia Sidney, to be sure. To spite his family (he has a family complex) he marries the Indian girl and takes her home.

Ah, then comes the drama. Gene's sister kills a man and Sylvia, who has learned that Gene only married her to disgrace his family, takes the blame to save the girl. Then Gene discovers that he is really in love with his Indian wife, so he confesses to the murder to save her. And then the detectives, thank goodness, discover that everybody is lying, and so there's your happy ending.

SWEET ADELINE

Rating: 64°—IRENE DUNNE SINGS—Warners

BACK to the gay nineties! But this time not so terrifically gay, unfortunately. However, lovely Irene Dunne is given an opportunity to sing at least six beautiful ditties, including "Why Was I Born?" which always gets me, so what more can you ask of life?

Irene plays a very respectable young girl who serves beer and sings songs in her father's Hoboken beer garden. Donald Woods, poor but proud song writer, is in love with her, and persuades her to go to New York and become the prima donna of his operetta, which, tsch-tsch, is financed by Louis Calhern, who has evil designs on the lovely and innocent Irene, the old roué. But true love finds a way.

Hugh Herbert, as a scion of one of New York's first families, is at his best and practically steals the picture. Nydia Westman also contributes nicely to the comedy. Irene, in bustles and sweeping trains and big hats of the nineties, looks utterly beautiful and sings exquisitely. One dance ensemble is about the most gorgeous thing you've ever seen. Phil Regan, Noah Beery, Ned Sparks, Joseph Cawthorn and Wini Shaw complete the cast.

HERE IS MY HEART

Rating: 62°—BING CROSBY—Paramount

JUDGING from the ovation that Bing received from the preview audience in Westwood the other night, just the minute his name was flashed on the screen it was quite evident that he is the fair-haired boy of the movies. Many a leading man would give his bottom dollar to get a hand like that. But Bing's dialogue writers, alas and alack, aren't as good to him as his public. There are situations and gags in his new picture that just don't come off. Somebody fumbled—but it wasn't Bing.

This time your favorite crooner plays a young millionaire who turns waiter so he can woo the Princess Alexandra, one of those exiled Russians with a lot of swank and no money. He gets involved with her scheming, bankrupt family, and he and the princess have a fine time telling each other off, until love finds a way. Kitty Carlisle is lovely as the princess and sings beautifully.

Roland Young, Alison Skipworth, and Reginald Owen are the other royal refugees, and heaven knows you couldn't ask for better comedians than they are, but bad dialogue has an awful way of holding up the fun. Bing has several grand new songs, one about "I feel like June in January" which will please you tremendously.

THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD

Rating: 58°—DRAMA—Universal

CLAUDE RAINS, who made such a hit in "Crime Without Passion," plays the lead in this picture and gets our vote now for being one of the most talented and exciting actors on the screen. The story's about a young married couple, Claude Rains and Joan Bennett, who live in Paris, in 1914.

To please his wife, Rains accepts a job on an anti-war newspaper, published by the ambitious and slimy Mr. Lionel Atwill. Rains' editorials against war are a great success, until Atwill double-crosses him and sells his newspapers to the munition interests.

In the meantime, Atwill has fallen in love with the beautiful Joan Bennett, and very carefully sees that her husband is kept at the front. Rains hears of his former friend's treachery, arrives in Paris during a terrific air-raid, and reeks his vengeance on the man who destroyed him. It's terribly intense and dramatic, and splendidly acted.

She's Ginger!

[Continued from page 15]

assignment by a newspaper—those were frenzied wartime days—and she had to leave for Europe in four hours. She was frantic, she wouldn't have time to take her baby to her mother's in Kansas City, and she just couldn't afford to give up the job because they needed money so badly.

Little Ginger, realizing her mother's anguish, announced that she would go to Kansas City alone. And so she did, except for her doll, and she made the change in Chicago, and finally arrived in Kansas City. A nice looking middle-aged woman came up to her on the train and said, "Child, you are to come with me. I will take you to your grandmother." "No, ma'am," said Ginger, "I can't go with you. My mamma told me not to move from this train until my grandmother came for me." "But, dear," the lady insisted, "they won't let your grandmother come down the stairs. She's in the waiting room and I will take you to her. I belong to the Travelers Aid." "Well," said Ginger cautiously, "let me see your badge."

That's Ginger for you at seven, and that's Ginger for you at twenty-three. A sane, level-headed young lady who takes no wooden nickels. Many a stage door play-boy, many a snappy salesman, many a fast-talking director has had the little Rogers girl ask to see his badge, figuratively speaking.

Although Ginger was born in Independence, Missouri, and spent her early childhood in Washington and Kansas City, it was in Fort Worth, Texas, that she passed most of her school days, and it was there that she first won recognition as a dancer.

Along with several other school girls she won a Charleston Contest held by a local theatre and was offered a contract by Paramount to tour the United States in stage shows. Ginger's red hair and green eyes, not to mention her no mean ability as a dancer and singer, quickly put her over with the public and she became known as "the personality girl." This tour all over the country cured Ginger of any desire to travel again for a long long time. Just recently has she decided that it might be fun to go to Europe. After the movie house shows came legitimate musical comedies in New York with Ginger well on her way to becoming another Marilyn Miller, when the ole debbil movies got her.

Her first picture was made at the Paramount studio in Astoria, Long Island, and it also happened to be the first picture for Norman Foster, and very nearly the first for Claudette Colbert. The picture was "Young Man of Manhattan" and Ginger played *Puff Randolph*, the collegiate vamp, and to this day *Puff* is still her favorite screen rôle. Claudette and Norman were newly weds in those days and Ginger says that when Norman and she did their love scenes the director, Monte Bell, would have to get Claudette off the set before Norman could remember his art.

Ginger has two major ambitions right now: one is to become a great writer and the other is to become a great actress. She has ideas, grand ideas, for stories and plays but she feels that she lacks the vocabulary to express them properly. So she bought a dictionary, a big shiny dictionary for her mother's birthday present. Everytime she reads a book, which is every night, Ginger underlines words in the book that she doesn't know the meaning of. Then she will look them up in the dictionary, write down the meanings, and memorize the words and their meanings.

This habit of Ginger's, though really quite praiseworthy, is rather annoying to Mrs. Rogers and Cousin Phyllis, as you have

To prevent this!

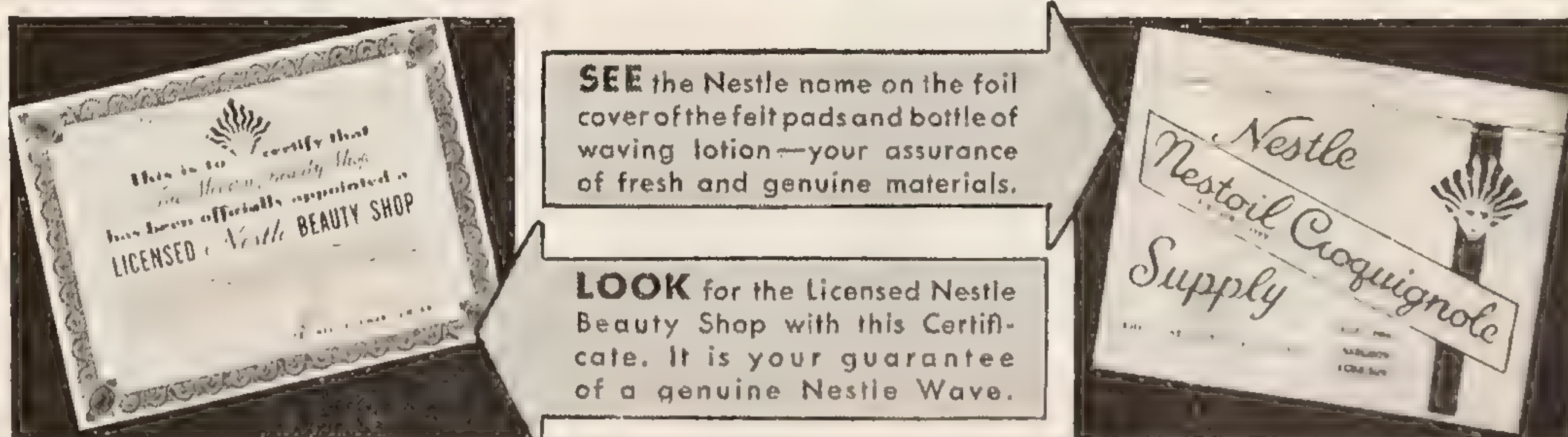


Insist and see that clean, fresh pads are used on your hair!

Don't take chances with your hair. The risk is too dreadful; the penalties too severe. Falling hair, scalp infection, loss of lustre and hair vitality are a high price to pay for any permanent. All too frequently they follow the use of improper materials and the alarming practice some shops employ of using the same pads repeatedly, thus transferring hair and scalp disorders of another woman's head to your own. Most women are unaware of such

things but Nestle feels that the facts should be known. For Nestle is thoroughly protecting you against unsanitary and dangerous waves. To those beauty shops guaranteeing the use of genuine Nestle materials, Nestle has issued a certificate that readily identifies them as a Licensed Nestle Shop. Look for it when you enter a beauty shop. It is your assurance that sanitary conditions in permanent waving prevail at that shop.

THE NESTLE-LE MUR COMPANY • NEW YORK



SEE the Nestle name on the foil cover of the felt pads and bottle of waving lotion—your assurance of fresh and genuine materials.

LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave.

Nestle

**SCIENTIFIC
PERMANENT WAVE**



Are you a SHADOW- Hunter?

● Does your complexion cause you to seek the concealment of dim lights and shadows? Are you a "shadow hunter?" Then remember this: Regardless of how much officework or housework you do—regardless of climate or the "hardness" of your water—Campana's Italian Balm bears this *guarantee*: "To banish dry, rough, red or chapped skin *more quickly* and at *less expense* than anything you have ever used before."... This famous skin protector has been sold in winter-loving Canada for over 40 years and is still the largest selling preparation of its kind in the entire Dominion. Largest seller also in the United States in thousands of cities coast to coast.... Try it at our expense. Use the coupon. (Bottles—35c, 60c, and \$1.00; tubes—25c; at drug and department stores.)

Campana's
**Italian
Balm**
THE ORIGINAL
SKIN SOFTENER



FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.,
3702 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY
SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd.,
SU-2 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

no idea how disconcerting it is to be reading a book and find it all marked up. Mrs. Rogers says that "Nijinsky" was something awful, and she just had to get herself another copy. Ginger's literary activities began when she was about ten years old. "The Oaktree and Her Children" was her first literary offspring, and quite good too. A few years ago Ginger wrote the music and lyrics of a song called "The Girl Who Used to Be You," for which she is still getting royalty checks. The first royalty check was for \$4.41 and she framed it.

Ginger's pet hates are personal appearances, bridge, people who read over her shoulder, stamps that don't stick—and a pencil without an eraser can throw her into a fury. She likes all out-door sports and excels in all of them. Right now the fad is bowling, and when Lew and Ginger go over to the Beverly Hills bowling alley the old-timers stare in open-mouthed amazement. She can even beat Fay Wray at ping pong, and to beat Fay Wray at ping pong means that you are tops in Hollywood. She plays a mean game of tennis and swims like Johnny Weissmuller. Ginger is a real sport and likes to beat, but she knows how galling it is to men to be beat constantly by a dame so she often throws the game, but not noticeably, so that her opponent can win. Poor Lew doesn't know when he is really beating Ginger or when she is just letting him beat her to keep his pride.

She is never so happy as when she is puttering around with a can of paint. Before Lew and she married she had the line concession on his tennis court. Every week she would arrive with her paint and paint new lines. Then would come the flower pots and the furniture, and then, when every thing for yards around was all done up fresh, poor Ginger would just have to content herself with sketches in water colors.

Ginger has very few close friends, because she doesn't like to go to gay parties and she doesn't like to give them. Lew and she are exactly alike in that respect. Mrs. Rogers made them go to an important dinner party one evening and they haven't finished grouching about it yet. "The only thing that was settled the entire evening," said Lew, "was that Garbo was a great actress. I'd rather bowl."

Her favorite novelists are Somerset Maugham and Katharine Brush. Emeralds are her favorite jewels, though it happens to be diamonds that she owns. She likes to go to night clubs in New York but Hollywood rarely sees her in the night spots. She's at home with the dictionary or a can of paint, most likely, while Lew plays to her on the piano. Ginger is very self-conscious and nearly has a fit when people stare at her. If you hurt her feelings she never shows it, but will wait until she goes to bed that night to cry. She acquired that habit when she was a little girl.

While she was visiting her grandmother in Kansas City, those lonely months while her mother was away at the Front, Ginger wrote many letters, one, especially, which I think shows her unselfish love and consideration of her mother. Not often do you find that trait in a child. But remember, in those days Ginger and her mother often lived on eight and nine dollars a week. "Dear Mamma," Ginger wrote, "I heard a train whistling today and I said on that train is my mamma but you were not on that train. Today granddaddy and I made a garden. We planted reddishes and lettuce and some bets and half of it is mine. I hurt my finger and it is wound up but it don't hurt so bad. When you come home I would like you to bring me a doll and a doll buggy. If you can't afford to bring the buggy it is all right and if you can't buy a doll that is all right too. your darlinest daughter, Virginia."

Who'll Buy My Players?

[Continued from page 21]

signed the little lady for "Little Miss Marker" just before Shirley Temple raised her curly head in film circles. Producers decided that they preferred Shirley for the rôle... but they were obliged to pay the wee Miss Collins, nevertheless. Cora Sue's agents wangled a colorful two-reeler for her at Metro and that resulted in securing for her the rôle in "Queen Christina"... and that rôle put small Cora Sue into the big money class.

Even when an actress achieves the prominence of a Claudette Colbert—or, perhaps, especially when she reaches that status—her agent is important to her. Remember when Claudette's contract was finished with Paramount, and she received the offer to make that delightful picture, "It Happened One Night," for Columbia? She wanted very much to make that picture and she also wanted to make the equally successful "Imitation of Life" for Universal. At the time, it looked as if re-signing with Paramount would destroy her chances at both these productions. And just here her agents, Schulberg-Feldman, entered the picture. They arranged her new contract with Paramount so that it called for a stipulated number of pictures a year, and so that she could free lance in her spare time. Thus was Claudette enabled to give us those two delightful performances in pictures off her home lot. And thus did we, the public, profit. Smart fellows, these agents!

Imagine the mental state of a girl in the position of Gertrude Michaels not so long ago. Metro brought her to Hollywood

from New York, placed her under contract, did very little with her and failed to take up her option when it came due. Gertrude, tossed into the chill Hollywood world, could not get a job herself—not a tiny little supporting job. Schulberg-Feldman became interested in her, signed her for a short period, obtained one or two small rôles for her in independent productions... insisted upon showing these unimportant pictures to producers... and finally succeeded in selling her to Paramount under a term contract. Paramount is extremely grateful to them at this moment, and so, one imagines, is little Gertrude. She looks like one of the best finds of the past year or so!

Commenting on this episode, Charles Feldman, of that firm, told me, "We do not fuss and fret with a newcomer, however promising, for too long. Four weeks, five weeks, and if we do not land anything for her, we drop her. We cannot afford to spend the necessary time and energy unless it is going to bring in important money rather soon. That is, of course, business."

It is, of course, "business." The agents take a gamble of that sort on a newcomer on a contingency basis. If the newcomer does not develop in a short time into valuable and profitable property, the agents cannot possibly afford to expend too much time and energy and thought and effort on his development. But, can you imagine the state of mind of the actor who is on trial in this fashion? If he is truly ambitious (and if he isn't, there is no use in anyone bothering to try to sell him at all!) he is

in a state of near-hysteria during the entire probation period. The chances are that his mental state is such that he does not do himself justice in those so important tests. It is up to the clever agent to convince the wise producer that small flaws in a test performance are due to this understandable nervousness.

I learned during my peregrinations about the agents' offices that there is a dearth of leading men in pictures at the moment—that the Gene Raymonds, the Lyle Talbots, the Edward Arnolds are selling at a distinct premium. The question with regard to these young men is not, "Who'll buy my heroes?" but a wailing cry from producers about "Who has a hero to sell? Oh, who will sell me a hero?"

Of course the personal element comes into all this from time to time. As this is written there is a rumor that Katharine Hepburn may be planning to marry her agent, Leland Heyward. I know of at least two agents (one a man and one a woman) who are hopelessly in love with clients.

And then there is the story of Ad Schulberg, erstwhile wife of B. P. Schulberg, producer. Mrs. S. saw Sylvia Sidney in New York in the play called "Bad Girl." She was interested in the actress, convinced of her possibilities and promise, and also convinced that she had picture possibilities. "Ad" worked for months to convince her producer-husband that the little Sidney was a picture bet and that he should sign her. She finally succeeded.

Later the Schulbergs separated and there were rumors for a year or two that Sylvia, a full-fledged picture star, was Mr. Schulberg's newest and biggest heart throb. The Schulbergs are re-united now and there may be something ironic in this; B. P. is still producing Sylvia's pictures, Mrs. Schulberg's agency is still handling the Sidney's business, and Sylvia's next picture, under the Schulberg joint management, is to be called, "Behold My Wife!"

The beauty brokers, the mendicants of magnetism, the merchants of talent are among the most powerful, the most important people in Hollywood. More important to most players, perhaps, than producers. They are often the guides of film destinies. Pioneers, sometimes. Mentors to their clients, always. They have been responsible for our seeing interesting people on the screen, people we might not have seen without their help. Had it not been for these merchants of beauty and talent, we might have missed some excellent performances, some glamorous personalities, in the past few years.

Well . . . who'll buy my heroes? What am I bid . . . what am I bid . . . ?

Correct Answers to the Puzzle Pictures on Page 29

1. "Caravan"
2. "David Copperfield"
3. "Judge Priest"
4. "Broadway Bill"
5. "Imitation of Life"
6. "Covered Wagon"
7. "Happiness Ahead"
8. "Merry Widow"
9. "We Live Again"



*If everyone in this office
uses Pepsodent Antiseptic (as used in recent tests)*

there should be 50% fewer colds!

*New way in "cold prevention" pointed out in revealing tests with
500 people. Facts on how effective Pepsodent Antiseptic really is.*

If what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this office there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records. . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this office, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

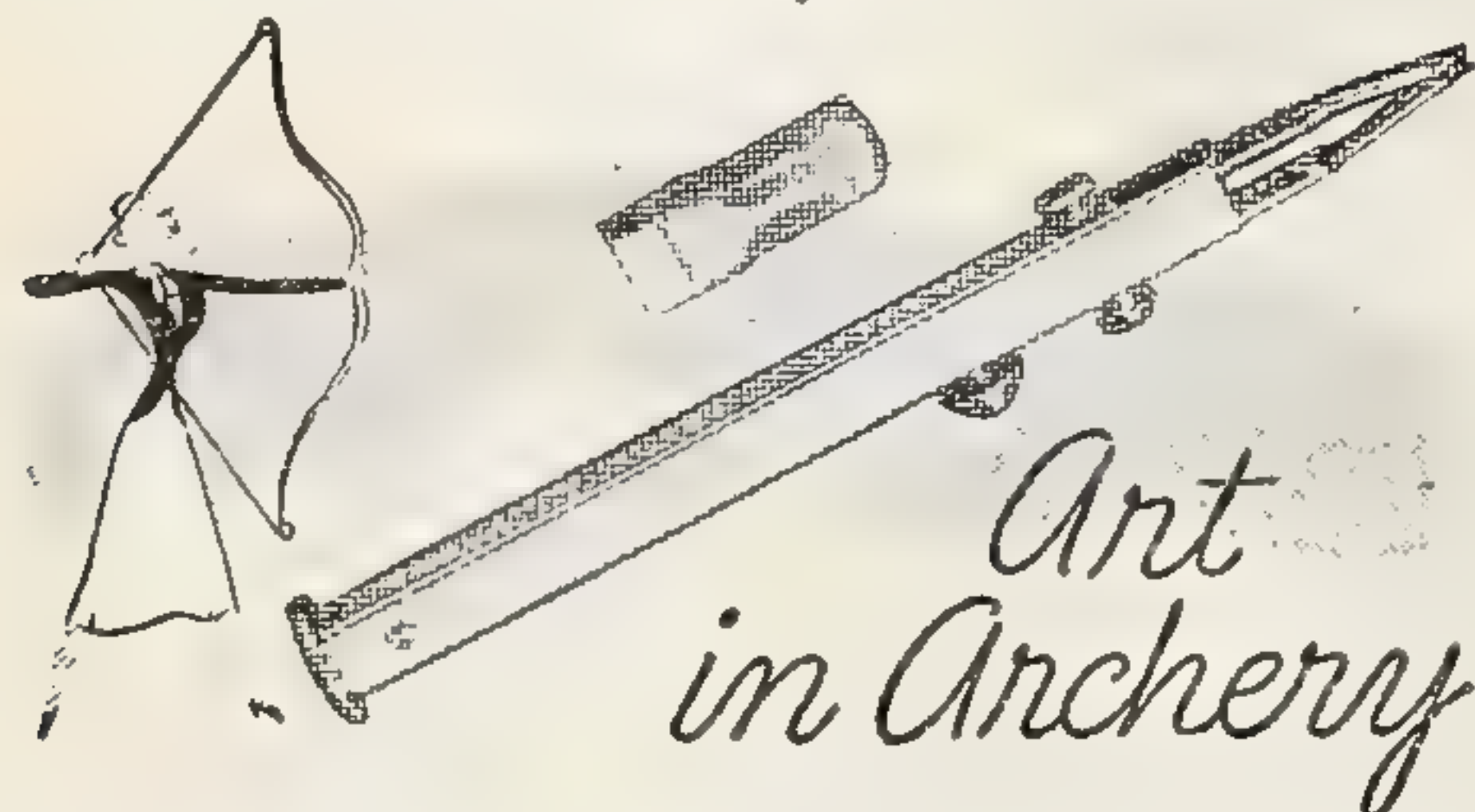
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



CAN EVERY MAN you know name the color of your eyes, this minute? If not, you are not making good in the beauty game and it's time to *take steps*. You might take to *Kurlash* too. Slip your lashes into this fascinating little implement—press for an instant—and presto! They're curled back like a movie star's, looking *twice* as long, dark and glamorous. Notice how they frame your eyes, deepening and accentuating the color! No heat—no practice—no cosmetics . . . and Kurlash costs just \$1 too!



JANE L. is right when she writes that it's worth the trouble to pluck her brows slightly along the upper line because it makes her eyes seem larger. But the reddened skin and discomfort she complains about are caused by using an old-fashioned tweezer. Do you know *Tweezette*? It works automatically, plucking out the straggly offending hair, accurately and instantly, without even a twinge. It costs \$1 in any good store.



RUTH W. brushes her eyelashes when she does her hair. Not 100 strokes a day—simply an instant's brushing with a compound of beneficial oils called Kurlene (\$1). You'll be surprised how much silkier, softer and darker looking it will make yours too!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department D-2, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copyright 1934 T. K. Co.

The Days When I "Posed"

[Continued from page 18]

trousers. A very liberal and extremely gifted man. He was also very excitable.

The first time I ever worked for him he required me to sit on the floor, legs crossed, propped up on one arm and holding a book with the other. Ordinarily a model would pose for three-quarters of an hour and then rest for ten or fifteen minutes. But not with Mr. Underwood. Once a pose was made, you sat there until the picture was finished. I had not been told beforehand of this eccentricity, so, after two hours in the difficult position, I suggested that I get up and stretch my legs. He cautioned me to sit there a few minutes more while he finished the correct shading and shadows. But my body was so numb that suddenly, without notice, the arm on which I was propping myself gave way and I sprawled on the floor. I felt the sensations of pins and needles all over my body.

Mr. Underwood had only a few more minutes to work on the picture and he was so infuriated over my disturbing the pose that he threw his palette and brushes at me. But in a few moments he had calmed down and apologized for his display of temper.

I remember he would become so interested in his painting that instead of wiping the color off his brushes before taking on a new one, he would rub it off on his shirt, or suck it off.

The Underwood studio was on 56th Street, and often for weeks at a time he would allow me to sleep in the studio in order to save room rent. It was typically an old artist's studio, with half completed pictures and models in clay, debris scattered everywhere, dust and cobwebs. But it was a welcome home for me.

May Wilson Preston and her husband shared the same studio down in the Village. He would work in one corner and she in another. They were extremely well known for their Saturday Evening Post illustrations. I liked working for them because their butler made the most delicious muffins I ever tasted!

James Montgomery Flagg was by far the most fastidious man among the painters. As I recall him, he was always dressed as though he were going for a stroll up Fifth Avenue. I had a strange experience with him. I had met him through Arthur William Brown, one of the few men who photographs his models and then draws from the photographs, his theory being that a model can strike an action pose and hold it long enough for a photograph whereas he would not be able to hold it through long posing periods.

Mr. Flagg engaged me three days a week at five dollars a morning, whether I worked or not. This I thought swell. I worked for him a long time, doing young men, old men, and all his male characters. He cautioned me one day not to go out of town for the next three weeks, since he was using me as the central character in illustrations he was making for a serial magazine story.

The very next day after this conversation, I succeeded in getting my first stage engagement, with De Wolf Hopper in "The Better Ole." It meant that I would have to leave at once for Birmingham, Ala. When I told Mr. Flagg I was leaving town I recall he was extremely provoked. He told me to get out and stay out, and that I was an extremely ungrateful young man.

It was this incident which made me determine to break away from posing as an

occupation. I realized I was getting nowhere, either professionally or financially. Since I had been trying to get on the stage for a long time without any success I decided definitely to give up posing and devote any talent I had to the theater. However, there were many times afterward when I returned to New York that I was glad to pick up a few dollars posing.

I did a great deal of photographic posing for Mr. and Mrs. Joel Fader. Among those whom I met in the photographic studios those days were May McEvoy, Edna Murphy, Alan Simpson, Kathryn Carver, all unknown at the time except as models. It was for the Faders that I started posing for the Stetson hat ads.

Posing for photographers was pleasant work, as it required only a few minutes to make a picture and the model received five dollars. Let's suppose that in the morning you did a Stetson hat and a Munsingwear underwear ad, receiving five dollars for each of them. Then, in the afternoon, if you were fortunate, you could go to Underwood and Underwood, Winemiller and Miller, Lejarin Hiller, or others, and do a candy box cover and an Interwoven sox ad. Or maybe stand around a bathtub. That way you would pick up another five or ten dollars.

In addition to the painters I have already mentioned, I worked for and knew well—Will Gréfe, whose drawing of the Mulsified Oil ads were famous. You may remember it was a picture of a beautiful girl with long hair falling down her back, wearing a dainty negligee. The model for that picture was Billie Dove. Harry Morse Myers, whose father was the inventor of the Morse code; Orson Lowell, Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the Gibson Girl; Jack Sheridan, Howard Chandler Christy, Balbridge, well known for his drawings of the Orient; Benda, famed for his masks; Harrison Fisher, C. D. Mitchell, Emil Fuchs, Gruger. My work as a model brought me the acquaintanceship of them all.

Had it not been for the extreme generosity of Arthur William Brown just after my marriage, we might have gone hungry for a few days. He generously loaned me one hundred dollars to tide me over until my D. W. Griffith contract started.

Working for artists gave me an intense desire to some day do a little painting myself. Unfortunately, I cannot even draw a straight line. Many friendships were formed then, though, which have lasted through the years, and I always look these people up when I go to New York.

I can recall only one time when I actually "passed out" through the want of food. The artist was a young fellow; I cannot recall his name, who was new in the field. He was married and lived near Van Cortlandt Park. He was too poor to afford a studio and did his painting in his tiny living room, with his three children on the floor and drying diapers scattered around. I borrowed a nickel for the subway, from my landlady, to get there. After posing all morning leaning against the doorway, which in the picture became the edge of a cliff, I suddenly felt very dizzy and slumped to the floor unconscious. When I came to and told the painter and his wife that I hadn't had anything to eat for two days, they immediately fed me. But he never did call me back to model for him, probably figuring starving models and struggling artists do not belong together.

LYLE TALBOT sings at parties in Hollywood, and all the players applaud to make him feel good. His studio hasn't let him sing on the screen, and is Lyle warm!



The deer stole the picture from Jean Parker so now "Sequoia" becomes a wild animal special.

The Wits of Hollywood

[Continued from page 27]

about Sam Goldwyn, who informed Louis B. Mayer that his newest European importation, the charming Mady Christians, would be "colossal in a small way") and I joined a group around Una Merkel, who was getting a hasty snack in the dining room. Una had been doing re-takes on "Evelyn Prentice," with Bill and Myrna Loy, and was still in make-up. "Una," Bill said to her, passing the canapes, "You look much too smart in this picture. I'd like to see you play a good old southern heiress." "Yeah, and get the good old southern air," cracked Una.

Well, that had me in stitches, and I hope you get at least a basting thread out of it yourself.

The youngest of the Hollywood wits is none other than little two year old Baby LeRoy, who, at the rate he is going now, will grow up to be a combination Irvin S. Cobb and Dorothy Parker. Baby LeRoy's vocabulary is quite, quite limited, but he knows one word that is guaranteed to upset all studio activities immediately, and when he is just not in the "mood" for work Mr. LeRoy doesn't hesitate to use it. Frequently, ah, too frequently, on the set when the lights have been adjusted, the cameras ready to turn, and the director has called "Quiet," there is a deathlike silence, and then "Bathroom" announces Baby LeRoy.

I suppose you've heard about the time Shirley Temple was making "Baby Take a Bow" and informed her director, Harry Lachman, that if she wasn't any good in the picture she guessed the critics would call it "Baby Take a Flop." Shirley keeps her little ears open and not much goes on on the set that she doesn't hear about. While her little stand-in (Shirley calls her her "step-in") has to sit quietly in the scene for camera angles, little Miss Shirley visits around. One day she heard two of the hairdressers on the "Now and Forever" set discussing a third who had just had her appendix removed. "What's an appendix?" queried Shirley. The hairdresser, not being quite sure what an appendix was herself, said, "An organ." So Shirley ran over to Gary Cooper right away and solemnly an-

THIS TAKES THE "cuss" out of Custards!



EAGLE BRAND BAKED CUSTARD

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

$2\frac{1}{4}$ cups hot water

3 eggs

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Grating of nutmeg

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with hot water, and pour gradually over slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt. Pour in a baking pan or in custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg, place in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard, and bake about 40 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.) or until custard is set. A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done. Serves six.

● Far less chance of wateriness—or curdling—when you use this recipe. For Eagle Brand—which is milk and sugar already "cooked down"—blends smoothly with eggs, makes custard-cooking so much surer! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. SU-25, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Print name and address plainly)





Hair Men Adore

*Fascinating Glints brought out
in one shampoo!*

DON'T let drab hair make you look tired and commonplace. A single Blondex shampoo will wake up radiant charm—will fluff your hair to new, enchanting softness. Blondex is not a dye or bleach. It's a glorious shampoo-rinse—made originally for blondes—but quickly adopted by thousands with dark and medium hair—who find it brings out gleaming lights and lustre like nothing else! Wonderfully cleansing, Blondex completely removes all hair-dirt and film. Your scalp feels gloriously clean, refreshed. Your hair is not only brighter, but healthier, too! Try Blondex now—it works magic. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25¢ package, and the economical \$1 bottle.

LOSE FAT



Lost 55 lbs.

"Look ten years younger!"

WRITES MICHIGAN LADY

● Why envy other women when it is so easy to be slender! Do as Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 So. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., did. She writes: "Although I had been overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS by following the directions. I look ten years younger and never was in such excellent health as I am since taking RE-DUCE-OIDS." Others write of losing fat in varying amounts, as much as 80 pounds, and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.

NURSE REDUCES... Recommends Easy Way

● "As a Graduate Nurse I have met many people who have ruined their health in unsuccessful efforts to reduce," a San Francisco, Calif., Graduate Nurse writes, "my own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS was so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." (Name on request.) She knows how important this fact is to you:

RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dintro-phenol. Laboratory chemists test every ingredient.

SO EASY TO USE... just a tasteless capsule according to directions.

FAT GOES... OR NO COST

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back! You risk not one cent! START TODAY, before fat gets one more day's headway. Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages, direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, or Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.



GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. S352
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."
If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

nounced that poor Ethel had had her organs and pianos removed.

Ah, those kiddies. But come now to more virile stuff. Much to my surprise one of the funniest luncheons I have ever had in Hollywood was the day Max Baer and Killer Grey (George Raft's trainer and bodyguard) sat down at my table in the Paramount commissary. "That little runt," said Maxie with his famous smile, "thinks he can fight." "I could so lick Carnera," Killer insisted vehemently, "Why I could even lick you." "You can't even lick your lips," said Maxie. "And, besides, you got those cauliflower ears from calling up your girl."

One of the best parties ever given in Hollywood was an epitaph party. Each guest had to write his or her epitaph on a slip of paper. Then the papers were collected, one person read them, while all the guests had to guess who wrote which. Will Rogers sat over in the corner composing his epitaph when a muchly married movie star (Oh, you guess, it's easy) sat down beside him and begged him to write an epitaph for her as she wasn't very good at that sort of thing. "All right," said Will. "I'll write one for you, but you got to promise not to get mad." Then he wrote: "She sleeps alone at last."

Irvin S. Cobb wrote for his epitaph:

Here lies Irvin S. Cobb

Not that it makes any difference.

I spent a grand day at the home of Irvin S. Cobb and his lovely, gracious wife not long ago and laughed from the minute I stepped into the patio (where once the great Garbo loped) until I stepped out, but to save my life I can't remember all the marvelous stories he told, which simply had me in convulsions. Perhaps it was because I ate too much fried chicken and sweet potato pie. Anyway, I recall I was

ready for seconds on the corn bread when Mr. Cobb thundered, "Where is that old family retainer we hired over the weekend?" After the luncheon Mr. Cobb showed Claudette Colbert and me the pictures of his daughter, Buff, and his two handsome grandchildren. "That child," he said, "was born in Italy. All day long I paced the corridors of the hospital in Florence, behaving much worse than an expectant father, and at last the little nurse came to me, beaming from ear to ear. 'Senor,' she said, 'you have ze bee-ootiful bambino.' 'A bambino!' I said, 'tut, tut, we were sort of expecting a baby.'"

But to go back to the epitaph party. Lionel Barrymore wrote: "Well I've played everything but a harp." And Richard Arlen came through with: "Out of one depression into another." For her epitaph Madge Evans wrote: "At last a perfect take." There's another gal who is quick on the uptake. If you can "top" Madge, you've done something. A gossip column of one of the daily newspapers recently included a paragraph about Madge which read: "And it wouldn't surprise us one bit if Madge Evans and Tom Gallery were married." When Madge read it she sent the columnist a wire saying: "It may not surprise you but it would certainly surprise me."

Before we end this ditty—oh, you do get a lucky break sometime—I must tell you about my best Hollywood insult, which came from Charles Laughton. I had been talking to him for about an hour at a party and was just on the verge of telling him he was my favorite actor (yeah, I tell that to all the boys) when suddenly he asked, "And what do you do?"

"I'm a fan writer," I said. "Too bad," said Mr. Laughton, regretfully, "And you seemed so nice."

Jimmie Fidler "Come-upped" And Saw Mae West

[Continued from page 19]

fit. That should be "sumpin." From Texas she goes to South America, and there you'll see her do a rhumba dance. That should also be "sumpin." Finally she ends up in Boston, the wife of a member of New England's most exclusive social set. And that should really be "sumpin."

She plans an innovation in her new picture—other characters will be given more to do. In the past, there has been little else besides Mae. As usual, however, her next leading man will be a little-known actor.

"I like to use new leading men," Mae said. "I always did that when I was on the stage. I believe the public likes to see new faces, and certainly new romantic actors. To me, watching the familiar love-making of time-worn leading men is much the same as witnessing an ex-husband make love to another woman. It is 'old stuff'; it carries no punch."

Mae's two past leading men were Cary Grant and Roger Pryor, both practically unknown before their breaks in her pictures, but both immediately famous as a result of their lucky opportunities.

Mae believes in preparedness. Her pictures are perfectly prepared for production before she ever steps on a sound stage. The story and music are written and okeyed by her before one foot of negative is exposed.

She is the complete boss of her pictures—and has her own way about everything. She isn't stubborn. She likes to plan each step with the various officials in charge of direction, camera, wardrobe, music, story, and so on.

So much for Mae's plans. Now a few words about Mae West, the woman. No

better insight into her character could be written than to briefly describe the enormous living-room of her apartment. The walls, floor and drapes are of pure white. The furniture is white and gold. Three polar-bear rugs cover wide floor areas. Along one wall extends a huge mirror, fully twenty feet in length and tall enough to easily encompass the full figure of the tallest person.

The one wall decoration of this room is a semi-nude portrait of Mae, done years ago by a celebrated artist. The picture isn't suggestive; it is actually a thing of rare beauty, even in a Louis XIV drawing-room.

The prime difference between the Mae West of her own drawing-room and the Mae West of the screen is that the real Mae moves and talks faster. That slow screen drawl, while it is still apparent, is not so pronounced in her home. The draggy, sex-suggestive walk and motions of the film-Mae are not so undulating off the screen. In her own drawing-room she is more reserved, less come-and-get-me-ish. Not less interesting and attractive, however.

It is the irony of Hollywood that this woman, advertised as being notoriously hard, cold, and sex-ridden, should be one of the colony's most charitable persons.

She probably gives more to the poor and to beneficent institutions than any person in Hollywood, if we exclude Marion Davies and Will Rogers. Like Miss Davies and Rogers, Mae is close-mouthed about her gifts to charity. How different she is from those other actresses who broadly advertise their slightest acts of kindness in order to reap a harvest of public approval. Miss

West's only remark on the subject of her charities, when I sought information, was: "I don't give to be talked about. People do those things for the good of their own hearts."

That was all. Whatever information I have been able to secure came from outsiders—Mae's friends and relatives.

One told me of a recent gift to four branches of The Salvation Army. When Miss West wrote "It Ain't No Sin," one of the characters was inspired by The Salvation Army. The picture was highly successful, and Mae decided that she owed something for the inspiration, so she sat down and sent checks totaling one thousand dollars.

From an official of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, I learned that Mae is one of the most consistent contributors to this institution for the care of destitute actors.

"You'd be surprised at the number of famous stars (some of them widely publicized for their kindnesses) who never contribute a cent," the Fund executive said. "They are not all like Mae West and Will Rogers."

When I expressed surprise (that was before I pried into the secret of Miss West's many gifts to charity), this official informed me that Mae not only contributes regularly to the Fund, but she also sends additional, unsolicited checks when she learns that the money is needed. On the morning of my conversation with this executive, the Fund had just received Mae's check for one thousand dollars.

Mae has a decided fondness for children. She is constantly donating blocks of tickets so that orphans or indigent kiddies may see circuses or shows. Once Mae accompanied a group of nearly a hundred orphans to a circus, but the publicity was so blatant that she has never since gone with her parties, although she continues to play "hidden host."

When she was a stage star in New York, she lived with a woman who was a mother of two children. Mae and the small son and daughter were as intimately close as were the mother and her children. Miss West rarely failed to bring them toys and gifts when she was away for any length of time. Her reputation spread from these two children to other youngsters of the block, until Mae became their universal favorite. Things reached the point where mothers were threatening disobedient children with, "I'll tell Mae West on you if you are bad." The effect of this threat was always surprisingly good.

As I left Miss West's apartment following our interview, I secretly hoped she might repeat her famous "come up and see me sometime" phrase, not because I wanted to "come up," but because I wanted to hear the line from her own lips. But no such good luck befell me.

Later I learned that, although she has created many catch lines that have become the by-words of nations, she rarely uses them herself. Her "peel me a grape" and her "you can be had" and her "I ain't ice" and countless other contagious remarks were composed for film use only. If they now annoy you through constant repetition, it is because her imitators, and not Mae, use the phrases to death.

Still, no star is more entitled to use the expression, "come up and see me." Not only does Mae live on the top floor of one of Hollywood's loftiest apartment buildings, but she is also at the head of the film ladder.

Mae West is sitting "on top of the world."

LAST minute studio news confirms rumors of Mae West's new picture. It will be "Now I'm a Lady"—and, dresses and all, strictly up to the minute—The "Gay Nineties" can Go Hang.



End pimples, blackheads with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this "perfect way to a perfect complexion" . . . Noxzema, the famous

snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—greaseless, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Note how Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this medicated complexion aid, you, too, may soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin tonight! If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 82, Baltimore, Md.



Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too



Improve them overnight
with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter that hand is! Noxzema improves hands overnight.

Noxzema

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"



This 97-lb. Weakling Became "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

They used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I was a 97-pound scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic-Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I'll give you PROOF in just 7 days that my same method can make YOU a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

I'LL PROVE You Can Have a Body Like Mine!

No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Where do you want powerful muscles? Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peppy? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girl, the best jobs? Give me just 7 days! I'll PROVE that *Dynamic-Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or weights and pulleys—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book. Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 652, 115 East 23rd St., New York City.

Mail Coupon Now For My FREE BOOK

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 652,
115 East 23rd Street, New York City.

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body, and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

© 1935 C. A. Ltd.

Studio News

[Continued from page 25]

"Glad to see you again," Muni remarks in passing. Then, "Get a load of this." They're rehearsing the scene once more and Muni's stand-in does the rehearsing for him. And what I mean is that boy really goes to town. He can get enough emotion into saying "Good morning" to keep Eric Linden in death scenes for a year.



William Gargan, as the policeman, with Paul Muni and Karen Morley in "Black Fury."

Oh, yes. I almost forgot to tell you to get a load of Muni's hair in this epic. It's naturally black, but, for his art, he's dyed it so that it's a cross between a strawberry red and a mouse blond.

Life is just one laugh after another today at Warner Brothers. From "Black Fury" I saunter over to "Devil Dogs of the Air" starring James Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

"I wasn't sure it was you," Jimmy observes as he comes up for the handshake. "You're getting so fat I didn't know you."

"Listen who's talking," I jeer. "I know," he nods. "I can just look at a ham sandwich and take on five pounds. I lost some while I was sick, though."

"What do you mean, while you were sick?" I ask.

"Sure. We were on location at Coronado and I was laid up for a week with stomach trouble. Some fun."

This picture is along the same lines as the phenomenally successful "Here Comes the Navy," with the same duo—Cagney and Pat O'Brien pulling a *Flagg* and *Quirt*.

As it is, Cagney seems to have a little the best of it with Margaret Lindsay (the girl in the case), although she is giving him what-for at the moment. She has just ordered him out of the place when she glances thru the window and sees Pat striding across the bridge towards her restaurant. She and Jimmie are in the kitchen.

"Quick!" she cries frantically, "You've got to hide!"

Jimmie is amused at her alarm but permits her to pull him across the kitchen towards a door. He fails to notice that the door she has opened leads into the ice box.

"Here," Maggie orders tersely, "Get in there!"

"I'd get into a closet any day for you, sweets," he grins. But she only pushes him inside and slams the heavy door. It automatically locks. Fancy Jim's astonishment when the cold begins to take effect. I'm leffing!

"Cut!" orders Lloyd Bacon, the director, and a second later Margaret has disappeared.

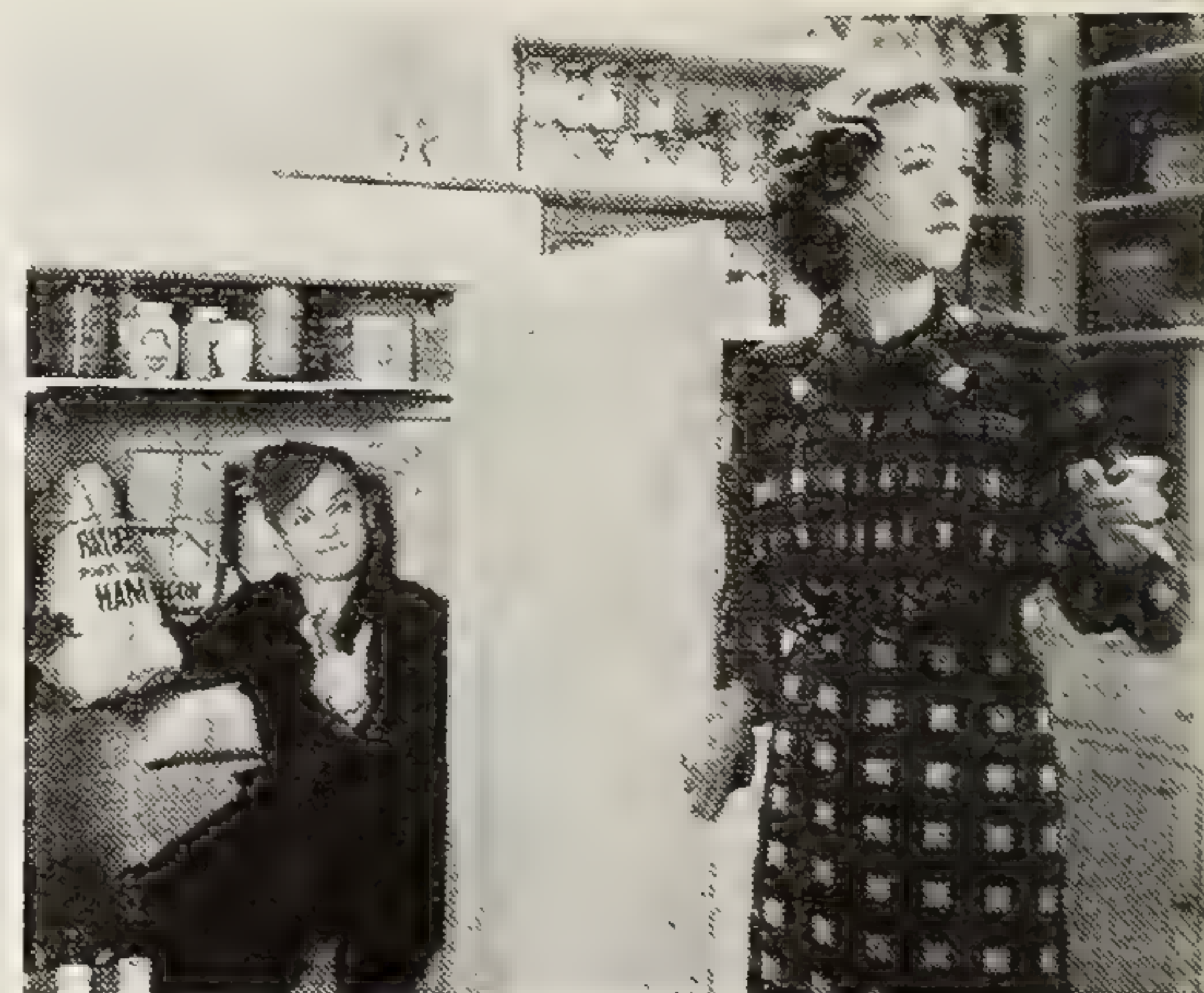
"Once more," he yells after her. "Miss Lindsay!" shouts the assistant. "Just a minute," she calls.

"What kind of a minute?" Lloyd wants to know. "A picture minute, a wardrobe minute or a make-up minute?"

"A Bacon minute," Cagney grins, "she never shows up at all." He turns to me and explains, "Bacon is nuts. He was invited to Pat O'Brien's to dinner the other night and forgot all about it. He never did show up. That's the second time he's done it."

The other picture going out here—the one that will bring joy to the hearts of millions—not including critics—is "Sweet Music" starring Rudy Vallee. It's a gorgeous set, in a night club, and Rudy is recording this morning. Everyone is in full evening dress and I mean to say the place has an air about it.

Personally, although I like to hear him sing I can do without his acting, but I've heard so many nice gestures Rudy has made and so many nice things he has done for people that I cannot help but admire him. So I guess it's up to me to plank down my fifty cents at the box office in the hope that his histrionics have improved since he made "The Vagabond Lover." "The Right to Live" starring Josephine Hutchinson is on location, so, as it only takes a half gallon of gas to get from Warner Brothers to Universal, I hop over there—while I still have the half gallon.



In "Devil Dogs of the Air," Margaret Lindsay has occasion to shut Jimmie Cagney in the ice box. Tsch, Tsch!

At Universal

MR. TEDDY MACDONALD greets me. At least, he speaks. I suppose one could call it a greeting. As soon as we're away from the office, though, he loosens up. "How's everything, Dick?" he inquires and runs right on without waiting for an answer. "Well and good, I hope and trust. Yes, sir, I confidently predict that this will be the biggest year in the history of Universal pictures. The pictures we are making are bigger and better, the stars are bigger and better, the sets are bigger and better—everything is bigger and better."

"Now, if you'll just step this way I'll show you the permanent swimming pool we have just had installed in one of our stages, so that when we want to show the grounds around an estate it won't have to be faked. Yes, sir, this pool cost us \$20,000, which will give you an idea of the magnitude of Universal sets. Dick, I thank you for the plug you gave me a few months ago, and I don't mind admitting that you can give me another any time you feel like it, providing you also mention Universal Pictures. I

bought fifty copies of that issue of your magazine and sent them to theatre managers I know throughout the country, so they can see I'm in the swim. It's just as well to let them know such things. Dick, I hope your magazine noticed the jump in circulation that month and if there's anything I can do to let them know it was solely because of your article, don't hesitate to call on me. So much for that. Now, here, we have the one and only Margaret Sullivan giving a demonstration of high-grade histrionics in a piece called 'The Good Fairy.' I believe Herbert Marshall plays the male lead. Yes, that's right because there he is."



It's all a trick with mirrors. Herbert Marshall and Margaret Sullivan in "The Good Fairy."

Mac is easily good for another half hour but I am close to being unconscious by this time. It's all I can do to sit down on a chair and look around. We are, apparently, in the men's shop of a very swanky department store. Marshall is just coming out of the barber shop. Right where the men's store ends there is a bargain counter with some cheap furs on it. La Sullivan is standing there looking at them. She feels one tenderly and then compares it to the next one. She tries one on, changes her expression and looks at herself in different poses.

"Lovely," Marshall remarks quietly.

She doesn't recognize him and looks at him in amazement. Such effrontery.

"I said it looks lovely," he repeats. There is a pause, and then, "I thought you might have something to say about me."

"No," starting to walk away.

"It's me," he explains (I wish I could teach these script writers that the correct English is "It's I") . . . "I feel rather nude," he goes on. "Awful, isn't it? You see, the beard, I mean. That's what I was trying to tell you." And then it comes out. Herbert has had his beard shaved off. Serves him right for wearing one in the first place.

I've met Mr. Marshall several times but we never remember each other. I don't know Miss Sullivan at all so there's no use hanging around here any more.

"On your right," Mac begins as we approach the next stage, "we have what is destined to be one of the biggest money making pictures of the current cinema season—'Strange Wives.' Dick, I'm asking you, is that a box office title or is it a box office title. Say it over to yourself a few times so you get the hang of it and you'll find you like it."

Well, "Strange Wives" is, apparently, about a lot of wives who are dissatisfied with their husbands and are always on the lookout for something new. This particular scene is in a box at the theatre where all the wives and their sweeties are watching a show—or supposed to be. There are

Don't be SKINNY!

New discovery adds solid flesh quick . . !

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

TODAY you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—in just a few weeks!

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.



Mr. Irvin Echard

14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.



Posed by
professional
model

Mrs. W. K. King 11 lbs. in 3 weeks

"I was very weak and thin, my skin was yellow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and my skin is lovely." Mrs. W. K. King, Hampton, Va.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.



BATHASWEET

FREE

YES, you can have a lovely, alluring body skin! Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet and what luxurious delight is yours!

You might be bathing in rose petals, so soft and fragrant is your bath—so beautifying. Gone is all harshness from the water. Bathasweet softens it to a caress—softens it until the water dissolves the impurities in your pores. The best evidence of this fine bland softness is that no "ring" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used. Skin imperfections disappear—your body takes on a new loveliness—a new immaculateness—a new health... Yet Bathasweet costs very little—25¢ and 50¢ and \$1.00 the can at drug and department stores.

Free—a gift package sent free anywhere in the U. S. if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. S-B, 1907 Park Ave., New York.

BE LOVELY

CORRECT {Double Chin
Crepny Throat
Flabby Skin} **ERASE** {Wrinkles
Puffiness
Dryness}



EUNICE SKELLY, New York's fashionable Beautician and Rejuvenation Specialist, catering to social and professional celebrities, now offers her private formulae to women who are unable to visit her Salon. In order to demonstrate that **YOU**, too, can really say farewell to **AGE SIGNS**, she will send a month's treatment with her amazing **REJUVENATING Lotion and GLANDULAR Emulsion FREE!** (Guaranteed \$3 value). **YOU** are asked to pay **ONLY**



\$1.00 to help cover cost of laboratory labor, exquisite containers and shipping charges. Money back if not delighted! Youthful Contours are sculptured by her **CONTOUR-MOLDE FACE LIFTING BAND**. Wear it with comfort while reading, writing, reducing or sleeping. Price **ONLY \$1.00**. Send money order or check, or pay Postman **\$1.00** for TREATMENT or CONTOUR-MOLDE—**\$2.00** for BOTH. Write today for FREE illustrated books (with or without order). **"FACE LIFTING at HOME" or "LOVELINESS BEGINS at 40"**.

EUNICE SKELLY'S Salon of Eternal Youth
Suite G-2 The Park Central, 56th & 7th Ave., N.Y. City



2 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

Two odors: (1) Admiration (2) Gardenia

A single drop lasts a week!

To pay for postage and handling send only 20¢ (silver or stamps) for 2 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER**, 154 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Send only **20¢**

Alviene Theatre
SCHOOL OF THE
(40th Yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Leo Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training (Appearances). For Catalog, write Sec'y LANE, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

Esther Ralston, Francis L. Sullivan, Roger Pryor, Leslie Fenton, Hugh O'Connell, Ralph Forbes, June Clayworth (an English importation) and Cesar Romero.

The dialogue is the standard stuff for such situations, where they're all trying to carry on sub-rosa flirtations. There is one humorous bit where one of the men has his arm around the back of a woman's chair, and the man on the other side of her, thinking to put his arm around her shoulders, encounters the other chap's hand and starts holding it.

I haven't seen Esther in a coon's age and I'd like to stop and say "hello" but they show no signs of ever finishing this lone little scene and Teddy is getting restless, so we amble out to the back lot where they're shooting the final scenes for "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

What a gripping story this is! Claude Rains, in the title rôle, writes pacifist articles for the paper of Lionel Atwill, and they are published under Atwill's signature. Atwill, within a month, becomes the man of the hour in Paris. This particular scene is the exterior of his newspaper office. Bulletins are posted all over the front of the place and there are literally hundreds of people congregated there reading them. Suddenly an old granny pushes her way through the crowd with her market basket. "What has Henri Dumont (Lionel Atwill) to say today?" she inquires.

Imagine my delight when the scene is finished to discover that "the old granny" is none other than Margaret Mann. You may recall Miss Mann as the mother in a picture a few years ago called "The Four Sons." What a performance she gave. Fox put her under contract and publicized her as "The Sixty Year Old Cinderella." She was put under "a long term contract" at a salary of \$10,000 a year. What they didn't publicize was that "the long term contract" was really a contract for six months, with options coming up every six months whereby they could keep her or let her go. On the strength of all the publicity she was given, she went home to Scotland to visit her sister whom she hadn't seen in twenty years. When she returned she was notified her option would not be taken up and she has had pretty tough sledding ever since.

She is one of the real aristocrats of the screen as well as a splendid actress. Why, with all the craze for May Robson and the late Marie Dressler, someone doesn't give Margaret Mann a chance is something that only the Hollywood moguls, who think nothing is good unless they have to pay a four figure salary to get it, know.

Every time I come out to this studio I swear it's my last trip. The place is run like a madhouse. I ask the still man for a picture of this scene. He can't get a picture because neither of the leads (Rains or Atwill) is in it. I ask the script girl for the number of the scene so I can get the dialogue. She's a gal who has to show her importance in some way so she shows it by refusing to give me the scene number.

Maybe I'd have had a laugh on this set if Wally Ford, who is in the picture, had been here but he isn't working today. That's the breaks I get.

Over at Columbia

AT COLUMBIA "Mills of the Gods," featuring May Robson, Fay Wray, and Victor Jory, and "Carnival," featuring Lee Tracy, Jimmy Durante, Sally Eilers and Fred Keating, are on location. "The Depths Below," with Edmund Lowe and Jack Holt, and "Passport to Fame," with Edward G. Robinson and Jean Arthur, don't start for another week yet. So there's nothing to report over here.

At M-G-M.

THERE are several pictures going here but I've already told you about all of them except "Backfield" and "David Cop-

perfield," the Dickens' story.

"Backfield" is a story about four small boys—Bob Young, Russell Hardie, Stuart Erwin and William Tanner—who grow up together. They steal a car and a kindly juvenile court judge paroles them into the custody of Preston Foster, who coaches a highschool football team in winter and runs a playground for poor children in summer. When the boys grow up they're an unbeatable backfield combination known as "The Four Bombers." Of course, by that time, old Grandpa Foster is coach at Pacific University, so they go there and play on his very fine team.



Leo Carrillo, Betty Furness, Russell Hardie and William Tanner in "Backfield." A football story.

Russ and his sister, Betty Furness, have a brother (Ted Healy) who is a crook. After he gets out of prison he tries to get the boys to sign up with him for pro football. Bob is all for it as he wants to make enough money to marry Betty. Besides, he's getting pretty cocky. So, one Saturday, Mr. Foster in the rôle of disciplinarian keeps him out of the game. Next day Bob has disappeared. Stu and Leo Carrillo (a friend of the boys) suspect Bob has gone to join Ted. They get in their car and go after him. There is an accident and Stu is badly hurt.

As I, in all my glory, arrive on the set, Stu is just returning home after a siege in the hospital. It's a great reunion all the way around.

The boys have gone to fetch Stu and the rest are getting a little party—if there is such a thing as a little party—ready. Suddenly there is a knock at the door. Russell Hardie goes to open it and, lo and behold! —there's Leo Carrillo with a great big cake in his hand.

"Oh, hello," says Russ.

"Hello!" beams Mr. C. "I am joost in time."

Why M-G-M doesn't do something with Russ is more than I can fathom. There is a nice-looking boy who can really act. Only those who saw him on the stage in "The Criminal Code" can appreciate how well he can act. They've had him under contract for a year and a half and all he plays is bits while the studio heads go yapping around the country yelling for "new faces."

"I've got one of the leads in 'Sequoia,'" he vouchsafes when I start sputtering about his tough luck, "and I'm in hopes that'll do me some good. Here! Try some of this icing. It's swell."

The cake is nothing but a big block of wood but the icing is real honest-to-God, grade A chocolate, "the McCoy" as Mr. Winchell would say. They've got a big bowl of it on the set, and one of those little gadgets you use to squirt it on the cake with, in fancy designs.

Stu is pushing himself around the set in his wheel chair. You may get an idea of the state of Stu's energy when I tell you they can't even get him out of it between shots. "Like to try it?" he asks, getting up

regretfully. As I ease my bulk into it he sighs, "I'm only letting you sit there because you're a writer and some people think writers are important. Personally, I—"

"How's June?" I interrupt, not caring for Mr. Erwin's personal opinions.

"Sweet and pretty as ever," he answers dutifully.

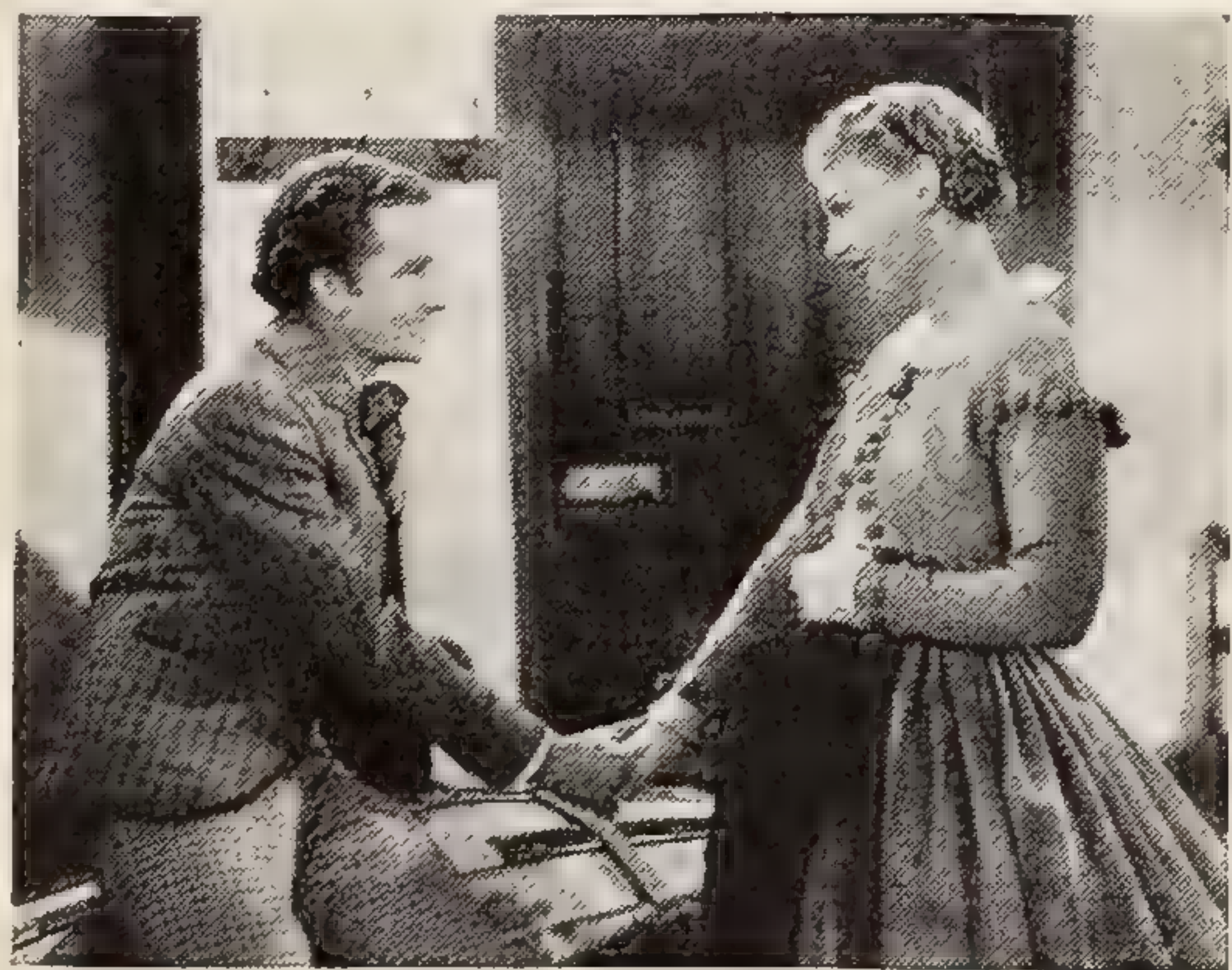
"And the baby?" I persist.

"Ah, the baby," he murmurs ecstatically. "He's getting so big he knocks me down."

Well, I question that, and turn to Bob Young.

"Geminy," says Bob—or words to that effect—"I haven't seen you since 'Boarding School.'" "Boarding School" was a picture the studio started about three years ago. They shot four days on it and suddenly it was taken out of production and nothing has ever been heard of it since. It was Bob's first part on the lot and I remember him—and it—chiefly because the first day of shooting he confided to me that he thought love scenes supremely silly and that, personally, he liked laughs.

The other picture is the famous "David Copperfield." They're so far behind schedule on this one that they have three directors working simultaneously on it, each one shooting a different scene. All the stages where this picture is working have "Posi-



"David Copperfield" is the big event of Hollywood. Frank Lawton and Madge Evans as David and Agnes.

tively no visitors" signs on the doors but I'm not afraid of George Cukor, the head director, so I barge on in. He's working with the children. Mr. Bill Fields (W. C. to those who don't know him well) is Mr. Micawber in this epic. He's replacing Charles Laughton, and it is his first day on the set. I haven't seen Bill since I went out to his house one Sunday morning and he insisted upon my trying some of the medicine he takes for his gripe. I just don't seem to get around like I used to.

Bill and I are laughing—in very subdued tones—over the time the Richard Arlens celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary and he came to the party bringing his own refreshments. I notice Mr. Cukor shooting me dirty looks and I immediately assume it's because Bill and I are having a good time while he has to work so I bigheartedly go over to say "hello."

"Is that you making all that noise over there?" he demands crossly.

"No, it isn't," I affirm vigorously. "It's Mr. W. C. Fields."

"Oh," says Mr. Cukor. "Just forget about it then. How've you been?"

There's no point trying to be nice to a person like that so instead of telling you about the scene he was shooting, I'll tell you about one his assistant is making on the next stage. David (Frank Lawton) is packing his things, preparatory to leaving college after he's finished. Agnes (Madge Evans) has been helping him pack.

It's a cute little room with a bay window and lace curtains over the sashes. A cheap

OVERHEARD IN A DRUG STORE ABOUT THE NEW PEPSODENT TUBE



NO BETTER TIME TO TRY THIS Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

WITH this announcement, The Pepsodent Co. invites you to try Pepsodent Tooth Paste . . . in a new and larger tube at a lower price.

Today, Pepsodent stands as an example of the finest scientific tooth paste modern science can produce. Pepsodent is famous for removing dingy film—that sticky, germ-laden coating that stains teeth and encourages decay.

In 67 different countries Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste." Only recently, in scientific tests, Pepsodent was proved the least abrasive . . . and therefore *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders. Until new scientific discoveries are made in the field of dentistry, our

laboratories know no way to improve Pepsodent . . . or the remarkable polishing agent, exclusive with Pepsodent.

But we have found a way to give you Pepsodent at a greater saving. The identical, time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you—with the tube alone changed and the quantity increased. Druggists are selling the new tube at a new low price.

WHY this greater saving is possible

Over a hundred million tubes of Pepsodent have been sold. Year after year, people have gladly bought Pepsodent . . . rather than endanger teeth by buying harsh, gritty "bargain" tooth pastes. Now, new processes have cut costs . . . and we're passing this saving on to you. Today, dealers are selling Pepsodent in a new larger tube . . . at a new low price.



Constipated

Since Her Marriage



**Finds Relief
At Last-In Safe**

ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are so kind to your system—so quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. Send stamp for postage and packing. A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 149-BZ, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT **25c BOX**

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Roll Your FAT Away

**NO DIET • NO MEDICINES
• NO EXERCISES •**

AN AMAZING invention called Roll-ette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable patented device takes off fat quickly from any part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs or exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. Makes you feel years younger.

**A FEW MINUTES A DAY
ROLLS FAT AWAY**

Take off many inches from the spots where you want to reduce most. ROLLETTE is an effective, scientific principle for reducing which is receiving the approval of physicians everywhere. Just send name and address for **FREE** Trial Offer—Today
**Rollette Co., 3826 N. Ashland Av.
Dept. 127, Chicago, Illinois**



ALICE WHITE
Universal Film Star

EARN MONEY at HOME

**Make Extra Money From Your
Spare Time**

doing fascinating, easy, pleasant work—addressing envelopes, sewing, etc. Send 3c stamp for details **QUICK!**

WOMEN'S AID BUREAU
Dept. S. U., 276 High Street, Holyoke, Mass.

dresser with a mirror hanging over it, and a small four-poster bed with a canopy about the top. In the middle of the room is a trunk. Two bags are packed and closed, standing together. Frank is hunched on the floor reading aloud to Madge. Books and magazines are all around him. Madge is packing books in the trunks but is listening intently as he reads.

"Oh, I'd best throw this rubbish away, before I leave for London," Frank exclaims suddenly, tossing the manuscript from which he has been reading, with the others.

"No, no, David!" she exclaims earnestly.

"I'm afraid it's dreadful nonsense," he answers, indicating the pile of manuscripts. Then he looks at the clock. "We must hurry, Agnes. There's the party at the school."

"David!" she says solemnly, taking up the manuscript. "It's not nonsense. Your characters may move in a strange world of their own—but in that world they're real. Your work is immature, perhaps, but it's full of promise and I, for one, believe in it."

"I will try again, Agnes, in earnest," he promises, taking the manuscript from her and putting it with the others in the trunk. Then he closes the trunk and sits on it, and continues, "But without you—I shall miss you. Whenever I fall into trouble—"

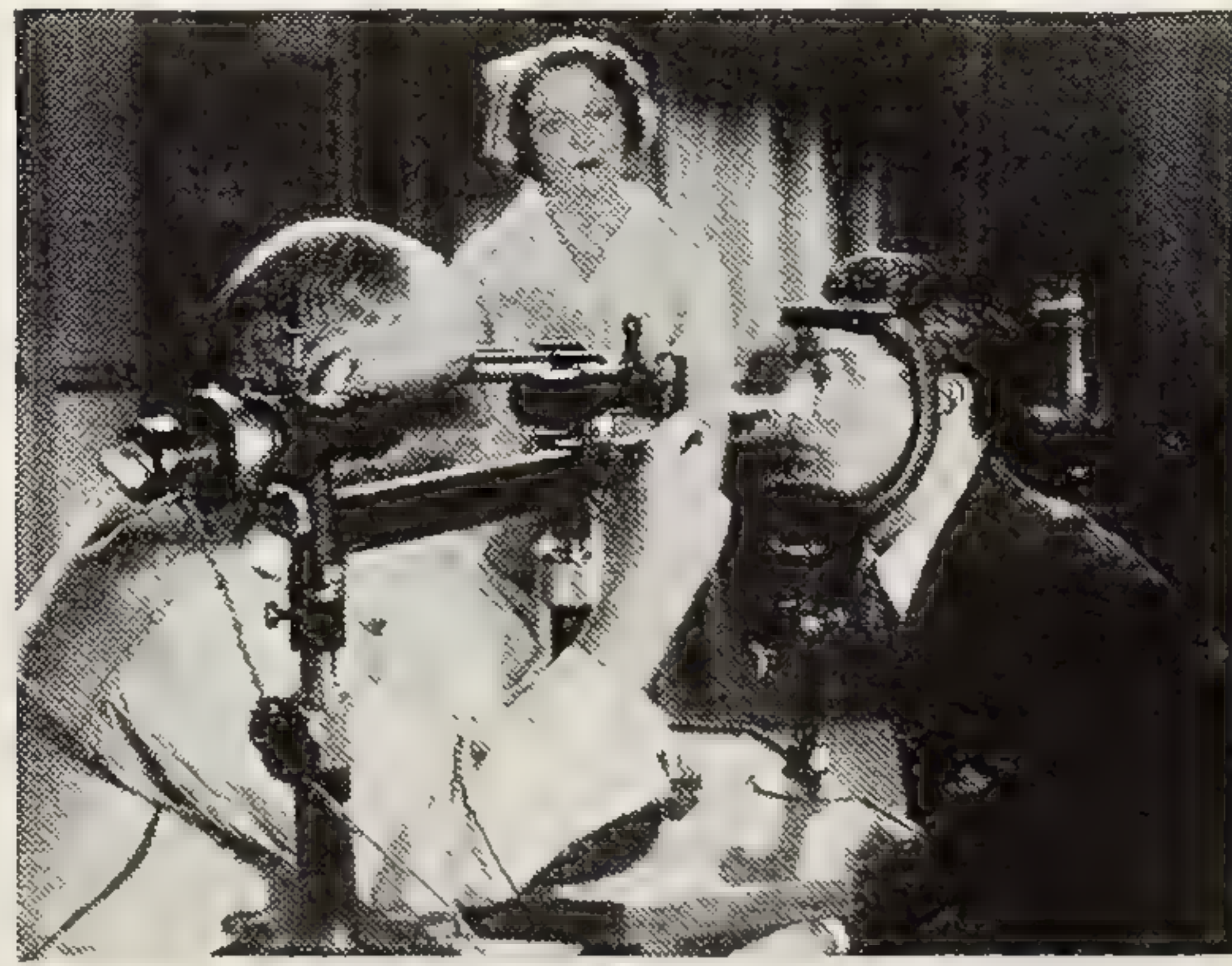
"And when you fall in love?" she queries softly.

"Even when I fall in love," he promises with a half-choking laugh.

I like to kid myself that I'm a hardened cynic but I'm really a pushover for any sort of honest sentiment, especially when a girl as beautiful as Madge looks today is practically asking a guy if he'll remember her. All of a sudden I just want to get off this stage before the lights go on so I don't even stop to say "good-bye" to Madge.

At Paramount

FIRST thing on the program over here is Cary Grant in "Wings in the Dark." They've only just started so I can't tell you much about the picture, except that there was an explosion and Cary was blinded. At first he thought it was only temporary blindness but as we find him in the oculist's office with the oculist (Arnold Korff) and the nurse (Rita Owin), things don't look so good.



"Wings in the Dark" is an aviation story played by Arnold Korff, Rita Owin and Cary Grant.

"Do you see this light?" the doctor inquires flashing a small light in front of Cary.

"No," Cary admits regretfully.

"Hmm. Hmm," the doctor vouchsafes. "That will do."

"Now, Mr. Gordon," the nurse suggests, "if you'll just come this way, please," leading him to another part of the room. "You might as well be as comfortable as you can."

Imagine telling a man who has just been blinded that he might as well be comfortable! "Well?" demands Cary impatiently.

"Just as I thought," the doctor informs

him, unable to resist the temptation to give himself a pat on the back. "They are surface burns. The explosion did its damage within the eye. The tissues surrounding the eyeball are quite intact."

"But I can't see!" Cary cries.

"The chief injury results from a major disturbance of the eye fluid, Mr. Gordon," the doctor explains.

"Tell me the truth," Cary begs, unable to understand all this jargon, "will I ever see again?"

"Cut," orders the director.

And that's that.

We also have the Empress Dietrich working on what is supposed to be her last picture under von Sternberg's direction—not that it matters.

The picture is called "Caprice Espagnole," and, as usual in Von's pictures, they have one of the most picturesque sets imaginable. It's an alley or street in Spain. The white stucco walls of the house gleam brightly in the artificial sunlight. Steps lead from a lower street up to the door of the house which fronts on another street. Dietrich, looking very beautiful in her Spanish costume, with a large comb stuck in her hair, is sauntering along with an officer—Lionel Atwill.

"You don't like to be seen with me, do you?" she inquires.

"I'd rather our little walk didn't become the talk of the town," he admits. "However," he goes on importantly, "I'm inclined to risk that, if—"

"If what?"

"Well, if it's not too far."

"Oh, no," she reassures him, "I live quite near."

Despite Miss Dietrich's assurance that she has a sense of humor and could play comedy and despite the reputation Joe has built up as a wit, I've never heard a joke cracked or seen anyone laugh on one of Von Sternberg's sets. There is an oppressive air about his pictures while they're in the making and I am glad enough to report the scene and get on to the next picture.

The next one happens to be "The Gilded Lily," starring Claudette Colbert. It's the first shot in the picture, so I don't have to ask what the story is about. This is one time I can just report the scene and go to see the finished picture without knowing what's going to come next.

It's a bench in front of the public library in New York. Claudette and Fred MacMurray are sitting there. He's all sprawled out and Claudette is holding a bag of popcorn.

"Big stuff, eh?" Fred hazards. "Watching the world go by."

"Right," she agrees. "Big stuff."

"Of course," he continues, "there are different ways of watching. Take a guy who eats peanuts. Every time he cracks a shell he has to see that his thumb is in just the right spot. Then he has to take the peanuts out and then throw the shells away. A fellow like that can't concentrate. See what I mean?"

"Perfectly," says the understanding Lily.

"But popcorn!" he continues, warming to his subject, "popcorn was made for watching the world go by. Look! I stick my hand in the bag without taking my eyes off the street. I throw the popcorn into my craw. I chew, and I'm still looking. That's what I call class!"

"Sure," she agrees enthusiastically. "Peanut eaters don't know how to live."

"Tell me something," Fred asks, abandoning the subject of popcorn versus peanuts, "do you love me, Lil?"

"No-o," she smiles.

"That's the way to talk!" he exclaims, all set up over this good news. "No worries, no jealousies, no nothing. Just meeting you every Thursday night and eating our popcorn."

Well, I must admit there's a lot in what he says and I can think of many things worse than eating popcorn with Claudette on Thursday night—or any other night—with or without love.

Recently Wesley Ruggles, the director (and husband of Arline Judge) and Claude Binyon, the scenario writer, have been teamed for a series of pictures. This is their first under the new deal. Previously they have made "College Humor" and "Shoot the Works" together. There's no reason this shouldn't be as good or better than the others—especially with a star as eye-filling as Claudette.

At R-K-O

THE only things shooting at R-K-O are Hepburn and John Beal, who are entering their tenth week in "The Little Minister," and Ann Harding in "Enchanted April." Both sets are closed. The studio announces that Hepburn will sing in this picture!

At Fox

ONE picture going here, called "The Mystery Woman," featuring Gilbert Roland, John Halliday and Mona Barrie. Practically



Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie and John Halliday in "The Mystery Woman."

everyone is a crook and each suspects the others. They might have called it "Cheating Cheaters"—except that that title has already been used. I think John has just about convinced Mona that Gilbert is the crook. They're on an ocean liner and it is just pulling into New York harbor.

Gilbert meets the other two on the promenade deck. "Oh, here you are," he remarks. "The only two people aboard I haven't said 'goodbye' to."

Halliday looks at him and gives him the coldest of bows. Mona smiles but it is only a smile of good manners. "Goodbye," she says briefly.

"I'd like to say 'au revoir,'" Gil persists, "but, unfortunately, I'm only going to be in New York a few hours." That's what he thinks, I think to myself. I know these crook plays. He'll be caught surer than shooting.

"Really!" Halliday remarks, interested for the first time. Then he turns to Mona: "Don't you think we'd better look after our baggage?"

"Well, goodbye," Gilbert offers, shaking hands with Mona. "Goodbye, doctor," he adds as an afterthought.

This is one of the screwiest sets I've ever been on. Everybody connected with the picture is crazier than a March hare.

"How are you?" Gil begins when the scene is finished. "I haven't seen you in a year."

"He shows remarkable discernment," John Halliday puts in.

"And I haven't seen you," I remark to Mr. Halliday, "since I saw you on the New York stage in—in—"

"My first part in New York," he helps me out, "was in 'The Whip.' But, of course,

THOUSANDS LEARN MUSIC WORLD'S EASIEST WAY

No Expensive Teachers...No Bothersome
Scales...No Boring Exercises

BEGINNERS PLAY REAL MUSIC FROM THE START

Yes, literally thousands of men and women in all walks of life have learned music—have won new friends, become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

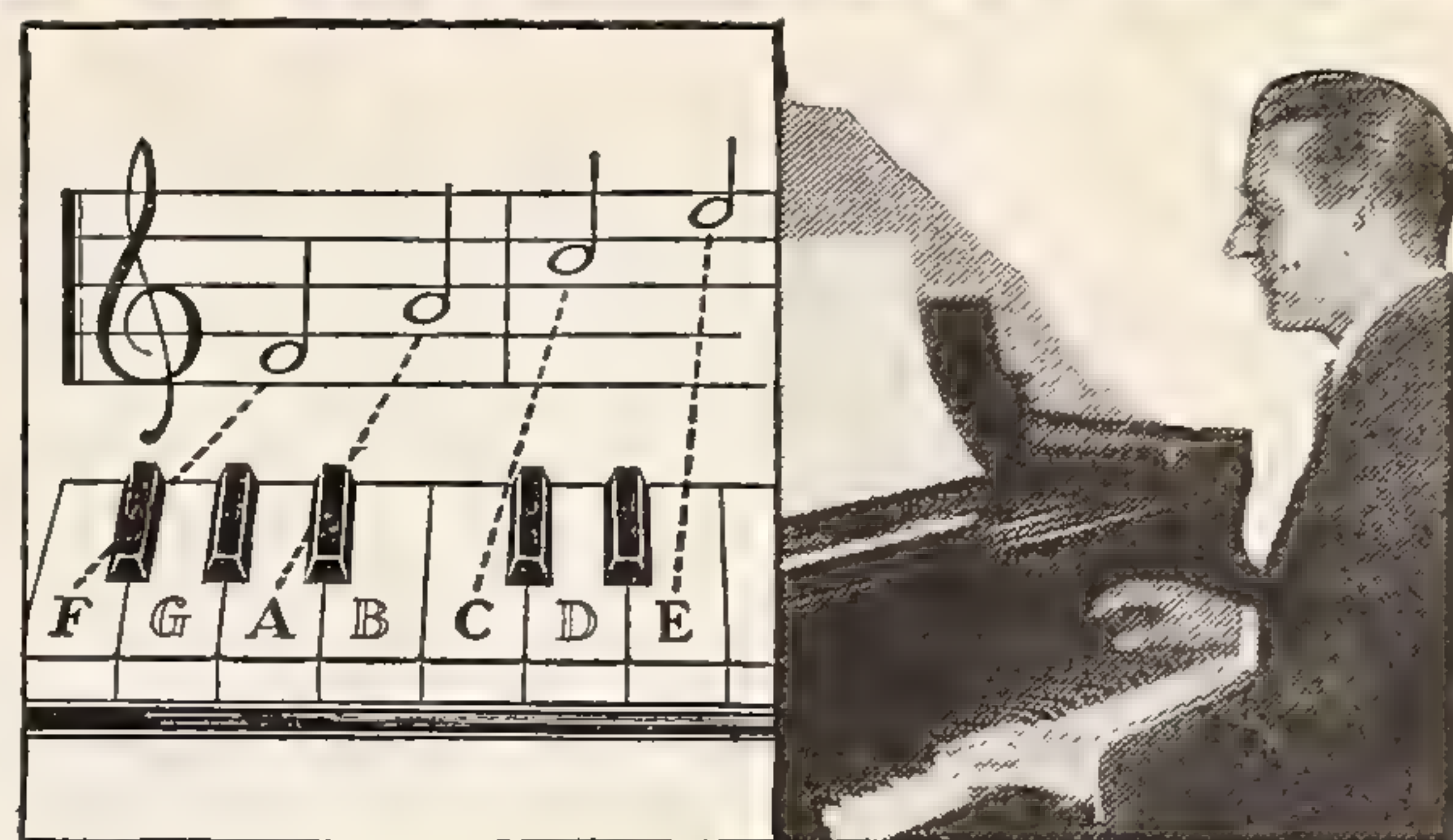
You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party—just as these thousands of others are doing. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and humdrum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

Easy as A-B-C

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other
Instrument

The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it tells you how to do a thing. Then it shows you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and hear it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun in-



stead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for Free Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet. See the simple principles around which this method is built. If you really want to learn music—if you want to win new popularity—enjoy good times galore—mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act NOW. U. S. School of Music, 1192 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

1192 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name

Address

Instrument Have you Instrument?

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co.
462 Niagara Street,

93-W Frontier Bldg.
Buffalo, New York

WHAT DOES YOUR FUTURE HOLD

Consult
LEON DEVOLE,
Famous Character
Analyst, Scientific
Mentalist, who under-
stands human perplexities. His
advice has helped THOUSANDS. He
will tackle YOUR problem from a new
and different angle and get RESULTS. Let
him guide YOU to success, if worried and per-
plexed about business, family troubles, love, mar-
riage, employment, the future, etc. ALL WORK
STRICTLY PERSONAL, INDIVIDUAL AND GUAR-
ANTEED SATISFACTORY. Obtain his new, just
off the press Giant 10,000 word Astrological Forecast,
it reveals secrets, friends, enemies and important affairs
of your life. It predicts by exact days, date and months coming events of
1935, based on YOUR Zodiacal sign, lucky and unlucky days, etc. BE
SAFE! Consult it before making business deals, forming partnerships,
marrying, etc. Send ONLY \$1.00 bill for your forecast and LEON
DEVOLVE will answer four questions on any subject FREE (money refunded
if not satisfied). Include exact birthdate and self-addressed stamped envelope.
DEVOLVE, P. O. Box 748, Dept. L2, Chicago, Ill.

"Why VOICE Students Fail"

SENT FREE No Obligation to Buy

If you act quick!—we will send postpaid—for
80 days free reading—new Voice Book dis-
closing startling VOICE FACTS that may save
hundreds of dollars to every man or woman
seeking a strong, rich voice for either sing-
ing or speaking. 80 days free reading—then
send \$1.00. Otherwise, return it—that's all!
PROF. E. FEUCHTINGER Studio 13-12
308 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago

Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid
J. D. Martin, Virginia, \$200 for a
single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New
York, \$2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G.
F. Adams \$740 for a few old coins. I want
all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and
stamps. I pay big cash premiums.
I WILL PAY \$100 FOR A DIME
1894 S. Mint; \$50 for 1913 Liberty Head
Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of
other amazing prices for coins. Get in
touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illus-
trated Coin Folder and further particulars. It
may mean much profit to you. Write today to
B. MAX MEHL, 251 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

WANTED!

ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS
for immediate consideration
M. M. M. PUBLISHERS
Dept. SU Studio Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE.

NERVOUS? WORRIED? UNHAPPY?

ARE YOU

What's wrong with you? Do symptoms of
Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy
Spells, Sweating and Sleeplessness
keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Are
you Bashful? Despondent? *There's Help for You!*
Medicines, tonics or Drugs probably will not relieve
your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "Watch
Your Nerves", explains a new method that will help
you regain lost vitality and healthy nerves. Send 25c
for this amazing book. **ROBERT HOLMES, 172
Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N. J.**

BUNIONS Reduced Quickly

BUMP GOES DOWN!
Pain stops almost instantly. Then blessed
relief! *Fairyfoot* helps reduce painful, ugly
bunions. Foot soon appears more natural. *Fairyfoot* is easy to
use, entirely harmless. Used on over two million feet since
1897. Write for FREE trial treatment.
Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago
1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 3762 **FREE PROOF!**

Deformed or Injured Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A railroad man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets of steel braces.

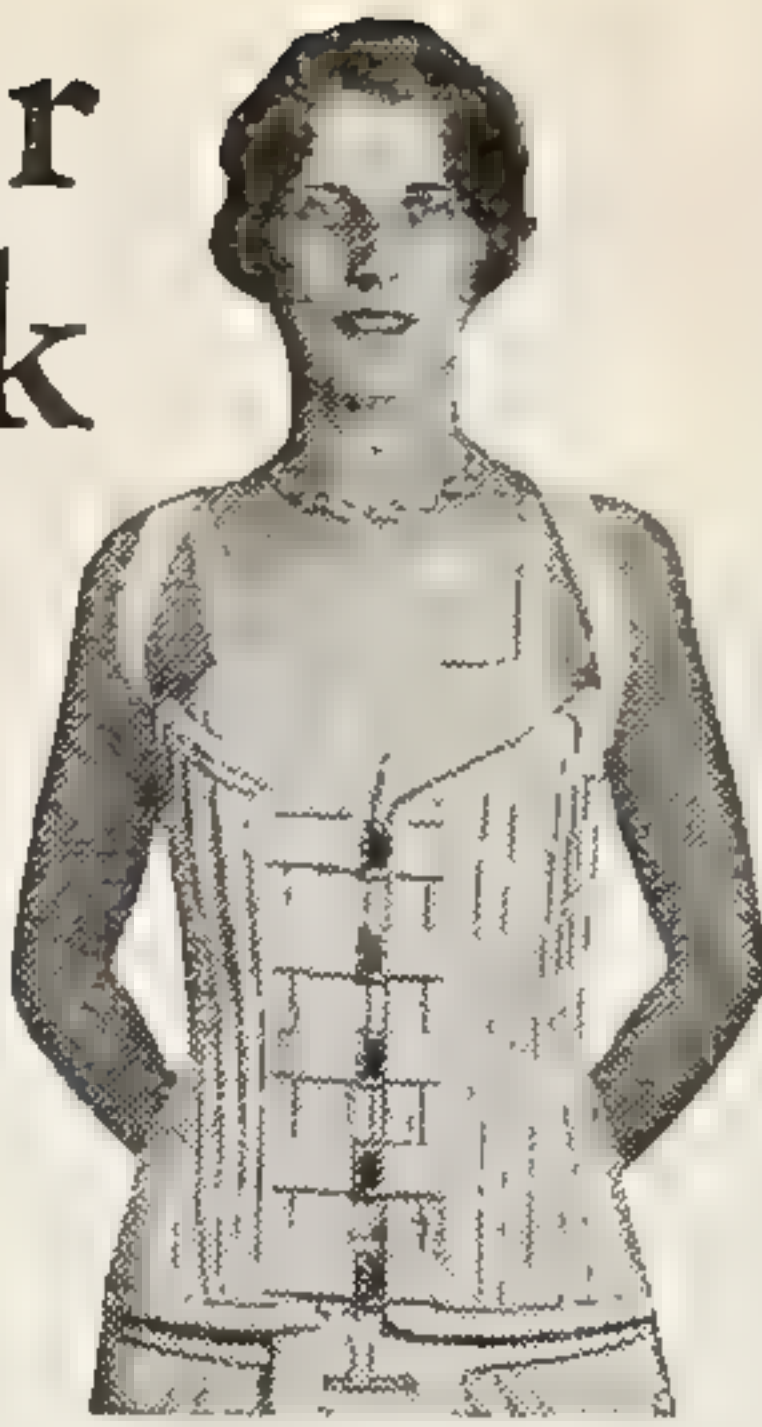
Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

Send for Information

Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.

144-14 Odd Fellows Temple
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take at night. All druggists, 15c, 30c, 60c.



BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

Dissolve Blackheads scientifically with amazing KLEERPLEX WASH. This wonderful NEW DISCOVERY contains 5 scientific ingredients. Also refines Large Pores, stops embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine". Clears Muddy, Sallow, Tanned Skin. Has marvelous medicated pore purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY! SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES your skin. Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT.

No chemicals. No stinging home. A guaranteed pure natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best. Get your 2 mos' supply of Kleeplex Wash TODAY. Just send \$1.—(plus .10 postage) to KLEERPLEX (Dept. 20) 1 W. 34th St., N. Y. C., or pay postman (plus C. O. D. charge). Outside U. S. \$1.25 and no C. O. D. S. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** (Copyright 1934 Kleeplex)

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO

New Chord System. Easy way to play late popular songs now written with chords above each measure. Beginners learn to play quickly and former piano students learn to play the modern way.

Alex Adkins Simplified Piano Method Instructor. Complete Course \$1.00.

4002 A. TROOST Kansas City, Mo.

that was before you were going to the theatre."

"Of course," I agree readily as Halliday gives me a murderous look. "But it was one of those old Drury Lane melodramatic spectacles, wasn't it?"

"It wasn't very successful, as I recall," Gil murmurs.

"It ran two years," Halliday snorts indignantly. "The horses had more important parts than the actors."

"That's probably why it ran so long," Gil comforts him.

"Let's try this scene again," the director pleads.

"Say," Gil asks the script girl, "do I say 'here you are' or 'there you are'?"

"You say 'Here you are' and Mr. Halliday 'There you are,'" she informs him.

"I don't see why he has to speak at all," Halliday objects.

"Never mind," the director consoles John, "we'll cut his lines out after the scene is shot. Don't let it upset you."

I think I'd better go. This atmosphere is too upsetting for one of my placid disposition. "Goodbye, all," I call cheerily but I get only dirty looks. Their dyspepsia, probably.

And that is all, dear public, for this month. Me? I'm off to the park with a bag of popcorn to watch the world go by.

Have a Beautiful Smile

[Continued from page 52]

vital elements of healthy gums, and proper chewing means good circulation in your gums. If you could investigate your mouth under an X-ray you would see that your gums are filled with a network of tiny capillaries through which blood flows. X-ray studies of teeth while people are eating have disclosed that the circulation of the blood through these little channels is increased by proper and vigorous chewing.

Chewing always increases the flow of saliva and so is valuable to the digestion of food in the mouth. The increased flow of saliva has now been found to be beneficial to the stomach as well. That is why chewing gum is good for you. As you chew it, your gums are stimulated and brought gradually to a better color, a firmer tone. And necessary saliva is sent down inside you.

So there are two good reasons for indulging your fondness for orange juice and chewing gum. When you read that, SMILE!

So much for your teeth and tummy. Now just a word about your skin. There is a new way, and we love new ways, to a clear complexion. Take a cake of yeast. Make a thick paste with it by adding slowly some hydrogen peroxide. Spread this paste over your face and neck, keeping it away from your eyes. Allow it to remain on your skin until it dries, some twenty minutes. Lie down and rest while the twenty minutes pass. Rest is essential to any beauty treatment. Then wash the yeast off with luke warm water. Pat your skin with witch hazel, to close the pores. If witch hazel is a little too strong for your skin, use the coldest water you have.

After this treatment you will find that your complexion is clearer and smoother than ever before. Be sure to follow the witch hazel with a good nourishing cream if your skin is inclined to be dry. One of the young stars who does this regularly tells me that it even makes fine lines around her mouth disappear. But that is another story.

FREE! TO INEXPERIENCED WRITERS!

Opportunity to test and scientifically measure your writing ability without cost. If you have ordinary command of the English language and can express yourself in writing, you may discover that your natural style, properly directed, might make money for you. Write for this Aptitude Test today and find out whether you are eligible for enrollment in a new, practical Writing Clinic and Simplified Training Course which offers personal, sympathetic instruction and criticism in every phase of modern writing, including short story, news reporting, play, radio, advertising, publicity, news articles, columns and other forms of profitable writing. A new course directed by experienced writers which offers a short cut to sound writing technique. Costs less than one month at college. Special Deferred Payment Plan. Helpful marketing advice while training. Write today for full details and FREE Aptitude Test.

U. S. School of Writing, B-4, 20 W. 60th St., New York, N.Y.

ASTROLOGY

READING NOW 10c

In order to show you how interesting Astrology really is, Yogi Alpha, noted American philosopher has reduced the price of his 1000-word reading to only 10c. This reading is based upon your sign of the Zodiac and discusses your inclinations in relation to occupation, health, vocation, temperament, partnerships, love emotions, marriage partnerships, etc., as indicated by Astrology. Send your exact birthdate and 10c in coin or stamps, for your zodiac reading. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address

Yogi Alpha, Box 1411, Dept. 906, San Diego, Calif.
If a friend wishes a reading send 20c for two readings.



No JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night.

They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

THE WAY COMPANY
755 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koehe Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 4432, Chicago, Illinois



VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantees to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 13-12
308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Women! Run Down?

Mothers, Girls! Quiet quivering nerves, eat better, sleep soundly, enjoy life with renewed pep and energy! Don't risk your health with dangerous stimulants and narcotics. Start TODAY with MARY LEE VEGETABLE COMPOUND, a pure, harmless vegetable tonic. Special WINTER OFFER, 2 bottles for price of one, \$1., with this ad. Use it TODAY. Also FREE copy of new book "Women's Secrets."

CERTANE CO., Dept. 25, 2935 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

\$\$\$ Photoplay Ideas \$\$\$

Stories accepted in any form for criticism, revision, copyright and submission to Hollywood studios. Our sales service selling consistent percentage of stories to Hollywood Studios—the MOST ACTIVE MARKET. Not a school—no courses or books to sell. Send original plots or stories for FREE reading and report. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of others. Deal with a recognized Hollywood Agent who is on the ground and knows market requirements. Established 1917. Write for FREE BOOK giving full information.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CO.
551 Meyer Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

FAT REMOVED A SAFE, SURE WAY! (Bust, Hips, Arms, other parts of body.) No starving, exercise or equipment necessary. Proven European formula. Successful where other means fail. Complete GUARANTEED Treatment 50c Postpaid. (C.O.D. 65c). **FAIRFORMA**, 1851 Washington Avenue, N. Y. C.



IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE.... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 5, LOWELL, MASS.

ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS—GET QUICK RELIEF FREE TRIAL PACKAGE OFFERED

Thousands use Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound to soothe and relieve paroxysms of Asthma. On sale at druggists. Powder, 25 cents and \$1.00. Cigarettes, 50 cents for 24. Send for **FREE TRIAL** package of 6 cigarettes. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. WW 2 Rupert, Vt.

**DR. GUILD'S GREEN MOUNTAIN
ASTHMATIC COMPOUND**

IS YOUR HAIR DRY?



Too frequent permanents, outdoor sports or going without your hat tend to dry and streak your hair. Ladies and gentlemen remedy this fault quickly at home with ROSOIL. Complete instructions on care of hair and scalp with 6 month supply of ROSOIL now only 50c in coin or stamps.

Box 185 KILOROOLE Warren, Ohio

LINCOLN AND INDIAN HEAD PENNIES WANTED

WE PAY \$2 EACH IF MORE THAN
UP TO 11 YEARS OLD

and up to \$500 for certain U. S. Cents
Send 10c. today for 16 page fully illustrated catalog

NATIONAL COIN CO.
Box 731 N. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE ANALYST

Worry kills! Would a personal letter of advice help you? Consult the Analyst. No fortunes told but commonsense advice given on your problem. Send \$1.00 and exact age, stating problem clearly.

THE ANALYST

Box 26, Niagara Falls, Canada

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. We teach Beauty Culture. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet. For promptness in writing me, I will include a \$2.00 Certificate for Mahler's Beauty Preparations. D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 30-B, Providence, R.I.



Your Marriage Forecast

As Told By Your Stars

What is the romance in store for you... destined from the day of your birth? Whom should you marry? What is your luckiest day? Send full birth-date with Dime and Stamped Return envelope for your Chart at once.

THURSTON, Dept. I-16
20 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

MOLES mar your beauty



SENT FREE—Write for 16-page illustrated booklet. Explains simple method of removing these ugly growths and warts. Used by physicians and clinics in Hollywood—world's beauty center. Booklet is FREE—write today.

MOLEX (Hollywood) COMPANY, Dept. SU
325 Western Pacific Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

Their "Homework"

[Continued from page 23]

you practiced piano with one of the darned things for years). And while the instrument tick-tocks, tick-tocks, Powell reads off the lines of his current or forthcoming picture, so that he will learn to slow down his normal inclination to let all his words rush out tumbling all over one another.

Just like Norma Shearer, Franchot Tone has hand trouble. He isn't the least bit backward about admitting that, whenever he is at home, he dons a suit which has all the pockets sewn up tight. This novel procedure is assisting him in breaking what he believes to be a bad screen habit, that of digging his hands into his pockets and hunching forward.

Then there is George Raft's sudden obsession with contract bridge, and don't get the idea it's for fun, because he loathes the game. He plays several rubbers every night to help him memorize his lines. George was never shy about telling people he was a "dud" when it came to remembering long talky scenes. And, what's more, the nightly bridge is helping him amazingly.

And we shouldn't forget little Jean Parker, who annihilates almost every hour of leisure allotted to her by trying out new makeup tricks. Jean has never let a Hollywood makeup operator or hairdresser help her at any time. She is an excellent artist, and perhaps that is the reason she values the fine points of greasepaint. Jean's practicing consists of trying out new and unusual effects with her brows, her eyes, her lips and her hair. In fact when she is working, she curls up her mop of chestnut hair on hairpins before she goes to bed. In the morning it has dried into place, and without the aid of a marcel iron or waving comb she's ready for the set.

There's the world's champion, Max Baer, who goes to school five hours a day when he isn't before the cameras, studying the where and the why of screen acting with Phyllis Laughton, the famous dramatic teacher.

Why, there's even the great Cecil DeMille, who takes home the rushes (daily camera shots, to you) of every picture he directs, to show to his four children, Cecilia, John, Katherine (of screen fame) and Richard. He asks for truthful opinions and ideas and, believe me, he gets them, with hardly a "YES" in the entire family.

And, finally, there is Shirley Temple (honestly I'm not kidding) who is studying French an hour a day, so she can make everyone of her pictures into versions for the foreign market. Which proves that practicing can begin at five, or does it?

All of which makes me quite happy that I'm just one of those folks who can go home at night after a hard day's work, put on my old blue robe, put my feet on the sofa and fall asleep over the evening comics.



Mary Brian, looking very beautiful, is with Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan in Paris."

Remove FAT from any part

Be adorably slim!

Money-back guarantee

Feminine attractiveness demands the fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with firm, rounded, uplifted contours, instead of sagging, unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

FREE Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. SL-17, Forest Hills, New York

I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

BE A RADIO EXPERT

Learn at Home—Make Good Money

Mail the coupon. Many men I trained at home in spare time make \$40, \$60, \$75 a week. Many make \$5, \$10, \$15 a week in spare time while learning. Get facts about Radio's opportunities and my amazingly practical 50-50 method of training. Home experimental outfits make learning easy, practical, fascinating. Money back agreement protects you. Mail coupon for free 64-page book.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5BP9

National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me your free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." This does not obligate me. (Please print plainly)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

CORNS AND CALLOUSES

MOSCO

REMOVES THEM

AN OINTMENT - QUICK AND EASY
TO APPLY. DOES NOT SOIL STOCKINGS

30c a jar
at your
Druggist's

Paste this
coupon on 1c post
card and Mail Today

Generous **SAMPLE** for Thorough Test

Your Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Druggist's Name.....

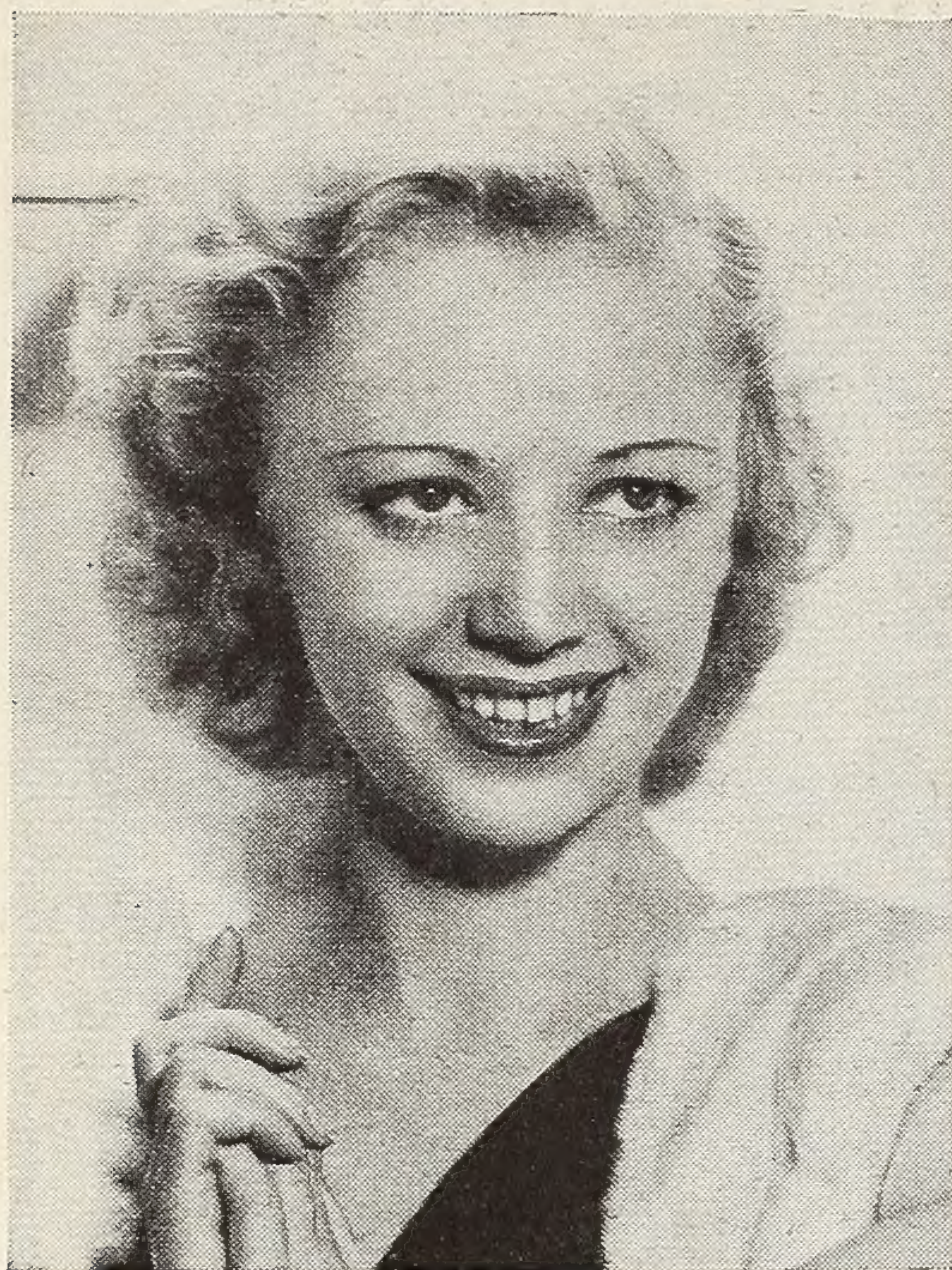
Address.....

THE MOSS CO., Rochester, N.Y.

TAP DANCING

LEARN AT HOME NEW EASY WAY. Professional Stage Method. Surprise and entertain your friends. Be popular, earn extra money, develop hidden talent. No music or experience needed. Begin dancing first day. Beginner's fundamentals and complete Professional Tap Dance included. Equal to \$40 instruction. Easy way to reduce or build up figure. For ladies or men. Send only \$3.75 money order for Complete 17-Lesson Course. Or send no money (if in U.S.) and pay postman \$3.98 on delivery. No more to pay. Try 5 days. Not delighted, money refunded. Limbering exercises free if you enroll now. **THORNTON DANCE STUDIOS** 827 Irving Park Blvd., Suite 110 Chicago, Ill.

The Final Thing



Isabel Jewell, Talented Actress.

WHAT gives us a definite feeling of weariness are those stories in fan magazines which tell you that the star who is being paid a thousand dollars or so a week is in reality just a regular fellow, just like your own pals. We have never known anyone who was able to do physical work and get a star salary for it, who was commonplace. They have *something*, and we do not mean the beauty of their voices nor the regularity of their features. The one essential reason why these people are highly paid is that they are able to forget about themselves and throw themselves into "pretending." We all could do it when we were children. But as we grow older and conscious of our limitations we lose it and become self-conscious.

It is the most valuable quality that a man can have and the best paid—to be able to forget about himself. If I point a camera at Leslie Howard or Mary Pickford, not one muscle tightens, not one look from the eyes suggests that the camera is there. Let some one point a camera at you or me and we smirk and try to look smart. You can't blame us for trying. But greatness lies in the other direction.

If you can walk across an empty dance floor with the same walk that you use to cross your bedroom . . . if you can stand up and speak to your board of directors or your Sunday school class in the same fashion that you would talk with your brother, you will become a success. Watch Charles Laughton in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" or Isabel Jewell in the courtroom scene in "Evelyn Prentice" and you will see how to do it.

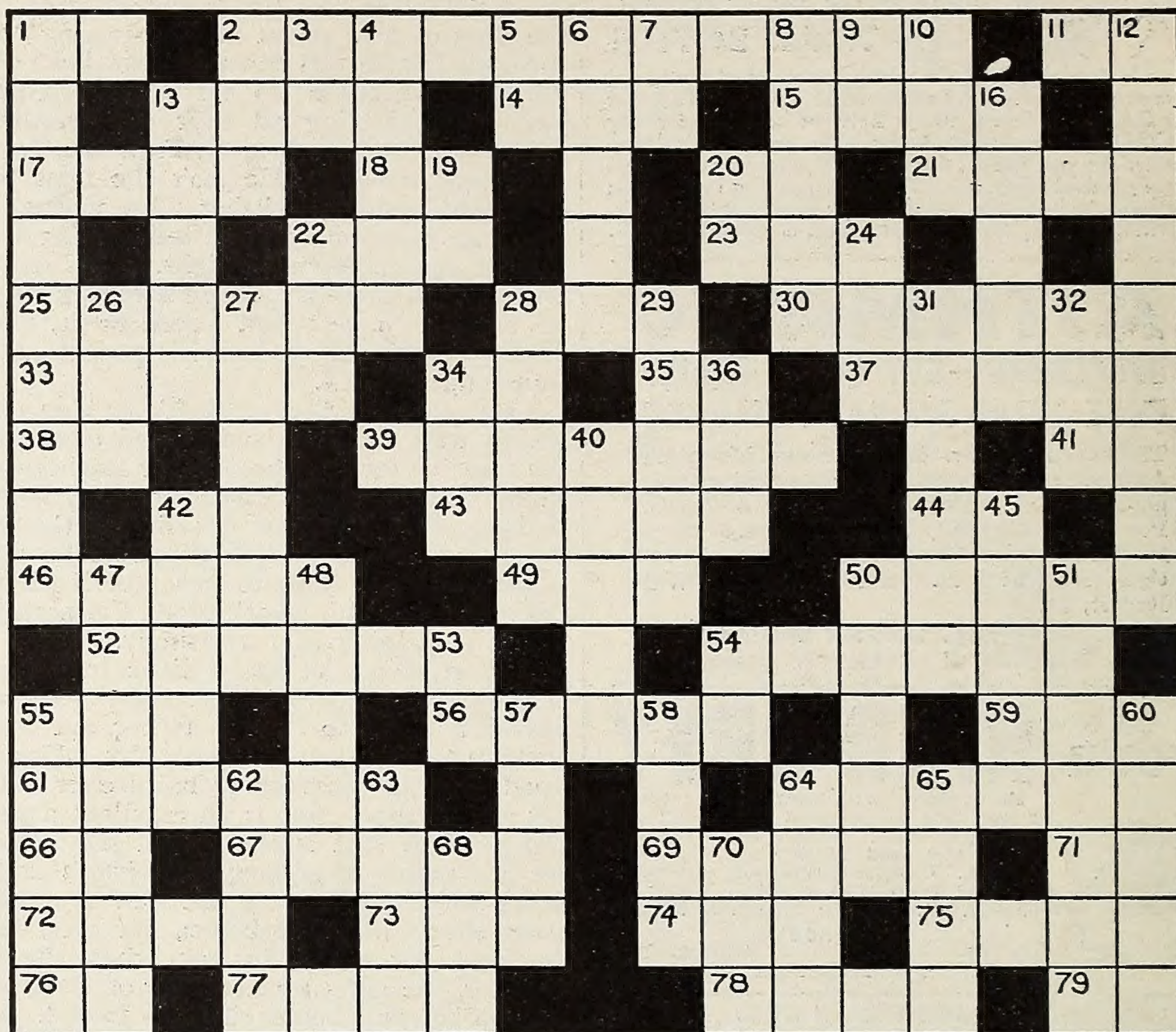
In an unusually long close-up Isabel tells the entire story of a murder. As she describes, move by move, the actions that culminated in the horrid climax, her voice gathers intensity, agony leading to greater anguish until nerves can stand no more. And never once during this remarkable crescendo does Isabel think of herself.

Complete lack of self-consciousness may be achieved by practice. Join a political club and make speeches, be a member of a dramatic society or—go into the movies.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

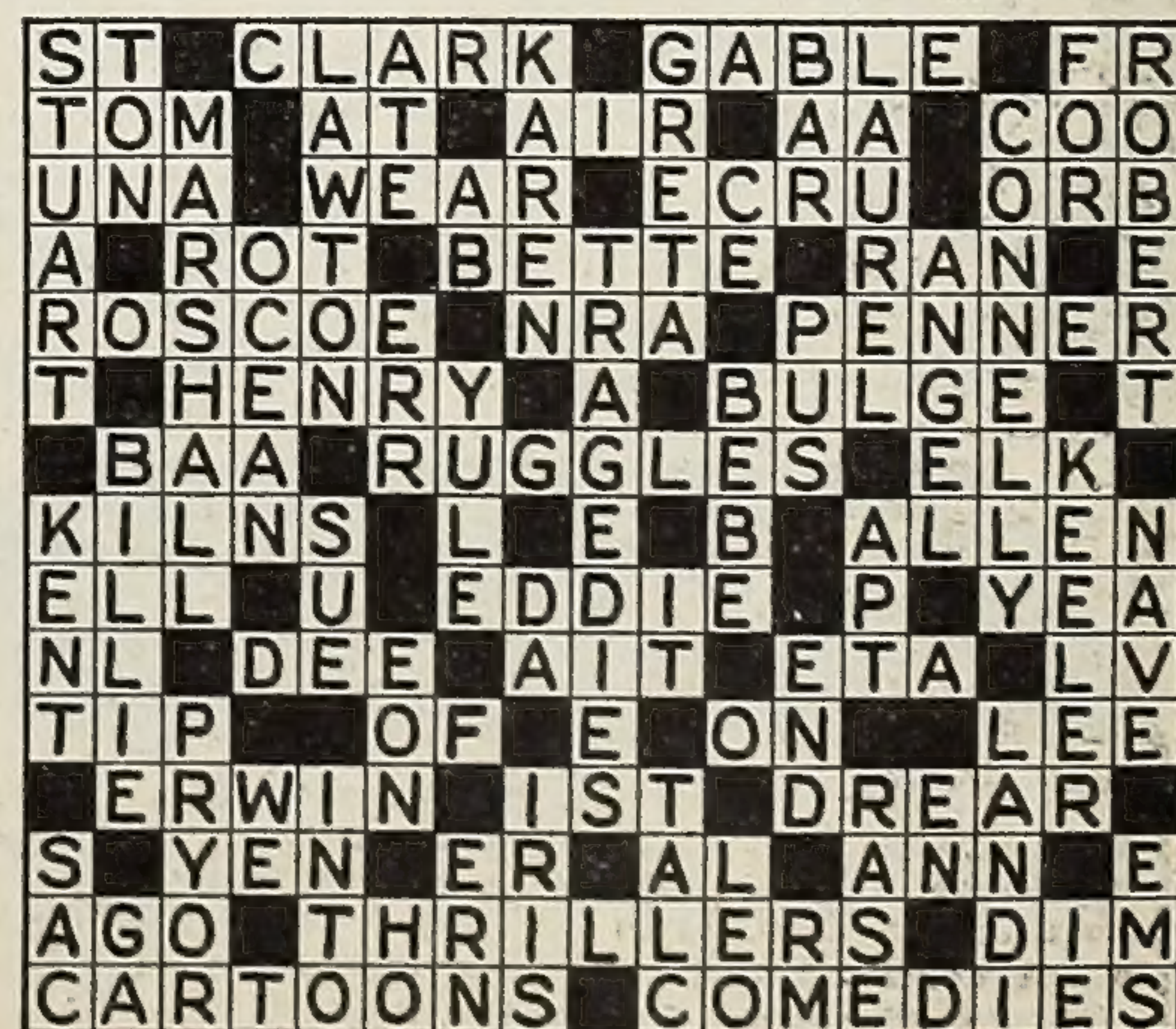
- 1 Expression of delight
- 2 A great favorite of young and old
- 11 Expression of approval
- 13 Anna Sten's first American picture
- 14 The star of "Stamboul Quest"
- 15 A corner
- 17 Ardor
- 18 Parent
- 20 Three-toed sloth
- 21 Percolate
- 22 Skill
- 23 Negative
- 25 First name of most famous aviatrix
- 28 To grow old
- 30 A cleaning fluid
- 33 Pertaining to the nose
- 34 Ruby Keeler's husband
- 35 Measure of weight (abbr.)
- 37 The happy violinist in "Caravan"
- 38 Prefix denoting from
- 39 The lovely child actress from England
- 41 Eastern state (abbr.)
- 42 Paid publicity
- 43 Prince Dimitri in "We Live Again"
- 44 Type measure
- 46 An amount on which rates are assessed
- 49 Snare
- 50 Shut in
- 52 Her latest picture is "Maybe It's Love"
- 54 "The Girl From Missouri"
- 55 Letter of Greek alphabet
- 56 With Ricardo Cortez in "I Am A Thief"
- 59 The male sheep
- 61 Toni in "Now and Forever"
- 64 A bluish gray metal
- 66 Fifty-one
- 67 Measuring device
- 69 An offense
- 71 Elder (abbr.)
- 72 Melody
- 73 A single unit
- 74 Organ of hearing
- 75 In a state of eager curiosity
- 76 Tellurium (abbr.)
- 77 The famous fan dancer
- 78 To walk laboriously
- 79 A denial

DOWN

- 1 Tom Martin in "Gentlemen Are Born"
- 2 A human being
- 3 Within
- 4 A great Hollywood director
- 5 Mode of transportation
- 6 The loveliest nurse in "The White Parade"
- 7 Possessive Pronoun
- 8 The act of uniting
- 9 In a like manner
- 10 Goddess of dawn
- 12 Soon to appear in "The Little Minister"

- 13 Nominates
- 16 The professor's daughter in "She Loves Me Not"
- 19 Near
- 20 Indefinite article
- 22 To be ill
- 24 A tag
- 26 The "Belle of the Nineties"
- 27 The silent prisoner in "Judge Priest"
- 28 The mother in "David Copperfield"
- 29 To choose
- 31 He was born in Mt. View, Ark.
- 32 Pronoun
- 34 Endeavor
- 36 Expression of disgust
- 40 He appears with Garbo in "The Painted Veil"
- 42 Essence of roses
- 45 Star of "One Night of Love"
- 47 He made a big hit in "The Gay Divorcee"
- 48 Spoon for serving liquids
- 50 The choicest part of anything
- 51 She returns to the screen in "Music in the Air"
- 53 A child actor (initials)
- 54 A famous radio and night club entertainer (initials)
- 55 Splendor
- 57 To wilt
- 58 One time
- 60 She gave a remarkable performance in "Crime Without Passion"
- 62 The great Persian poet
- 63 A boy's school
- 64 A maiden
- 65 Guide
- 68 Finish
- 70 A quick sharp blow

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



FOLKS WHO ARE "NATURALLY SKINNY" NOW GAIN 5 LBS IN 1 WEEK AND. *Feel Fine!*

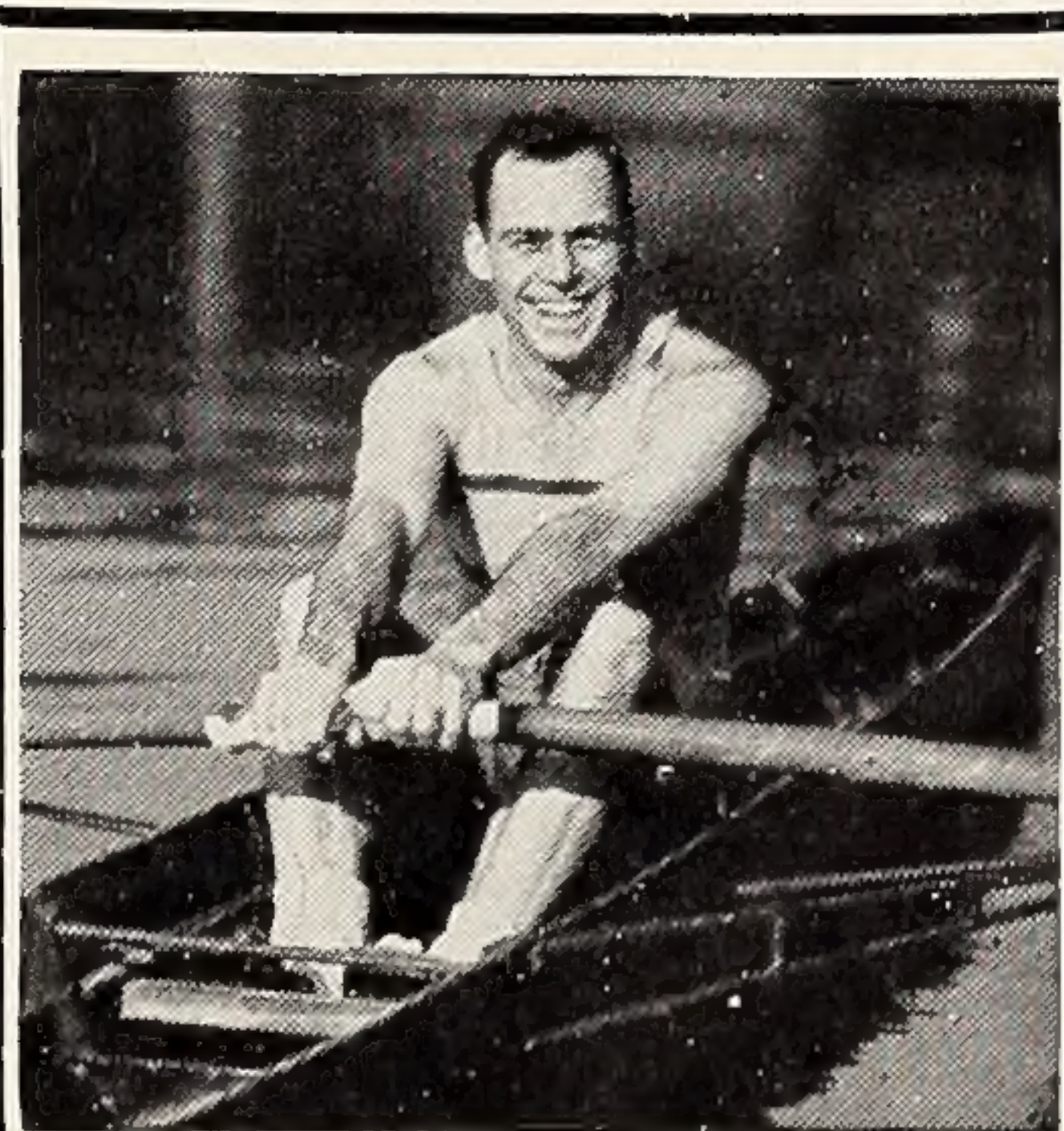
I GUESS I'M JUST
NATURALLY SKINNY
-CAN'T GAIN AN OUNCE

I SAID THE SAME THING
UNTIL I DISCOVERED
KELP-A-MALT

**New Mineral Concentrate
From The Sea, Rich in NAT-
URAL IODINE Building Up
Weak, Run Down Men and
Women Where All Else Fails.**

HERE'S good news for "Nat-
urally Skinny" folks who
can't seem to add an ounce no
matter what they eat. A new
way has been found to add
flattering pounds of good, solid
flesh and fill out those ugly,
scrawny hollows even on men
and women who have been un-
derweight for years; 3 to 8
pounds in 1 week guaranteed—
12 to 15 pounds in few weeks
not uncommon.

This new discovery, called
Kelp-a-Malt, now available in
handy tablets offers practically
all the vitally essential food
minerals in highly concentrated
form. These minerals so neces-
sary to the digestion of fats and
starches—the weight-making ele-
ments in your daily diet—in-
clude a rich supply of precious
NATURAL IODINE.



**ATHLETE UNDERWEIGHT...
GAINS 4 LBS. IN WEEK**

"Due to stomach trouble, constipation and indigestion, have been underweight for 4 years. Kelp-a-Malt banished trouble in 1 week and I gained 4 lbs." T. R. Ryan, New York City

Kelp-a-Malt's NATURAL IODINE is a mineral needed by the vital organ which regulates metabolism—the process through which the body is constantly building firm, solid flesh, new strength and energy. 6 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1389 lbs. of lettuce.

Helps Correct Gas, Acidity, Constipation

Large numbers of people are using Kelp-a-Malt for stomach troubles, gas, acidity, intestinal disorders and constipation. Kelp-a-Malt is particularly effective for conditions of this character because in the first place, it is rich in sodium which quickly converts an acid stomach to normal alkalinity. Also it is rich in assimilable phosphorus and sulphur, the vital elements necessary for prompt elimination of body wastes.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how your appetite improves, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes. Watch flat chest and skinny limbs fill out, and flattering extra pounds appear. Kelp-a-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets.



Gains 10 lbs.—Feels Fine
"Have been underweight for years due to digestive disorders. Gained 10 lbs. in few weeks. Now feel like new person," says Miss Betty Noever, Kansas City, Mo.

Nothing like them so do not accept imitations. Try Kelp-a-Malt. If you don't gain at least 5 pounds in 1 week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets cost but little. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received

his supply, send \$1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelp-a-Malt Co., Dept. 335, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Comparison of Minerals in KELP-A-MALT vs. VEGETABLES

3 Kelp-a-Malt Tablets contain:

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7 lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of Cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

KELP A MALT *Tablets*



MRS. BOYER'S BERGDORF GOODMAN GOWN IS OF UNCUT VELVET.

*Among the many
distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.,
New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II,
Boston
MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT
New York
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MISS ANNE GOULD, *New York*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
Chicago
MISS MIMI RICHARDSON, *New York*
MISS EVELYN WATTS, *New York*



Another Camel enthusiast is Mrs. Allston Boyer

In the gay young group that dictates what's "done" in New York, Mrs. Boyer plays a charming part. What to wear, where to dance, what to see, how to entertain, what people prefer to eat, to smoke—she knows all the answers. That is why you find Camels in her house and in her slim cigarette case.

"There seems to be more going on this winter than ever," she says. "Lunches, teas, parties, dances—everyone is gay and almost every-

one is smoking Camels. They certainly add to your enjoyment with their mild, rich flavor and I notice that if I'm tired, a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

People find that Camel's finer and MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS give them a healthy "lift" when their energy is low. Smoke one yourself and see.

*Camels are Milder!.. made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos
.. Turkish and Domestic .. than any other popular brand*